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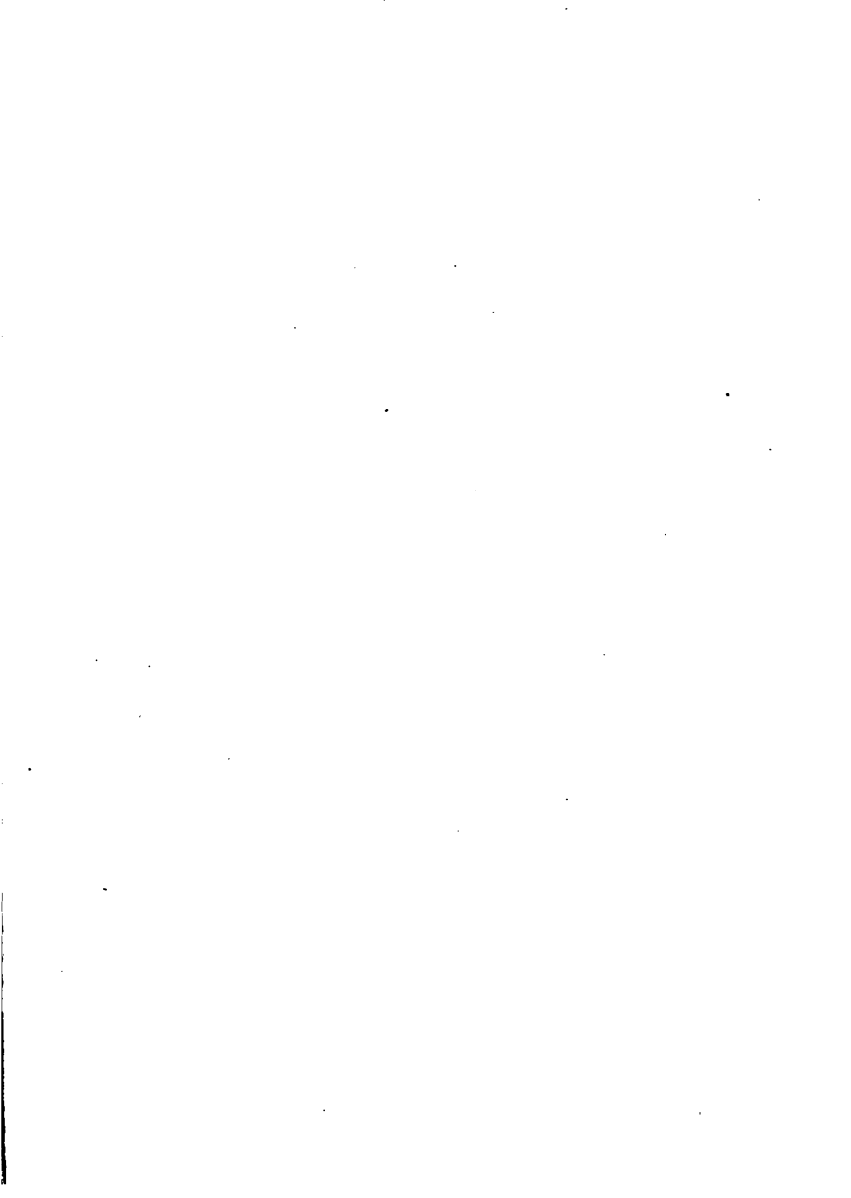


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ROUND  
ABOUT MY GARDEN

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*OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS,—II.*

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ROUND  
ABOUT MY GARDEN:  
THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

&c.

&c.

By F. C. BURNAND,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS," "MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS," "MY HEALTH,"  
"THE NEW SANDFORD AND MERTON,"  
"HAPPY-THOUGHT HALL," "OUT OF TOWN," ETC., ETC.

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*OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.—II.*

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LONDON:

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 9, BOUVERIE ST.  
1876.

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# ROUND ABOUT MY GARDEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

AT LITTLE SHRIMPTON—TYPICAL DEVELOPMENTS—BASKING—AUNT—UNCLES—GRANDFATHER'S STORY—IN FUTURO—JACK AND GIL—ANYBODY'S HEAD—CONSULTATION—SPHINX—ENTANGLEMENT—SUGGESTIONS OF GARDENING—AND FARMING—THE JOHNSONARY—THE GLYMPHYNS—DESIGNS.



*ERY Happy Thought.*—By the sea-side. At Little Shrimpton.

I note, also, that the First Volume of *Typical Developments* has nearly reached completion: all but putting it together, and writing the last three hundred-and-fifty pages, it is comparatively finished.

*Happy Thought.*—Finish it positively.

Popgood and Groolly, my publishers, are thinking about

it. It will certainly be a grand, philosophic, and generally comprehensive work. They want to know, by way of coming practically to business, "What it will make?"

*Happy Thought.*—To reply, genially, "A Hit." They mean, however, "How many pages will it make?" The question with *me* is, "How many pages do they *want* it to make?" Subject postponed until I've found this out. I decline to hurry it. They agree with me. Because a work like this requires application, concentration, and sustentation. Again they agree with me. In the meantime they have, they say—at least, their Managing Director says—that they have by them some novel illustrations for a Christmas book about *Cinderella*, and if I would like to undertake "writing up" to these, why, *Typical Developments*, Vol. I. might easily wait. Think it over at seaside. Little Shrimpton with my Aunt and a couple of Uncles.

*Complication in Family Matters.*—Basking in the rays of a warm sun on a pebbly beach, under a clear blue sky, and fanned by a gentle breeze, which is neither east nor north—and that's all I, negatively, know about it—I lie, considering present circumstances. I am here, supposed to be, what my friend Englemore calls "picking myself up," and "pulling myself together."

*Happy Thought.*—Like a puzzle. *Mem.*—Note this for *Typical Developments*, Vol. I. (or somewhere, if not room for it here on account of Popgood and Groolly wanting it

to make so many or so few pages), under heading, "P. for *Puzzle*; Man," &c., &c. There's a fine thought in this, rather hidden, but to be worked out. Do it later.

The process of pulling myself together and picking myself up, seems to consist, chiefly, in laying myself out, not to shine in Society, but away from society, in the sun. After two weeks of this method I am partly pulled together, and slightly picked up.

Without a family, I am a family man. Inexact quotation which occurs to me, "Some achieve families, and some have families thrust upon them." Mine is the latter case. My Aunt came to look after me, and my two Uncles were bequeathed to my care.

My two Uncles are now on the sands, within easy reach of the human voice (mine), trying to bury one another with wooden spades in holes of moderate depth. If necessary, I can take both my Uncles under my arm, and whip them, if they deserve it. They are four and five years of age respectively. They are the result of a

*Happy Thought (occurring to a hale and hearty grandfather over seventy.)—Marry again.*

Reminds me of arithmetical game of *Thoughts*. "Think of a grandfather, over seventy. Double him, Add two to him. Halve him. Then subtract *him* altogether. Remainder my two Uncles." Orphans. Poor little Uncles ! \* \* \* One of these days, as their guardian, I shall have to take them to school, then to college. I shall have to write to their Master, and say: "Dear Sir,—I hear that you

make some reduction on taking two Uncles instead of one. How much per annum for the pair?" &c., &c.

"P.S. I wish my Uncles to have One Shilling each pocket-money, per week, and a cold bath every morning."

My Uncles—Uncle Jack and Uncle Gil (abbreviated)—being tired of sand-digging, are commencing stone-throwing. Their immediate object is an old gentleman who is gazing at the sea. Uncle Jack's intention (he is four years old) is no doubt, admirable, but his capabilities are limited. It might be called a game of "Anybody's head." This time very near mine. I awake from a reverie to the fact that stone-throwing is dangerous. I speak severely. They laugh.

*Happy Thought.*—Here's my Aunt Jane and the nurse.

My Uncles are given in charge.

My Aunt Jane has something to say on the subject of Health ; hers. On this she prefers consulting me to going to a Doctor. My other Aunt consults me on legal questions, this one on medical.

She is aware that I once went to Aix-la-Chapelle for rheumatism, and that, more or less, ever since, I've been studying pulling myself together and picking myself up ; with one exceptional time when my whole object was to pull myself down.

My Aunt Jane is a martyr to neuralgia, she describes it as Rheumatic Neuralgia. She is of an impulsive, warm-hearted disposition, and, generally speaking, would rather like talking than not.

*Happy Thought.*—She is “generally speaking.”

She has a queer way of getting her words entangled before they come out, leaving it to the hearer to unravel them and arrange them in a coherent sentence. In a Pagan country she would have been an Oracle.

*Happy Thought.*—My Sphinxian Aunt.

Having thought over her style of conversation—or her absence of style—I see that it is *not* a Mrs. Malaproprian nor a Mrs. Ramsbothamian style, but one peculiarly her own, and, on analysis, I should say it arose out of an economical desire to save time by thinking of sentence Number Two, while in the middle of sentence Number One.

She addresses me, speaking rather hurriedly, and occasionally stopping with a kind of gasp, and a surprised look, her mouth open, as if the supply of words had (as it were) been suddenly cut off at the main, “I’ve been suffering all the morning with face-ache, but whether it’s my toothjaw” (one word this) “or what, I don’t know, but I’m really afraid that I’ve got some irremedibiddle disease which——” here she gasps. Supply cut off. I take advantage of this to ask what she really means by “irremedibiddle.”

“You know very well what the word means, I’m sure, or ought to,” she replies, a little hurt.

“If you mean, Aunt, irremediable”——

[*Happy Thought* that flashes across me. *Que diable ! irreméd-diabie !* To arrange this afterwards as a French joke, and put it down to Talleyrand or Molière.]

—"if you mean 'irremediable,'" I continue, for the Happy Thought is only a mental flash which does not interrupt the sentence, "I understand."

"Of course," she replies, "I *said* irremediable, and I know it's a correct word, though you always find fault with what I say, because when I was thinking about what a cureness was which couldn't be—" here she corrects herself of her own accord—"I mean an illness was which couldn't be cured, I thought there was one word for it, and so I looked out irremediable and found it in Dixon's Johnsonary."

"Johnson's Dictionary, Aunt," I say.

"I said so," she returns with some dignity; "and if I didn't, you know what I mean well enough, and needn't take me up for every little mistake."

She has decided that she has "Rheumatism all over her, and is not quite sure that it isn't what the Doctors call 'imperceptible gout,' which results," she adds, "in goodness knows what, and all sorts of things."

What does she propose as a cure? She answers, readily, that she would trust herself implicitly to me if I would take her where I went myself some years ago, to Aix-la-Chapelle. She has evidently made up her mind to this. I reply, that I will "turn it over." While she goes down to my two Uncles on the sands, I meditate.

*Process of "turning it over."*—This year I have determined to take up farming and gardening, or gardening and farming, scientifically and (I think I foresee it in the future) profitably. Besides, in Vol. II., *Typical Developments*, I

shall soon come to *Letter F.*, naturally, "*Farming*," with a note at bottom of page, "See, also, *G. Gardening*," and I shall want to write about it. My friend and adviser, Englemore, has strongly recommended me agricultural pursuits as a first-rate thing. As he is coming down to-morrow (unless he telegraphs, which, when once you've started him at what he calls "wiring," he generally does three or four times a day), I can consult him as to *when* I ought to begin my "farming and gardening operations." . . . I am dropping off into a drowsy state when somehow, in connection with my Aunt's notion about Aix-la-Chapelle, there occurs to me suddenly a

*Happy Thought.*—German Gardening.

Odd that, quite coincidentally, the two words fall naturally under "G" in *Typical Developments*, Vol. II. (if I get as far in *Vol II.*: it *might* be Vol. X. before I reached "G": but, anyhow, I should be prepared with material. [*Note.*—Hitherto, I've generally collected "Material" in mems and notes, on odd slips of paper, for months, and then either been unable to remember the circumstances to which they relate, or have lost them altogether, or later intelligence has rendered them valueless.]) Also, as another really very curious coincidence, under the letter "F" "*Farming in France.*"

*Happy Thought.*—French Farming. Or, if any difficulty about Farming, why not Floriculture? This alphabetically brings us back to "E," when I commence with "English E.

...” Think of some word initialled with “E,” and meaning Gardening.

*Happy Thought.*—Dixon’s Johnsonary. Look it out. “*Eagle—Eardrops—Earth.*” This is nearer but not *the* thing, “English Earth”—continue with Dixon’s Johnsonary—“*Ear-trumpet—Easter—Eaves.*” Eaves is suggestive of country and poetry, but, on the whole, is not sufficiently comprehensive.

Try again. “*Echo—Eddy—Eelspout—Efflorescence.*” Here we are.

*Happy Thought.*—English Efflorescence! The series would be (1) English Efflorescence. (2) French Farming. (3) German Gardening. Telegraph this to Popgood and Groolly. Really an idea. With Illustrations. Coloured. Pigs look well in pictures, coloured. *Query*, who’ll do ’em?

My Aunt, who has dismissed Uncles Jack and Gil to their dinner—[we see them in the distance staggering about very unsteadily, Uncle Jack being in perpetual difficulties with an elastic hat-string which *won’t* keep his hat on his head for more than two minutes in anything like a breeze, and Uncle Gil who “gives” a little at the knees and has an undecided style of progression]—asks me if I’ve decided, because if so we ought to go as soon as possible in order to make Hay while the shine suns—or rather, sun shines, she means. Strange coincidence again that she should have used the expression “make hay.”

"At all events," she says, with a letter in her hand, "I've just heard that the Glymphyns have gone there: young Mr. Glymphyn is a martyr, I'm told, to Dipthatical Sytherea in one of the two if not both, and he can't put one leg to the ground without the other, so they hope to cure him."

"Cure him of what?" I ask.

"Sciatica," she answers. "I said so before, only you really never *do* seem to attend to me."

I can't quite make up my mind. I tell her the reason. "At all events," she says, "you might take me over, and leave me at the Glymphyns, who would be delighted to see me, and take the most possible care, and if Charlotte Glymphyn, though she's mottled and serried now and her name is Borrowdaile, I fancy it will be pleasant if——" here comes the gasp, and the stream is dried up.

The Glymphyns to me are *not* an inducement. Besides, if I go again to Germany, it will be simply and solely in the interests of the letter "G"—"German Gardening"—consequently, I don't want to be mixed up with nothing but English, nor do I want to live in a town. No; in a farm or German Gardener's house. Conversations with German Gardener's Daughter.

*Happy Thought.*—"G" stands for Gretchen.

I know my Aunt's object. She is always trying to make me what she calls "go about more." I fancy, from what she says, that she has "somebody in her eye." On this subject we have a difference of opinion. We agree to talk it over to-night. After that I shall consult Englemore.

*Happy Thought.*—Give it till to-morrow.

To this my Aunt replies with something about "Procras-tion" being "the thief of time." I suggest "Procrastina-tion." She returns that *that* is what she said, and adds her usual reference, which is, that if I don't believe there is such a word, I had better consult Dixon's Johnsonary.

## CHAPTER II

ANOTHER DAY AT LITTLE SHRIMPTON—ENGLEMORE THE  
WIRER—STYLE—APPEARANCE—HIS METHOD—CON-  
SULTATION—JOEY—COMPLAINT—ON FARMING—IDEAS  
—MECHI—TO AIX.



E expect my old friend Englemore down here. We are advertised of his intention by two telegrams on Saturday and a letter received this day. Englemore is so addicted to telegraphing that his epistolary style has considerably suffered by a jerky habit of expressing himself, which he has acquired during a long course of what he calls "wiring."

His first telegram (for example) is "Come morrow if there wire."

This means, "I intend to come down to Little Shrimpton to-morrow; will you be there? If so, send an answer by telegram."

Englemore's letter received this morning. He abbreviates and initialises. "D. B." for instance with him means "Dear Boy." Here it is:

*D. B. How r u? a? Met P. yesdy. Asked about*

*L. s. d. No go. Saw T. Your bus. right. All on meeting. With you to day Yours E.*

There never was a man who was more the Complete Incomplete Letter-writer than E., I mean, Englemore.

He has, too, a conversational method all his own. He is fond of prefixing "Mr." to anything and everything, and alluding to himself as "Your little Englemore." He is about six feet, and has a military bearing. His business, I believe, is that of an accountant (whatever that may be), but he seems to be everybody's adviser, and a general rule exists among his friends "When in doubt consult Englemore."

He arrives. In a white dustcoat, as natty and bright as if he were going to escort a party of Ladies to Ascot or Goodwood. Whatever the time of year, however dull the day, he has always a bright flower in his button-hole ; and whatever the weather, and wherever he has come from, his boots are always brilliant, his hat carefully brushed and glossy, and his gloves apparently brand new and fitting perfectly. Winter is, rather than not, *his* time of year for white waistcoats.

*Happy Thought.*—One Englemore doesn't make a summer.

My Aunt is much taken with him, and never having met him before, behaves like all Englemore's friends do, and wishes at once to consult him. Her Rheumatic Neuralgia is the subject.

"Well," says Englemore, briskly, "I don't care about Mister Rheumatism. The Colonel here"—this is another peculiarity of Englemore's ; he gives everyone a title of some

sort, but chiefly military, when talking *of* them, or *to* them. In this instance, by "Colonel" he means me. It's a little puzzling at first, but my Aunt, obtaining the key from me, listens to him with perfect equanimity—"the Colonel here remembers my being bedded by it for ever so long. In came Mister Mustard-plaster, and did the trick."

"You don't mecorember—I mean recollect," asks my Aunt, interrupting him quickly, "if that was for Neuralism or——"

"Well," replies Englemore, understanding *her* as easily as she does him, "I fancy Mister Neuralgia was on in that scene somehow. My name was diet for weeks." Then suddenly turning to her, "Do you beef, or banting?"

Another peculiarity of Englemore's is his use of substantives as verbs. To "beef" is with him, to eat much meat. To "banting" is to be generally abstemious. My Aunt answers that she has not as yet adopted any system in particular, but that, on the whole, taking one day with another, she may look upon herself as "beefing."

"Quite right, too," he observes. "Never banting, now. Not good enough for me. But I think you're quite right, about Mr. Sulphur-waters. I don't French or German myself. The Colonel" (me again) "here parleys, and he knows all the moves."

"I'm told," says my Aunt, "by others besides my nephew, that the system of baths and regimen is very venerating, or, at all events, predessing."

*Happy Thought.*—Evidently "enervating" and "depressing." Repeat the words properly.

My Aunt turns upon me, rather shortly, with, "Well, I said so."

"But," says Englemore, cheerfully, "You take the Captain" (me, under a new title) "with you, and he'll do Joey for you, and make you beam."

My Aunt nods her head, smilingly. I am convinced that she has only a very vague idea of Englemore's meaning. I have a glimmering of it. Should like to go.

After a silence, she says, "You'll forgive, Mr. Englemore, my obtusity, but what did you say my nephew could do?"

"Do Joey, Ma'am. Funniments. You've seen Punch and Judy—Punch with a stick, Joey the Clown round the corner."

*Happy Thought.*—When dull, "do Joey."

"You mean, he'll amuse me?" asks my Aunt, evincing considerable intelligence.

"Quite so. Should like to come, too," he says, considering the matter; "but just now coin is not my name. Your little Englemore's complaint is tick dollaroo."

I see my Aunt's mind is made up. She says, "You can take me over, and leave me with the Glymphyns, who are staying at Aix, and then you can see the German Farms—which is what my nephew is interested in just now, Mr. Englemore."

"Ah, yes, capital chap, Mister Pig," he replies promptly, giving *his* summary of all farming.

I tell him that I intend taking up the subject, practically

and scientifically, with a view, in fact, to letter *F* in *Typical Developments*.

"Ah, yes," he says, "heaps of coin out of that. Go in for Mister Hothouse. Grapes three guineas a pound; not good enough for your little Englemore. Write *The Englishman's Chicken-House Guide, or Out of the Pigstye into the Poultry*. Mister Cockadoodle pays. So does Tommy Turnip. Thousands.

*Happy Thought*.—Make thousands out of Tommy Turnip.

Might (while I think of it) arrange for a small farm before I leave. I suppose farms are to be let furnished; furniture being pigs, cows, cocks and hens, and—and—what else? Odd, I can't think of anything else. The nurse and my two little Uncles can stay there. Then I'll leave my Aunt at Aix, examine German farming system, return here, and introduce new plans and better systems in farming all over the country.

*Happy Thought*.—Astonish Mechi. Introduce sulphur-baths for cows. Also *douche* and vapour. Still, the sole object of my farming must not be merely to astonish Mechi.

*Happy Thought*.—Introduce sulphur-baths at the Zoological Gardens. Put the Leopard into one. Advertise, "Can the Leopard change his spots? Yes, by taking sulphur-baths. Admission, 2s. 6d."

Arrangements. Leave Englemore to see about farm in my absence. Take Aunt to Aix. Read up subject in meantime.

*Happy Thought.*—Many years since I was in Aix. Old friends. Never been there during *the* season. Novelty.

My Aunt alludes to her friends, the Glymphyns, being there, and the Mompisons too. Do I remember Agatha and Janita Mompison? I do. I know what my Aunt means. No. I devote myself to Science—specially Farming. A Farming Hermit. Good name, by the way, for a novel—*The Recluse of Rosedale Farm.*

*Happy Thought.*—Write it.

### CHAPTER III.

NOVEL — REVIEWS — FURNISHING — NURSERY RHYME —  
TRAINING UP — ENGLEMORE — NAMES — MY AUNT —  
LETTERS FROM GLYMPHYS — QUORTESFUE — BO-  
PEEP—LITTLE UNCLES—POETRY—SERMONS IN STONES  
—PEBBLES—THE KOO BEAGLE—REFER TO DIXON.



RITE a Novel, I said. Suppose it written, advertised, printed, bound, published, copies sent to newspapers, reviewed, and again advertised with Opinions of the Press. Suppose myself reading the latter.

*Advertisement* :—"This day is published," &c., "*The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*. Thirty Thousandth Edition. Popgood and Groolly."

*Opinions of the Press* :—"This is perhaps the most charming novel of the season. There is a grace, a lightness, and yet such a depth and," &c., &c.—*Morning Paper*.

"If every novel of the present day was only half as good as *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, the ground on which our objections are founded would be cut from under our feet."—*The Collective Review*.

"Mr. Thingummy has done the literary State good service

in this new work. In the character of *Grace Whatshername*, the *demi-monde* is drawn by a master-hand."—*Piccadilly Gazette*.

"The strictest Materfamilias need not be afraid of placing *The Recluse* in the hands of her daughters. There is not a word, not an expression, not a description, but breathes the true spirit of poetry, piety, Christian charity, and virtue."—*The Churchwoman's Mirror*.

"We congratulate the author upon the latest work which has fallen from his pen. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm* will place him in the first rank of our most distinguished novelists."—*Dumshire Chronicle*.

"Bustling, lively, racy of the soil."—*Sporting Standard*.

"True to life, outspoken, and though perhaps more suitable to the study than the drawing-room, yet neither Dowager nor Demoiselle will take much harm, while they will learn a great deal, from its perusal."—*Colosseum*.

"This romance, or novel, supplies a genuine want. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, we have no hesitation in saying, is a work that will live. The Rabbi's Sermon is admirable, while, indeed, the entire picture of village life, at its purest, is one which may make us justly proud of our country."—*Jewish Journal*.

"No more scathing diatribe against the Hebraic usurers of the present day has ever been penned than the chapter in which is described the interview between *Geoffrey* and old *Shi Lock Kerr*. The character of the Jew is entirely new, and, as far as our memory serves us, perfectly original. His despair, when *Jessie Kerr*, having robbed him of his

treasures, elopes with *Lord Renzo*, is almost too intense."—*Happy Dispatch.*]

Englemore is furnishing a house in town. On this subject he consults my Aunt, reciprocating her confidence in him. My Aunt silyly supposes he is going to be married. Englemore admits that he is giving a look round. This interests my Aunt. So does the subject of furniture. She strongly recommends stained floors, and carpet in the middle. This idea seems to take Englemore's fancy. My Aunt promises to give him, before he leaves, the name of the man who stained the floor of the house that her friend Mr. John Skimpsher built, where it answered admirably.

*Happy Thought (to myself).*—This is the house that Skimpshire built ; this is the Floor of the House, &c. ; this is the Man who stained, &c. ; this is the Address of the Man who, &c. Nursery rhymes adapted to everyday use. This worked out might be a playful education for children. Instead of teaching them nonsense, teach them sense, but, so to speak, nonsensically.

Englemore "trains up" to town, and leaves us, being very busy about his new house, where to-morrow, he tells us, "he's got Mister Carpenter coming." I remind him of what I want him to do for me, and he promises to "keep his eye open for Farm."

I give him I say *carte blanche* to do what he likes in my absence. He replies, "All right, Colonel," and we seem to understand each other perfectly. There is an air of business about this off-hand way of settling a matter which is very

assuring. On consideration, after he has gone, it occurs to me that he scarcely required any *carte blanche* from me to do what he liked. Hope he won't think it all a joke, or that I'm, as he calls it "doing Joey." However, we did seem to understand one another.

*Happy Thought.*—In order that any matter of business should be perfectly intelligible, nothing should ever be "understood." Make this into what Englemore would call Mister Epigram, and put it down to Horne Tooke.

Will write and explain. I do so. By way of answer I receive a telegram, "Yes. Agreed. What you said. Right." Before I have time to find out what on earth he means, another telegram arrives. It is, "Ask who stains floors. Where."

My Aunt, to whom I show this, suddenly remembers having forgotten to give Mr. Dangerfield (she seldom gets a name correctly, and never on a short acquaintance)—"Englemore," I say. Well, she supposes I know whom she means, and she forgot to give him his address. "The stainerer who's an upholster," she informs me rapidly, "lives at—dear me! let me see—a street near what was the Chinition—I mean the Chinese Exhibition, years ago. Number Thirty-One, I think it is; but I'll look it out, and your friend, Mr.—Mr.—Appleton——"

*Happy Thought.*—Nod "Yes."

My Aunt means Englemore, but why shouldn't he be "Appleton," to save discussion?

"Yes, he has only to go to him, and mention my name. He will find him a most respectably eldable person."

*Happy Thought.*—Respectably eldable person. Evidently standing for "respectable elderly person." The words sound like a quotation from what might be called the Drunken Dictionary.

*Next Day.*—Aunt receives letter from the Glymphyns.

She tells me that "I must write and say the exact day when I'm coming, as Janita Glymphyn tells me that, in that case, she has seen some lodgings which Captain Quortesfue will take for me.

Captain who? Think whom my Aunt means, as it annoys her to suggest a "proper name."

*Happy Thought.*—Found it out. "Quortesfue" means Fortescue. Captain Fortescue.

All clear. Make arrangements for little Uncles Jack and Gil at Little Shrimpton; then, day after to-morrow, depart.

*Happy Thought (musically).*—*Partant pour le Soufre-ia* (i, a, to fill up "Mister Metre").

My Aunt would rather be left alone to pack without my assistance, or anybody's.

*Happy Thought.*—Leave her alone. Suggestion of *Little Bo-Peep*,—

Let her alone,  
She'll, going from home,  
Leave lots of things behind her.

On thinking over this Nursery Rhyme, it occurs to me that there must be something radically wrong with an educational system which commences by teaching the infant mind that "alone" rhymes with "home." How many gushing poets have been lost to the world by this !

*Happy Thought.*—Lots, I hope.

I go out and sit on the beach, watching my little Uncles.

They are never tired of digging in the sand, apparently with the idea of ultimately making a new basin for the sea to wash itself in, nor do they ever weary of varying the amusement with an occasional quarter of an hour devoted to stone-throwing.

*Beach Thoughts.*—There are few stronger temptations presented to the human mind than that of stone-throwing. Moral of above for inward application.

Children can't resist it. The smaller the child, the larger the stone. This is experimental stone-throwing. The Boy [who is "father to the man"—and why not if my Uncles are about thirty years or so younger than their nephew]—the Boy delights in distance. Distance lends enchantment to the stone. He likes to show how far he can make a stone go.

*Happy Thought.*—Another moral for inward application : Teach him how far he can make a shilling go, and reduce his pocket-money.

*Beach Thoughts (same subject continued).*—The Youth

does fancy tricks with stones. Chiefly Ducks and Drakes.  
[*Evident inward application again.*]

*Happy Thought.*—Youth must have its fling.

Old man sits quietly down and throws small stones at intervals into the sea. The older the man the smaller the pebble.

*Sad and Poetic Inspiration.*—

Morals mingle  
With the shingle.

Also, subject for a classical cartoon, *The Fleeting Hours playing upon the Sands of Time.*

Nurse comes to remove Uncles Jack and Gil. They remonstrate, having one more hole to make. Uncle Gil has in his pail a choice collection of small green crabs. Nurse empties the pail, and that is the result of *his* morning's work. He is a little downcast at first, as I fancy he has regarded them with the eye of an epicure. Uncle Gil tries to watch them all at once crawling off in different directions. I am sure that there passes through his mind a vague hope that they will all meet again (he and the same crabs) in happier times, when perhaps they will have grown bigger and we can have them for tea. Gil is a quiet boy, with a roving eye. When perfectly still, and smiling to himself, I have no doubt that his mind is arranging (on the theory of "Unconscious Cerebration") some deep scheme for the future. He is only five years old, and my theory to account for his reserved demeanour is, that the greatness of

his mental operations stagger him. He is deep in plots and conspiracies. An Infant Machiavelli. Uncle Jack is noisy and active. I ascertain that it was Uncle Jack who collected the crabs, but it was Uncle Gil who offered his pail for their reception, and who ultimately was walking off with them when Justice (represented by the Nurse) interfered.

Adieux to little Uncles. Aunt and boxes ready. My Aunt is perpetually reassuring herself of the wisdom of the step she is now taking for getting rid of the "Rheumatic Neuralism" (*vide* Dixon's Johnsonary).

"Charlotte—Mrs.—dear me—you know who *was* Miss—dear me—Miss Glymphyn, of course, though it really is dreadful to forget names like this, and I can't help being afraid that the Rheumery weakens the memory—but what I was saying was, that in the letter this morning she says her mother, who's laid up there, can recommend me to a Doctor who's a thorough lecelebrity."

"A—a—what, Aunt, is he?" (*Wanted* Dixon's Johnsonary.)

"I say," she replies, slowly, "that the doctor to whom they go is a thorough celebrity. You'll like the Glymphyns, I'm sure: Janita's a very pretty girl, and very sensible, too; and they're all so musical, so's young Mr. Glymphyn, who's a great student of Historal Natyry—I mean" (she corrects herself in a marked manner, as much as to convey to me that, *she* knows, thank you, *when* she makes a mistake)—"I mean, of course, 'Natural History'; and I dare say that's why they've made Captain Quortesfu's acquaintance,

who, I told you, was there, and as she writes, Janita says to me in her letter she must finish her letter as they're making such a noise with practising duetts between the piano and koo beagle."

[*Happy Thought*,—"Koo Beagle," evidently "*Key Bugle*," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.]

## CHAPTER IV.

UP TO TOWN—STILL ON FARMING—NOTES BY THE WAY—  
ANIMAL—VEGETABLE—TELFORD—MORE ON FARMS—  
QUESTION—ANSWER—PLATFORMS—DIXON'S AGAIN—  
THE GIPSY—THE FIRST JOKE—MORE FARMING.



GOING up to town by train, a really Happy Thought occurs to me, suggested by a conversation which I can't help overhearing. The conversation is about farming. The conversers (or "verconsers" according to Dixon's Johnsonary) are two agriculturists.

*Happy Thought.*—Gentlemen-farmers. Be a Gentleman, and be a Farmer. Equal parts judiciously mixed. Must listen; occasionally pick up, and then note down. This repeated often must be valuable.

*What I gather from their conversation (which is difficult to catch, as they talk towards the window, occasionally looking out).* That is a capital thing to roll a meadow. Always give top dressings to— [What it is I can't hear, but can fill this up another time.] That hay won't be so dear this year as last. That you "give it 'em green" in the

summer. "'Em" refers, I suppose, to horses, and "*green*" to grass. That some people *don't* "give it 'em green." Hay is now three fifteen to four ten. I wonder if this is by the peck or the bushel. One agriculturist observes, that "he finds it best in certain cases to give his animal roots."

*Query*.—What animal? What roots? What certain occasions?

The other gentleman-farmer agrees with him. Yes; certainly roots. Is *he* (his friend) well off for roots? Yes, it appears he is tolerably well, but won't want 'em now. The other one supposes that he won't. The train stops—it is going to stop very often, as my Aunt Jane dislikes express travelling—and a stout gentleman in a light suit gets in with a friend.

*Happy Thought*.—Telford (in the light suit). The *very* man I wanted to see.

Curious chance! Quite a coincidence! He is a great hand at farming, agriculture, horticulture, and chicken-culture. I introduce him to my Aunt. He introduces his friend, and we are supposed now to know each other. At the same moment the gentleman farmers descend.

*Happy Thought*.—Consult Telford. Tell him my plans. Going to see a German Farm.

"Aha!" he laughs at once. "I know. Seen 'em in toys. German trees with Christmas things on 'em." And this notion amuses him immensely. His friend smiles, as an acquaintance. Aunt Jane is amused. Telford has such a

remarkably jolly laugh, that to hear him is enough to set other people off without knowing the joke. He shakes a good deal in laughing, and from a twinkle in his eye one is apt to fancy that he knows another joke worth two of the one he's apparently enjoying now.

"And what are you doing here?" This is *my* question. On consideration, indiscreet, because if he doesn't wish to tell me "what he is doing here," he must either be rude, and retort with "What's that to you?" or must tell a lie.

*Happy Thought.*—To add immediately, playfully, "I won't press the question."

This again (on consideration) is indiscreet. It conveys (I see it does) to my Aunt the idea that she is in a carriage with a *Don Juan* weighing about sixteen stone, or a Cupid of about forty-five unable to get a pair of wings to carry him.

Telford replies that he has come to this part to look after a pony.

I never yet met him, and I've known him some time, when he wasn't going somewhere to look after a pony, or when he hadn't "just heard of something to suit him."

*Happy Thought.*—A Pony. Does he think it would suit *me*? His natural reply is the question, "Do you want one?" I may safely say "Yes" to this, because I always want one, and never had one. Besides, with Telford and his friend (who are both very much sporting-men) it puts one on the same platform for the time being to want a pony. And being on the same platform one can converse.

*Happy Thought.*—Always get on the same platform with another fellow, if possible.

Telford looks me over, and turning to his friend says, "he knows the very thing to suit me."

*Happy Thought.*—To look perfectly delighted. *Think (to myself).*—Must get out of this again somehow. Perhaps I might be saddled with a pony—(paddled with a soney, *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary) before I knew where I was, so to speak. When I've got the farm I *shall* want one.

"I'll tell you who told me about him," says Telford, turning to his friend, and referring to the pony.

"Who?" asks his friend.

"Ned, the Gipsy," replies Telford.

I watch with interest the effect of this information on his friend. I rather expect him (I don't know why) to pooh-pooh Ned the Gipsy.

"Um!" returns his friend, thinking it over, "I saw the Gipsy with a pony at Twigham Meeting. He wanted me to have it." Here he suddenly breaks off, as if the subject were an unpleasant one to revert to. It leaves me in a reverie as to whether he did have it or not. I should like to ask him. I feel that it's an unfinished tale. The tale of a pony unfinished. Wonder, by the way, who invented this *jeu de mots* on "tale" and "tail." How it must have set the table in a roar when first said. I should like to hear the history of The First Joke. Date 3 A.D. "A.D." here means Anti-Deluge. There were some very queer words then, suitable for *jeu de mots*.

*Happy Thought.*—For a proverb, There are good and bad jokes in all languages. A *sort* of Proverb. Joke-Explorers might make voyages, like Dr. Livingstone, in search of a joke, or like Diogenes, with a lantern, in quest of a good honest joke. Happy title for Tales of Adventure, The Joke Catchers.

*Ch. I.* How they heard of a joke. *Ch. II.* How they set out to catch that joke. *Ch. III.* How they heard two Joke-Crackers in the distance. *Ch. IV.* How they came on the Joke-Crackers' tracks—(good phrase this for Dixon's John-sonary. Ask my Aunt to try it, and see what she makes of it). *Ch. V.* How they came on an extinct Volcano, which had busted itself with laughter. *Ch. VI.* How they lost their way in the *Pun-jab*, where the Punjabberers dwell. *Ch. VII.* How they couldn't see the joke. *Ch. VIII.* How several weeks passed, and *yet* they couldn't see the joke. *Ch. IX.* How at last one of their party made a shot at the joke. *Ch. X.* How the joke fell flat. *Ch. XI.* How one of their party decided that it was no joke. *Ch. XII.* How, at all events, they all said they'd heard of a much better joke than that. *Ch. XIII.* How they set out again. *Ch. XIV.* How they did not catch that joke, Brave Boys! But being taken by the Punjabberers and Joke-Crackers were cruelly sold. *Ch. XV.* How they could only escape by coming across a very broad joke, and a very dangerous joke. *Ch. XVI.* How they came to a kingdom where their motto was, *Pro aris et Focis* for our Altars and Jokes. *Ch. XVII.* How they were introduced to the Best Joke that ever was made. *Ch. XVIII.* How they laughed at it, and wouldn't

listen to the Worst Joke. *Ch. XIX.* How the Worst Joke being irritated, fought the Best Joke. *Ch. XX.* How the Worst took Best. *Ch. XXI.* How the Worst retaliated upon the Joke-Explorers, and ordered the Joke-Crackers to tickle their fancies, and the Word-Twisters to torment their ears, until at length the tears poured down the cheeks of the Joke-Explorers. *Ch. XXII.* How, finally, they died o' laughing. . . .

All this out of a Pony's tail !

One hour in the train passed. One more.

Telford says, after a pause, "He'll go in harness, quiet to ride and drive, and up to weight."

"The very thing I should like," I say, with a mental reservation to the effect, "and the very thing I don't mean to have."

My Aunt interposes, "You can't possibly want a pony." I am a little hurt at this.

"Why not?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "I've never seen you ride."

Telford and his friend smile. I protest (because it really *is* annoying) against my Aunt's insinuation. "I've not ridden for two years, but I used to hunt regularly."

"Ah ! says Telford, interested. "What hounds used you to go with?"

*Happy Thought.* — None in particular. Sometimes Leicestershire, sometimes Dorsetshire ; also Hertfordshire, and—and—many other packs. I revert mentally and especially to the Brighton Harriers. In talking to thoroughly

sporting and hunting men like Telford, it's best not—(I've found this out by experience)—it's best not to boast much about runs with the Brighton Harriers. There's so little peril "by flood and field" connected with the B.H. The most you can say is to a friend who's been out with them, "That was a nasty hill you came down, when you got off and walked," or "That was a stiff bit of country up that hill where I was obliged to dismount." Also, "There was some awkward ruts in that last-ploughed field;" and then with enthusiasm, "It was a splendid burst across those turnips!!" And, cunningly, "I think that ditch (2 feet by 1) or that furze bush (2 feet high) choked off a few of them."

"Well," says my Aunt, with something of irony in her tone which doesn't suit her, "I'm sure I wouldn't have said so if I hadn't thought it. But I've never seen you on horseback, and really wasn't aware until you told me now that you were even a tolerant equestable."

Explanation wanted. Telford and friend look at me and smile. "You mean," I say to her, "that you did not think that I was even a tolerable Equestrian."

"I said so," returns my Aunt. (*Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.)

## CHAPTER V.

WE JOURNEY UP TO TOWN AND DISCUSS POULTRY, EGGS,  
AND AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS—PIGS—PRIZES—PAR-  
LIAMENT—LABOUR—ADVERTISING—CHICKENS AGAIN  
—ON TO COWS—CRIPPLES—NOTES AND MEMS MADE  
ON THIS OCCASION.



E drop the Pony, and come to farming operations generally. Telford and his friend know a good deal about poultry.

*Happy Thought.*—Draw 'em out.

Telford's friend will have nothing but Cochins. Telford himself says, "No, have Dorkings and Spanish." Telford wants us to guess how many eggs he had from November to February. I am inclined to say, thoughtfully, "Well, let me see"—as if I were making a stupendous calculation—"six a day." Telford's friend asks, "How many hens?" I note this question as being naturally *the* common-sense one to put to a man who wants you to guess about eggs. I wonder how it is that I didn't at once think of this question. I was simply occupying myself with the vaguest probabilities without any *data* to go upon. Telford's friend, having obtained

his *data*, which means fifty hens, expresses his guarded opinion that Telford *ought* to have had a good lot of eggs. Telford replies that, as a matter of fact, he *had*, and informs us that they numbered over two thousand. "Put 'em at twopence apiece," says he, knowingly, "and that's money."

My Aunt chimes in, in a hurry, "I'm sure you must find it very amusing, and I dare say where you cannot always calculate on such a very returnable remark—I mean," she says, with a sudden gasp, "a very remarkable return of eggs, the mere looking after and attending to the chickens, as we used to do at home, where we always kept Dorkshires and Fowl-door Barns, as I told my nephew, and I believe they're the best after all,"—gasp, to recover her sentence—"on the whole I should say that, after all, it's far more repusing than moftable." [Evidently, "more amusing than profitable," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.]

Telford's friend now informs us that *he* has sold eggs at fourpence apiece. We all say, "Indeed!"

*Mental Calculation.*—Sixty eggs at fourpence equal a pound. If this could be done every day, evidently there would be "a fortune," as Englemore would put it, "out of Mister Chicken."

*Happy Thought.*—To ask Telford's friend, can he do this (this meaning sixty eggs at fourpence apiece) regularly.

He answers, decidedly, "O no, nothing like it. And then," he adds, "you must deduct for their food."

Their food? I always had an idea that it cost nothing to

keep poultry ; that, in fact, you gave them anything—chiefly, perhaps, pepper.

“ Lots of oyster-shells,” says Telford.

“ Greens,” says Telford’s friend.

“ Yes,” rejoins Telford, “ and nettles.”

Make useful notes for the future out of this. I can speak with some authority as to fowls, as I once kept seven in a chicken-house at the Cottage (given up now some years since) where, I remind Telford, with the air of a man who’s reared prize fowls, he may remember to have seen them.

“ Yes,” says Telford, in his brusque and hearty way, “ I recollect.”

“ I had some good ones there,” I say, knowingly. This is for the benefit of Telford’s friend, who is inclined to be supercilious in poultry matters.

I rather hope that Telford will have forgotten all about them, and corroborate my estimate of their worth.

“ Well,” says Telford, shutting one eye, and, as it were, putting himself back three years for the sake of recalling the event of his visit, “ well—um—” this doubtfully ; he evidently has put himself back, and is once more by the side of my Fowl-house, “ um—yes. You had one old Cochin——”

“ Very fine old Hen she was,” I say, in my character of The Prize Poultry Rearer.

*Happy Thought (in theatrical form).*—My character, for this occasion only, solely for The Benefit of Telford’s Friend.

“ Yes,” replies Telford, “ that was a fine old Hen. I gave her to you. But she was too old, and the others were a

measly lot." A measly lot ! If I had expected this I wouldn't have asked his opinion. He continues : " I recollect telling you then that they'd have done much better as Mulligatawny than as fowls."

Telford's friend laughs, my Aunt smiles, and Telford laughs as he repeats, " Horrid measly lot."

*Happy Thought.*—Treat what he says as a joke. Then Telford's friend will think that they weren't " a measly lot," after all.

But, additional mem, for future Farming use ; note it down as " P. M. M.—Poultry—Measles—Mulligatawny."

As we've not got much more time in the train, I ask Telford and his friend, if they've, both or either, ever kept pigs.

Yes, both. " Then," to come to the point, " what would you say about Pigs?"

" In what way?" asks Telford, " for sale, for fattening, or for breeding?"

Evidently more ways than one of keeping a pig.

*Happy Thought.*—For Sale. Undoubtedly keep a pig for sale. You can't make money out of him unless you *do* sell him.

Telford's friend here interposes. He says, " There's only one way to make pigs pay. Buy 'em young, very cheap, keep 'em until they want something to eat, and then sell 'em. I can buy mine at four shillings, and sell 'em at fifteen, and you've spent nothing on their feed."

" But," I ask, diffidently, " they must be very thin?" I

was going to say "very hungry," only I don't like to accuse Telford's friend of cruelty to animals, point blank ; besides, it may not be considered as cruelty in farming operations.

"No," he says, then adds, as if explaining away any doubt we might have had on the subject, "they're not *prize* pigs, of course." As this appears to be satisfactory to Telford and his friend, I merely reply that "of course, they're not expected to be Prize Pigs," to which Telford's friend returns, "No, of course not." And so the subject drops.

*Happy Thought.*—Our conversation in the way of taking up and dropping subjects is quite like a Parliamentary report. Some one gets up and asks, in clear type (indicative of importance of person or subject), whether the—whoever it is—is ready to explain whatever it is. Whereupon up gets the—whoever it is—and does *not* explain it to anybody's satisfaction. Then, when you'd expect a hot controversy on a question involving so many weighty interests, you find nothing more said, but merely the words, "The subject was then dropped;" and in a jerky manner, up comes the heading of another matter altogether—"Mines," perhaps—and up gets some one who "wants to know," and is cheerfully answered by some one who *doesn't* know, and then *that* subject is dropped.

So we suddenly take up the topic of Labour. Telford's friend, who lives in the south-west of England, supposes that Telford, who lives in the South Midland, finds labour dear. This, I apprehend, is a really vital question.

Telford *does* find labour dear. I should like to know—

always for information—how many men are necessary where Pigs and Poultry are kept. (This sounds like an Advertisement—"Wanted, by a Young Man under Twenty-two, a Place under a Butler, where a Pig is kept"—or something of that sort. Forget exact instance. It merely flashes across me while I put the question.) Telford says it all depends upon the size. Of the place he means, not the pigs.

I say, of course naturally ; and, as a premiss to go upon, say six pigs and fifty chickens, with cows to match.

"Two men," says Telford's friend, "would do all *you* (meaning me) want." He means all that the Pigs, &c., want. I nod. "Now," says he, "I'll give you a wrinkle." We listen attentively. "When you want labour cheap, don't get the regular fellows. You'll have to give them just what every one else does, p'raps more. But you get Cripples." Here he winks at us knowingly.

"Cripples !" exclaims my Aunt.

"Yes," continues Telford's friend. "Get a fellow whom no one will have, because he's got a game leg or one arm, or weak in the eyes. Farmers won't have him, because he's only half a man. He'll be only too glad to come to you. Half a man, half a man's price. You'll find that, just to show what he *can* do, he'll work double the amount of a sound 'un. Of course," he says, reflectively, "if they're weak-backed 'uns, the extra steam they put on floors 'em, and they go off the hooks early ; but," he adds, in a reassuring tone, seeing that this last piece of information has made us a bit gloomy, "but you soon get another. They'd rather come to you than go to the Workhouse ; and the Workhouse, if it had got

'em, would give you something to take 'em. It's a capital plan."

*Happy Thought.*—Motto for Telford's Friend's Farm, "Go it, ye Cripples!"

*Notes on Farming gathered from conversation overheard or joined in during train-journey:—*

1. That you give horses green hay in summer. [*Query* when it's "green hay" isn't it grass? When does grass become hay? Is all cut grass hay? if so, mown grass is at once hay. Must find a Dixon's Farmonary—I mean a Farmer's Dictionary, and look it all out. Give my mind to this subject and the result, as "Your little Englemore" puts it, will be, in time, thousands out of Mister Turnips and Colonel Pigs.]

2. That in certain cases you give your animal roots *Mem.* to find out which animal, and what roots.

3. Roll your meadow. [Find out why, when, with what, and how much for labour. How many cripples to roll a meadow?]

4. Poultry. Give them nettles, pepper, and oyster-shells. [The result would be probably curried eggs. But go into this more fully.] When Hens get old, or measly, make 'em into Mulligatawny. The worse the hen, the better the Mulligatawny. To induce them to lay, give 'em chalk eggs. [Can't understand the principle of this. Must master the principle with a view to scientific farming. Telford's friend didn't know "why," but so it was. The only other use of chalk eggs that I've hitherto known has been to encourage

Divers. You threw in a chalk egg and a Diver went in for it. Six chalk eggs for threepence. A chalk egg is a sort of doll to a Hen. And yet when one comes to reflect—but it is evident that as yet I have *not* mastered the principle.]

5. Pigs. Buy a pig for four shillings, give him nothing to eat (this is most inexpensive), and sell him for fifteen. Evidently profitable. But how to escape, ultimately, Prosecution for Pig Persecution by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

I remember a book which might be of some use to me—*Our Farm of Four Acres, and what we made of it*, or a name something like it.

*Happy Thought.*—If I began farm-keeping now, I might in a few months' time publish a book entitled *Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Jolly Mess we made by it*.

6. As to labour. *Happy Thought.*—Cripples.

Arrived. London. Tickets and Terminus. My Aunt refers to her watch and her appetite. "Two o'clock. That's very fortunate," she remarks, "because we can stop at the refreshment-rooms and have our luncheon. I really am quite upset for the rest of the day," she explains to Telford, "unless I follow out my invariable plan, and always have my puncheon lucktually." ["My luncheon punctually," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.]

## CHAPTER VI.

ENGLEMORE AGAIN—ON FURNISHING—DIFFICULTIES—  
CHANGING STATE—COMMISSION—HIS POEM—NOOKING  
—NEW GRAMMAR—ENGLEMORE'S VERBS—DRIVE TO  
ST. KATHERINE'S WHARF—MILBURD—MRS. MILBURD—  
“OFF” SAYS THE STRANGER.



UR “little” Englemore calls on us with information. “I’ve got,” he says, “Mister Berth for you. Best Cabin. One for the Colonel, and one for you, Ma’am.” My Aunt thanks him, and requests further particulars, which he proceeds to give, in his own way, “*Baron Nosey*, Sunday at Twelve. Be there rather before, say eleven-thirty, Because of Mister Luggage. Horrid bore, Peter Portmanteau.”

I tell him that I quite remember all these details, having been by the *Baron* several times. Upon this Englemore remarks to my Aunt. “Then you’re Little All-right, Ma’am. The Colonel knows the ropes. Wish I was going with you, Why can’t he? Why?” he answers, “because, first of ail, there’s Mister Business in Town. Then there’s Freddy Furniture in new House. Just finished. Man stained floors. Gas laid on. Kitchen stove gone mad. Went home the

other evening, found Mrs. Cook, swimming about. Bobby Boiler burst ; no dinner for your little Englemore, and jolly mess everywhere."

My Aunt condoles with him. "She knows," she says, "by experience the nuisance of furnishing and bursters boiling." She means boilers bursting, of course, and, "said so." But, she supposes, silyly, "that Mr. Englemore is only preparing to renounce the bachelor state."

"Ah," says Englemore, blushing slightly, "don't know yet. We shall see. Settle up for Freddy Furniture, and settle down afterwards." Then turning to me, "I'll be on the lookout for Colonel Farm. I'm going into the Midlands for a week's fishing. Going to see Major Trout. Catch him at home. Then you'll be back before Gregory Grouse and Master Oyster turn up. If you see anything in the way of furniture while you're away, don't forget your Little Englemore."

On his saying good-bye to us we once more allude, pleasantly, to his intended (evidently intended) marriage. My Aunt, who is not to be put off the scent of a genuine match by any pretence of his as to fishing, observes that she supposes he is to bring home a bride from the Midlands? "Aha!" he returns to my Aunt, "You know too much for me, Ma'am. Talking of that, I was trying to write a song, you know," this to me. I nod, but don't know ; however, that's of no importance. "'A Hieland lass my love was born.' I made it 'A Midland lass my love was born,' only I couldn't get any farther. Mr. Poetry is not my name. Don't know how it's done. Good-bye. I'll have my eye on something for you.

I know sort of thing. A Nook, that's what you want. You'd nook all day if you had one. Do Mister Shepherd: pastoral symphony: crook and nook. Good-bye. Love to Mister Germany." I notice that he has at once made a verb of "nook." In Englemore's grammar——

*Happy Thought.*—Grammar of the Future, by Your Little Englemore.—In such a Grammar, "to Nook" would signify "to remain in a secluded spot in the country," and would be conjugated "I nook, Thou nookest, He nooks, &c." *Imperative*—"Nook!" *i. e.* "Go and remain in a secluded spot in the country," which might gradually come to mean, "Go to Jericho, or Bath, or Coventry. *Imperfect*—"I was nooking," *i. e.* "When I was living (or used to live) in a secluded spot in the country," &c. But what a saving of words! Then, at dinner—"Will you mutton? Do you cucumber?" or, while one *is* about it, with a new grammar of the future, why not "Cucumberez-vous?" or "Cucumber-you!" "You'll beer, I suppose?"

"I'll wire," continues Englemore, "if Mister Farm turns up. By the way, if you see Sammy Sideboard, or Major Armchair anywhere, wire price, as, at present, my name's Mister Furniture. Good-bye."

And so he leaves us, having probably, as my Aunt suggests, been running on about his furniture, Major trout, and his noocluded Slooks ("secluded Nooks," *vide* my Aunt's Dixon's Johnsonary), in order to avoid any further questioning about his marriage.

Aunt, under the impression that St. Katherine's Wharf is

at least ten miles from any known centre, determines upon starting early. Usual sombre drive through the *urbs mortuorum*, with the shutters up on Sunday morning. City looking as if it had been hard at work over-night trying to scrub itself clean, and *couldn't* for its very life get the dirt out of its ruts and wrinkles. Lines of hard-featured respectabilities going to church ; Paterfamilias looking devotionally uncomfortable in his clean, starched collars. If it wasn't for Materfamilias and the girls, who require his presence as a background to their Sunday finery, he would have preferred stopping at home, in his shirt-sleeves to "tot" up his accounts.

Now we leave Eastern Christianity, and, penetrating farther into the Oriental quarter, we come into a Parochial Palestine ! Here, on one side are the names of Mister Moses, S. Isaacs, and Jacob Marx, faced, on the other, by Solomons, Cohen, and Aaron Levi. Genuine good old D'Israelic titles, ungentelised as yet by substituting an "a" for an "o," or a "y" for an "i." It seems as if a whole colony of German Jews had landed here, and, having been thoroughly knocked up by the voyage, never cared to unsettle themselves again.

*St. Katherine's Wharf*, intended for the arrival and departure of passengers. St. Katherine's Wharf offers the smallest amount of accommodation possible. Abroad, whether at a small station, or on a quay, or at any place specially intended for passenger traffic, the traveller, generally, will find comfort, and even elegance. But, in England —generally not.

"Well, thank Heaven," says my Aunt, piously, "that it doesn't rain, and we can stand on the wharf among the luggage."

The *Baron* is not yet ready to receive us—he is being washed and tidied.

My Aunt occupies herself in asking me if I don't think every fresh arrival on the wharf is a foreigner. She founds her remarks on the supposition that most of the *voyageurs* must inevitably be foreigners ; or, if they are not *now*, she has some sort of idea they will become foreigners during the *voyagé*, and appear as something quite different (as in a Pantomime) when we shall land in Antwerp.

"That's a German, I'm sure," says she, pointing to a stout man in spectacles, with a young lady, rather pretty, in a costume of many colours.

*Happy Thought.*—To call her "Josephine," on account of the costume of many colours.

The pair are standing near us. My Aunt is commencing some remarks on the young lady's high-heeled boots, and other peculiarities of what she considers foreign toilette, when Mister German turns to me, and says, with an accent (from the North of England), "Can you tell me, Zur, when this *Baron* *Osy*'ll be ready to take us aboard."

I give him my opinion. Pretty girl his—daughter? or niece?

*Happy Thought.*—As a co-voyageur, to speak to her *sans façon*, "Is she a good sailor?" She is shy and simpers.

"She doesn't know," she says, simpering. "She's never yet been to sea," simpering. Northern accent.

*Happy Thought (Tennysonian).*—"Northern Farmer" and his daughter. "Property, Property," &c. Perhaps *he's* going to examine German Agriculture. Pick up a lot from him on the voyage. Always picking up.

*Happy Thought (Musical).*—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" Keep this to myself.

The Baron is almost ready to receive us. There is a good deal of shouting in an unknown tongue by two dapper gentlemen in smart naval uniforms, a considerable amount of gesticulation, confused noises of chains, cranes, planks, engines, and plunging of horses objecting to being embarked on board the gallant *Osy*.

Ancient porters, who look as if they couldn't carry a band-box, stagger away under the weight of my Aunt's trunks, and a burly fellow with a badge—in Englemore's grammar of the future, "A Badger"—insists upon relieving me of my hand-bag.

*Happy Thought.*—Keep my eye on him.

Six porters stagger in, and against us, with boxes, portmanteaus, and bags; then a maid-servant with rugs, bundle of parasols and sticks; then a sharp-looking, funny little man, looking as if he'd been taken directly off a German bon-bon box, carrying a plaid, a small bag, and another bundle of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols. "Dis vay, Sir!"

he is saying to a lady and gentleman following him. Two porters deposit a large portmanteau almost on my Aunt's toes preparatory to heaving it up again and carrying it on board. The name attracts my attention.

"Milburd," in large letters.

My Aunt takes my arm. I turn and see, no doubt about it, Milburd with a lady on *his* arm. We recognise one another. He asks me if I know the Duchess? The who? I say looking towards the lady on his arm. "Now then, Sir, this way," shouts somebody. More directions in unknown tongue.

"Now, *Sir!*" says gruffly, just behind me a voice which apparently proceeds from a huge box on two legs. My Aunt pulls me to what I believe is called "the gangway." The Northern Farmer has his northern elbow in my ribs; he is tugging at his daughter (or niece), my Aunt is tugging at me, Milburd is tugging at the Duchess, boxes in front of us, boxes behind us, boxes threatening our heads and toes, a vague fear pervading every one that the *Baron* will get tired and suddenly steam off without us, and so we all crowd on to one another, hustle, crush, fight, struggle, and fume, until we suddenly find ourselves on board.

"This way, Sir!" remonstrates some official belonging to the *Baron*, and we are on board. More crush. People hurrying below (they call it "down-stairs") and demanding beds and accommodation.

*Happy Thought.*—Got our berths. We shall be Mister Comfortable. Polite and cool steward at table taking down names in a book, and apportioning berths to those who

haven't previously engaged them. Milburd is explaining, jocosely as usual, "You needn't give us the state cabin, as Her Royal Highness"—

"Name, Sir?" asks the Steward in the most business-like way. People about, thinking that Milburd is only wasting time, don't laugh, I am glad to say. He answers, "Mr. and Mrs. Milburd and Friend."

Milburd married!!

## CHAPTER VII.

THE VOYAGE COMMENCES—ANXIETY—POCKETS—PUNS—  
BASCOE—NAME—MILBURD'S FUN—ENGLEMORE AGAIN  
—AXWORTH—WHAT'S IN A NAME?—ALL FOR SHORE  
—LAST WORDS—GOING, GOING, GONE!



*RIOR to starting and on board the Baron.*—  
My Aunt's one anxiety is as to her luggage.  
"Will it be searched?" that's what she wants  
to know, She is positive that it *will* be  
searched, and hopes that I have the keys all ready. Keys?  
of course I have them safely in my... for the first time it  
strikes me that I have *not* them safely in my... Good  
Gracious!... I really do believe... "Lost them!" ex-  
claims my Aunt. "No," I return. "I won't say *lost* them  
exactly"... this is breaking it to her gently—"but I"—  
here I allow gleams of hope to play over my countenance as  
I try different pockets; gleams becoming less vivid, and I  
experience a blank which seems somehow, suddenly, to wipe  
out the past, and leave me hopeless for the future. This is  
after the Last Pocket.

*Happy Thought.*—Perhaps a hole in pocket and got into  
Lining. Gleams of Hope again. We both brighten up.

We see, so to speak, a hole in my pocket through which to creep out of our difficulty. . . . No. No Hole. The Sun of Hope sets, and we (my Aunt and myself) are enveloped in the dark night of despair.

"What I shall do I don't know," says my Aunt, "for they were all patent springs that you can't open without a particular sort of key that's only made in one place, and I don't know where that is, and better than any of the Lockmar Brahs that they used to talk so much about; I mean, you know, those that they used to offer a hundred pounds to anyone to open with any key at all, and they never would—and . . ." gasp, then she continues—"I haven't got anything in the conversation book about open locking breaks and dialogue with a Blackian Belgesmith." (Dixon's Johnsonary in full force, my Aunt being excited, and having an audience among whom, as the reporters say, "we notice Mr. and Mrs. Milburd, Mister and Miss Northern Farmer, the Steward, the Under Steward, &c. &c.". Of course she means that in her "conversation book" there is nothing about breaking open locks, nor is there any dialogue with a Belgian Blacksmith.)

The *Baron* is on the point of starting. The only thought that occurs to me at this moment, is, that *quay* and *key* have the same pronunciation, and that, on commencing a steam-boat voyage, it is usual to leave the *quays* behind you. Half a mind to say it. Half a mind not to. It might be put down to the philosophy of taking things easily, or it might be put down to heartlessness, as it's my Aunt's keys, not mine, that are lost, and I've lost them.

*Happy Thought.*—When in doubt hold your tongue.

"Anybody here," shouts a stentorian voice, the property of an official, "of the name of Bascoe?"

As a rule (I don't know why, but must consider it in *Typ. Devel.* under P. *Publicity*), no one likes to acknowledge his name when called upon in this way. It seems to suggest detectives, suspicion, bank robbery, flying the country under the name of Smith, and then it occurs to me that, on admitting that one's name *is* Bascoe (it's my Aunt's name, not mine, but I have to answer for *her*), there's a chance of a policeman stepping forward, and saying, "Then, Bascoe" (without the "Mister") "you must come along o' me." Of course it would be all a mistake, but no one would believe my explanation, and the real Bascoe (whoever he was), having kept silence, would escape.

"*Is there,*" repeats the stentorian voice, almost imploringly, "*Is there anyone here, name o' Bascoe?*"

All eyes seem directed towards us, as much as to say, "Come, you know they mean you two. Give yourselves up. Don't let the whole ship be stopped because you *won't* answer. Come—out with it! We're not going to sea with a Jonah."

Milburd forces our hand, so to speak, by saying to me, "Now then, you'd better own it at once. You'll get off with seven years; and, after all, what's that?"

I smile and laugh. If I don't do this, the passengers will imagine that I really am a criminal, who refuses, very naturally *as* a criminal, to give himself up. My Aunt whispers hurriedly, "It's Cuxoms." [This is subsequently

explained. She meant,—only being excited she got it all into a word, “It’s the Customs about the boxes,” her impression being that the official thought we were sneaking off without having had our luggage searched.]

I acknowledge, defiantly, that “my Aunt’s—that is” (I feel very warm, and ready if necessary to resist with violence) —“That is—that we answer to the name of Bascoe.” [Reminds me of the Advertisement for stray Terrier Dog—Lost—answers to the name of Bascoe, &c.] •

“This way, then, Sir,” returns the official, sharply.

Uncommonly like what I expected.

*Happy Thought.*—Turn it off. Say smilingly, “Very mysterious,” so as to anticipate Milburd, who I feel sure, will “improve the occasion” in my absence. My Aunt and I ascend cabin-steps.

“Hallo!” says a voice we recognise with a pleasurable sense of relief, “just caught Mister Steamboat. Found Colonel Bunch-of-keys in my pocket just now. Couldn’t wire, ’cos it’s not good enough for Mr. Sunday.”

He means that there is no telegraphing on Sunday. This I explain to my Aunt, who immediately replies that she perfectly understands Mr. Axworth. [*She means Englemore*—But as we’re starting in two minutes, why not, Axworth?] My Aunt makes this reply somewhat tartly.

*Happy Thought.*—“Tartly” is the word. But how did tartly come by its signification. A Tart is a sweet—no, on second thoughts a Tart always wants sugar. [*Com-*

*plication of Adjectives and Nouns.* Ch. xiv. Book 6, *Typ. Devel.*]

"So," continues Englemore, "In two twos my name's Mister Hansom to follow. Thought you'd be in a deuce of a way when you found yourself far away from your native land, and couldn't get at Tommy Toothbrush, or Neddy Nightgown."

My Aunt gravely admits that the fact of these two celebrities being ungetatable ("un-get-at-able according to Dixon's Johnsonary) was causing her a great deal of anxiety.

"All for shore!" shouts Somebody Else with a voice (very fine voices about here), a bell rings, and a third of the people, who up to this time I had taken for passengers, suddenly appear as if, being panic-stricken by some unexpected and startling intelligence (as for example "There's a leak!" or "she must sink after the first two miles!" or "Safe to blow up before she gets to Greenwich!"), they are rushing from the ship.

"Good-bye!" says Englemore. "Wish you a merry Tripmas and a happy New There. Love to the little Buoy at the Nore. By the way——"

"Now, Sir!" says a nautical official to him, for Englemore is actually detaining the *Baron*.

"All right, don't wait for me," says Englemore, and then to me, seriously but hurriedly, with one hand on the gangway rail, "Let me see—I was going to say—something of the greatest importance,"—and he has forgotten it—no, he remembers it—"I saw P. He says Yes, Good, But when?"

They are beginning to move the gangway. The bell sounds violently. We are in motion. Englemore dashes across the gangway. Safe on the quay, he calls out, "Wire on arrival. Say when I can have five minutes with you. Don't forget Colonel Sideboard."

We are moving slowly off. "Mister Dinner Service too, if you see him," he shouts, as a last reminder. I nod, and wave my hand. We are slowly drifting away, and steam-power commencing. Englemore has evidently remembered something very important at the last moment. He shouts, "I quite forgot to . . ." *Baron Osy's* engines render the remainder of this inaudible, but he is evidently continuing. I shake my head and put my hand to my ear, implying that I can't hear a word he's saying. The steam is quiet for a second, and I just catch his last words, "Write . . . or . . . *wire*," and we are fairly started.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ABOARD THE BARON—MY AUNT ABOARD—MRS. MILBURD  
—DIXON IN FORCE—NORTHERN FARMER—CAPTAIN—  
THE GRINNER—CONVERSATION—NOTIONS—DINNER.



ANY ladies disappear at once. My Aunt does this immediately, and has got hold of the Stewardess in a corner. My Aunt's general notion of steamboat travelling is, either that you must go to bed at once, directly you get on board, or never. That, in fact, once on deck, always on deck, or, once in bed, always in bed. Milburd, who has made great friends with my Aunt in five minutes, prevails upon her, as the river is beautifully calm and the day warm, to come on deck; and, as he puts it, "keep company with his Missus." He means sit with his wife, to whom we have been introduced. "I shall never be able to go down again, I'm sure," my Aunt says, seating herself with her face to the wind, as if to be kept fresh by the breeze. Mrs. Milburd is, as my Aunt describes her afterwards, "a plumping little charm"—meaning a charming little plump person. "Very pretty, with dimpley lovels—I should say"—she corrects herself with a look at me, as much as to imply that she is

perfectly aware of her mistake, and doesn't require *my* assistance—"Very pretty, with lovely dimples in her hands, beautiful teeth, and I am sure, though I don't often admire people, she has the laughiest pretty possible." ("Prettiest laugh," of course. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.) I admit all the praise, and only regret that his wife encourages Milburd's nonsense by laughing at him. I thought marriage would have sobered him. It hasn't a bit. On the contrary he's now got an audience which he can "command," and invariably "carry with him." My Aunt asks Mrs. Milburd, by way of commencing an appropriate subject, if she's a good sailor. Milburd, who generally replies for her if he can, says that "His Missus has been priming herself for the voyage for three days beforehand, and that the amount of chops and stout, and——" here she stops him laughingly, and owns to *not* being a good sailor. Then my Aunt tells her what a very bad sailor *she* is ; and *how* it comes about that she is so ; and under what circumstances she is worse at some times than at others.

*Happy Thought.*—Join in it, and tell them what a bad sailor *I* am. Better to prepare them, because if one isn't ill after all, you get a reputation for being a capital sailor, for modesty in not boasting of it, and for sympathy with the sufferings of others. At this point Milburd (at whom his wife laughs, admiringly, directly he opens his mouth) suggests various remedies ; among others, that (of course) of staying on shore, and finally of keeping your head under water, in a pail, for twenty minutes. My Aunt tells me apart that Mr.

Milburd is really *very* funny. "He reminds me," she says, "of a Mr.—dear me, what *was* his name? He propertied it for change some time afterwards, and went to France. Oh yes, of course, Jones—Mr. Jones. He was very droll, but I'm not quite sure that I don't prefer Mr. Ackworth," (she means Milburd) "Mr. Ackworth's fun to Mr. Jokes's jones after all." (Jokes's jones, *i.e.*, Jones's jokes. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.)

*Happy Thought.*—Get out of hearing of this conversation. Why can't people, on board a steamboat, find some other subject besides sea-sickness? It's just exactly the place where they oughtn't to talk about it. Go and converse with the Captain. The Northern Farmer is with him. He is asking, "Does he (the Captain) think it'll be a bad night?" The Captain doesn't. On the contrary, a very good night. It's a stupid question, because even if the Captain does think it'll be a bad night, one can't go back now.

I notice a man, or rather a man notices me, as I am attracted towards him by his perpetual grin. Whenever he sees me [and he sees me every three minutes regularly, because he is walking up and down the deck and grinning whenever he catches my eye as he passes me] this grin seems to say "I know *you*. I recollect your doing something or other, in past years, that *I* shan't forget in a hurry." I *think* I remember his face. But not his grin.

•

*Happy Thought.*—Now find out who he is. Process. I'll speak to the Captain: *he'll* speak to the Captain: common

subject of conversation : then I'll speak to *him* : he'll speak to *me*. Then I'll say to him, "I fancy I recollect your face at——" and leave him to fill in the blank.

Mister Grinner asks the Captain, gruffly, "When shall we be at Antwerp?"

I set him down at once as a rude, unpolished man. He has not been a quarter of an hour on the *Osy*, and he walks up to the Captain, who is, as it were, by an agreeable fiction, his host, for the time, and asks, "When shall we be at Antwerp?" which really means, "Look here, I'm tired of this : why don't you get on and go faster? When shall we be off this ship, and get rid of *you*, eh?"

*Happy Thought.*—Soften it down. The Captain is a foreigner, and peculiarly courteous, so I feel that I should like to show him that the Grinner, as a boor, is an exceptional Englishman. Say jocularly, "O, we shan't be at Antwerp till seven or eight to-morrow morning—and," heartily, for the sake of the Captain, "I'm glad of it, for a pleasanter way of spending a good many hours"—being uncertain as to the number of hours the ship is advertised to perform the voyage in, I don't like to make any inuendo (still on account of the Captain) as to what time we ought to take, so merely say "a good many hours"—"than on board a fine ship (compliment to the Captain) on a lovely day, I don't know." The Grinner simply grins broader than before at me, as if the recollection of the circumstances in which he'd seen me in days gone by, was too much for him, and, shoving his hands into his overcoat pockets, he re-

sumes his marching up and down without another word. Most irritating.

The Captain, who, by the way, has informed the Grinner that by seven A.M. we shall be at Antwerp, is now occupied in looking through an opera-glass.

*Happy Thought.*—To talk to him on general subjects. Why not talk to a Captain on general subjects? Why be professional with a Professional? You don't always talk about teeth to a Dentist. Evidently it would be bad taste. By this rule *i.e.*, of never talking professionally with a professional, one would become deeply interested in Agriculture when talking to a Naval Captain, about the Ballet with a Bishop, and about Shipping with a Soldier.

*Happy Thought.*—Sink the ship. In this case, sink the ship. Wonder whether, when on shore, he's fond of farming. Perhaps so; "In his cottage near the sea." Might get something out of him about Peter Pig and Tommy Turnips.

To lead up to the subject by asking him how he gets his vegetables on board, or, if he's fond of the sea. The latter seems, considering his position, a little rude, so I am prepared to substitute, "I suppose you stop on shore a good deal?" which, on consideration, appears to be ruder than the other. Why not plunge in at once, and say, "Well, Skipper, how about Turnips?"

I open the conversation with, "Aren't you rather tired of going this voyage every week?" He regards me for one second, and then, resuming his opera-glasses, replies simply,

that he is *not* rather tired of it, and turns to speak, in Flemish, I fancy, to the Lieutenant. Now I want a question to follow. Several people come up to talk to the Captain. There seems to be a sort of idea, prevalent amongst all the steamboat passengers, that if you make friends with the Captain, it (whatever it is) will be all right. There are some men who always know the Proprietors of Hotels, the Drivers of Coaches, and the Captains of Ships, and pride themselves on the knowledge. I don't remark that they get better treated than anybody else. Milburd, for instance, always knows every one, or says he does. "Been talking to the First Officer?" he asks me. I reply "No, to the Captain."—"Well," he answers, "he *is* the First Officer."

*Happy Thought.*—Lucky I didn't address him as the Skipper.

Questions which everyone asks the Captain :—

1. What time shall we arrive at Antwerp? (Answer uncertain.)

2. Does he (the Captain) think we shall have a calm passage? (Answer dependent upon whether before or after dinner or supper.)

3. When shall we be at sea? Also when do we dine? A matter of the deepest importance to those about to dine. The latter question was put most earnestly by my Aunt. On the answer being given, the questioner refers to his watch.

[*Happy Thought.*—Dine at two. Not at sea till eight. Questioner decides to dine and dine well.]

## CHAPTER IX.

STEWARD—CHANGE OF COSTUME—ENGINES—BOILERS—  
FUNNY MAN—DANGEROUS PROXIMITY—LORD MAYOR'S  
FOOL—THE JOHNSONARY AGAIN.



HE Steward now comes round to ask who'll dine. I notice that a Steward is always on excellent terms with a Captain, and a Captain with the Steward. On consideration I see that a Captain can pretty well ruin a Steward, and a Steward can make a Captain very uncomfortable. If the Steward profits by the number of people who sit down to dinner and tea in the cabin, the Captain has only got to say that he is sure it'll be a bad passage, and hardly any one will either dine or sup. Certainly not sup. If the Captain, maliciously, did this, then the Steward would, spitefully, give him lukewarm dinners, tough meat, bad fish, sour wine, and watered grog. So the management of a well-regulated family-vessel reduces itself to—*Happy Thought (by the Captain).*—Be polite to the Steward, and tell everyone that it's sure to be a fine passage.

*Happy Thought (by the Steward).*—Be very civil to the Captain. Reserve tit-bits, and private store of grog.

*More Questions invariably put to the Captain by Passengers:—*

Has he (the Captain) had bad weather lately, or good? Have there been many passengers? Will there be many passengers?

At what time shall we be in the Scheldt?

(*This is a question by a sociable person.*) Will he (the Captain) take anything? if so, what?

People are now beginning to appear in all sorts of caps and easy hats, and are trying to look, generally, as unlike themselves on shore as possible. We are ceasing to be strangers to one another, and feel a growing desire to be politely inquiring, civilly communicative, and, later on, specially if it's a fine night, quite confidential.

The Northern Farmer is explaining the river to his daughter. Other people are retailing "what the Captain says" to those who didn't hear him. Milburd, inquires, "Does the Pilot come on board at Gravesend?"

I understand, from the Captain's answer, that he does.

*Happy Thought.*—Do more softening down with the Captain, because Milburd's manner is really calculated to convey the idea that *he* knows more of steamboat management than the Captain. I say, sympathetically, "Yours is a very arduous and responsible position, Captain."

Milburd cuts in with, "Well, I think you've an uncommonly jolly berth of it. There and back, twice a week, board and lodging. You get a pilot for the Thames—he's responsible for *that*; you get another for the sea—he's responsible for

that ; and another beggar comes on at the mouth of the Scheldt, and he's responsible for you up to Antwerp. I don't see what they want a First Officer at all for?"

The Captain smiles. Milburd continues, in an off-hand manner, "By the way, I've just been down in the engine-room, talking to the old boy there, and I see you don't use Mervyn's Patent. That's odd, eh?"

The Captain shrugs his shoulders indifferently, and presently says that this patent has been superseded. "By what?" asks Milburd, really inquisitorially. "By Benker's Double-Action," replies the Captain, decidedly. Milburn turns to me, pooh-poohing the use of Benker's Patent. "Why," he says to *me*, as if I was the referee who had to decide between Mervyn's Patent and Benker's Double-Action, "that was dropped years ago. You can't," still explaining to me, and *at* the Captain, which I don't like, "use the same leverage, nor work at anything like the same rate. I suppose," he says, in a tone of cross-examination, most irritating, it must be, to a man on his own vessel, "you don't do four hundred and twenty in the hour?"

The Captain laughs. "Four hundred and twenty?" he repeats. "More like six hundred and thirty." Milburd being evidently unprepared for this, is staggered, and for the moment silent.

*Happy Thought.*—Glad of it. "What on earth should *you* know of engineering?" I say to him, just to expose him before the Captain.

"Why," he answers, "I *ought* to, considering I was at

Buste and Byler's studying engineering for two years." O ! indeed, I was not aware of this. Milburd now wants to know whether the Captain uses the cylindrical expander movement? No, the Company has not adopted it. "Good Heavens!" says Milburd, turning to me again as judicial referee, "It's a perfect wonder the boiler hasn't burst over and over again." He goes on to explain to me that with, or without, the invention (I don't know which) you can't ease off at half the pace. This the Captain denies. He says, "See my men ease off in one minute."

Milburd doubts it, and smiles incredulously towards me. I wish he wouldn't, as it must make the Captain think that *I've* been prompting him to ask all this on my account. The Captain, in consequence, begins to eye me askance. A Bell.

*Happy Thought.*—Mister Dinner.

*At Dinner.*—My Aunt next to the Milburds. Don't like sitting too near a funny man, because it is as nervous work as holding a Roman candle, or a squib, when you never can tell how soon the pop's coming, and whether it won't hurt you considerably when it *does* come. There's only one thing perfectly certain that the audience will be amused, and the firework will be immensely pleased with himself, and will consider himself the most brilliant thing of the sort ever seen. A quiet and reserved manner, and an evinced desire to speak seriously on weighty topics are no defence against the onslaughts of a Funny Man and Practical Joker. The two descriptions, by the way, sound like the advertisement of a new sort of business, "Licensed

Funny Man and General Practical Joker." It really is a pity that the official Court Jester and Lord Mayor's Fool should have been abolished. There would be at once the utilisation of jocosity. Of course in these days, following the fashion of the times, the appointment to such an office would not be by private patronage and interest, but by public competitive examination.

*Happy Thought.*—Have the Examination Day every First of April.

Foolery would then be a study. The Fool of the Family would stand a fair chance of a good berth. Great noblemen used to keep private fools as well as private secretaries. The offices were gradually merged into one.

*Happy Thought.*—Reserve this idea for a sarcastic repartee to come down on Milburd heavily when he's making a joke at my expense. Shall say to him before company, "It's a pity the office of Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished, as you would have filled the situation admirably, Milburd,"

I don't see (at present) what reply he could make to this. But, won't his wife hate me for it? Won't the people about say "it was rather rude"? Wouldn't it be better to put up with Milburd patiently rather than put him down forcibly? If this sarcasm about the Lord Mayor's Fool won't settle him nothing ever will, and I should never have the chance again. The highest praise that Milburd can give one is, after he's been peculiarly, what he calls funny, and what I call rude, to slap you on the back and say, good-humouredly, "You

don't mind chaff, do you, old fellow?" when you at once feel that it's childish to admit that you do not only mind but detest it, and that you are now writhing mentally from his dosing you with it. He will say before several persons, alluding to me, that "he likes a fellow who can take a joke good-naturedly like *you* can, old boy." Then he gives you a dig in the ribs which positively hurts, and you must either laugh or kick him. I should like to do the latter—so I believe would many others—but we only smile.

*Happy Thought.*—Keep out of his way. I beg my Aunt, *setto voce*, not to encourage Milburd, as she is really doing nothing now but listening to his nonsense and laughing. "Well, my dear," she answers, a little nettled, "he's very amusing, and you know that there are in society witty people who are considered as liverpridged persons" (Dixon's Johnsonary for "privileged persons"). Here she gets hurried, and lets all she has to say come out with a rush. "Why, I perfectly recomember my father telling me how he had heard stories about such people as Silly Cobber and Hookadore Theer—and—and—" gasp, and sudden finish—"they were always saying cizzywittums." (This, translated by Dixon's Johnsonary, means, "I recollect my father, &c., how he remembered, &c., Colley Cibber and Theodore Hook, &c.," and "witticisms.")

## CHAPTER X.

FARMING ON BOARD — PICKING UP — PUTTING DOWN —  
HAPPY THOUGHTS — SALMON — PUZZLES — CHRIST-  
CHURCH—NEW FOREST SALMON—BAGS—SPORTSMAN'S  
DIARY — TO CORN — AND CROPS — INVITATION —  
NORTHERN FARMER—DREAM OF FUTURE—SURPRISE  
—MORNING—A CARD—AWAKING.



HE Northern Farmer opposite me at dinner. Now's the time to lead up to farming, and find out something more about what Englemore calls "Mister Turnips." Somehow the conversation, becoming unmanageable, turns on "paper." Northern Farmer knows all about it. He says they make paper of grass now.

*Happy Thought.* — Set up a County Paper, offices, machinery, and all complete, in a Grass County.

Conversation, becoming more unmanageable than before, darts about the table like a ball in a Racquet Court, and is caught and sent forward and sent back, and hit on the rebound, and then dropped ; when some one brings up a fresh ball, and on we go again. Suddenly, *à propos* of the second

course, the Northern Farmer, in the midst of a lull, asks me loudly, and so pointedly as almost to make me blush, I can't in the least tell why, "What Salmon do you get in London?"

I don't think I've ever been so much discomposed and startled by a question as by this. What Salmon *do* I get in London? [On subsequent analysis I come to the conclusion that I was taken by surprise, and lost my presence of mind, because—*First*. I didn't expect a Farmer to be interested in fish. *Secondly*. The subject previously, up to that fifteen seconds of silence, had not been fish or anything like it. *Thirdly*. The question presumed that my residence was in London, and I should have had to explain, publicly, that it wasn't. *Fourthly*. That his way of saying "you—in London" sounded insulting, as if he took me by my dress and style for a genuine Cockney. *Fifthly*. I have never personally got (*i.e.* bought) Salmon in London.]

*Happy Thought—(on recovering my self-possession).*—To reply, "O, Groves's, Bond Street," which I feel is an evasion.

My Aunt, who *has* got Salmon in London, replies, on her own account, "Savern Semmon—I mean Severn Salmon." Of course, Salmon from the Severn; quite a familiar name now I hear it, but very odd that it wouldn't come when called for by the Northern Farmer. "O," says the latter, as rather surprised, "not Christchurch Salmon?"

*Happy Thought.*—Reply with certainty, "No, not Christchurch Salmon." Feel quite at home now. Remember

Christchurch described as a lovely place. Turn the conversation by saying, "A lovely place—Christchurch," and everybody appears to be listening for a description of it from me. Milburd, across my Aunt, asks, "Ever been there?" It occurs to me suddenly that I have seen it as a station on the South-Western. Till now I thought of it only as a college at Oxford, but I had never heard of its being specially famous for salmon.

*Happy Thought.*—To reply, "Yes—that is—I've passed through it." Better drop the subject.

Milburd asks if it isn't in the New Forest. I leave this for some one else to answer. On second thoughts, how about Salmon in a Forest? The Northern Farmer has been joking, perhaps, and playing into Milburd's hands. If there are Salmon in a Forest, then a Sportsman's Diary in the New Forest would be interesting, specially if kept by Englemore—thus :—

*August 12th.*—Two guns. Bagged four brace of Colonel Cock Salmon. Winged Mister Mackerel. Major Sprats rather wild ; couldn't get near 'em.

*August 13th.*—Two barrels. Potted Shrimps. Peppered little Tommy Lobster just as he was going to earth. Came on a fine covey of Red Herrings. Bagged five brace. Kicked up Mister Crab, and let him have it hot.

And so on.

While I have been helping myself to potatoes, the conversation has turned on horses, then to artists who paint horses. Well-informed man, the Northern Farmer, Knows all

about sheep and animals generally. Also about sheep and animal painters. Milburd asks if "he's seen Potter's Bull in Holland?" "Meaning Paul Potter's? Yes he has," he answers, which has the effect of taking Milburd down a bit. Northern Farmer now speaks of a farm (his own, I suppose) at Kendal. By easy steps we get on to corn, hay, and oats.

*Happy Thought.*—Farmer's Scientific Catechism. Elementary Questions, "What is Corn? What is Hay? What are Oats?" &c. Perhaps this plan is pursued at an Agricultural College. It strikes me for the first time that if I want to go in for this sort of thing regularly, and not only *pour me distraire*, I ought to enter at an Agricultural College.

*Happy Thought.*—To find out all about it. Will write to Englemore and ask him to inquire for me while he's in the country. Englemore will probably write back to say that there are lectures by Professor Parsnip and Doctor Carrots. Instead of a "Bachelor" as a degree, it must be a "Husbandman." The academical dress would be, I suppose, Gowns and Gaiters. To be "ploughed for smalls" would be praise instead of expressing a failure. Think it out, and resume subsequently. Write to Englemore.

*After Dinner.*—Still at table. Northern Farmer, becoming hearty (*he* calls it "'arty"), says in a broad dialect, that if I'm coming his way he'd be glad to see me. Certainly.

*Happy Thought.*—Get to dates. When? Song, "*Would*"

*you but name the Day.*" He'll be home again in a month from now. Good. I'll tell him plainly and openly *why* I want to "cultivate" (agricultural term) him. I inform him that I consider him a professor. [By the way, his daughter is sitting by his side all the time, smiling, but silent. Pretty.] "No, no," he says, "not a professor."

"Yours," I insist upon it—meaning by "yours" "your occupation,"—"yours is a Profession, not a business, or a trade. In fact," I say, "there's science and art in it." I confide to him that "I intend learning his profession," meaning farming, only I don't name it, as I take for granted he understands me, which he evidently does, as he replies that he doesn't suppose I'd care much about it. As he is going to Brussels with his daughter, where she will be at school for some time, we shall not see one another after Antwerp; therefore, while we think of it, if he'd give me his card, or write his address, I would do myself the pleasure, &c., &c., when I come to the North, &c., &c., which I certainly shall, as I intend "going in for the thing regularly;" the thing meaning, as before, farming.

*Happy Thought (while he is looking in his pocket-book for card).*—Imagine his address—it will be "Sunnyside Farm"—"Rosedale Dairy"—Homely wife—buxom maidservants—well-educated daughter—honeysuckles—cows—new milk—up with the lark—down with the plough—home to oat-meal porridge—practical work in fields—top-dressings, &c., &c. I see it all in my mind's eye.

He can't find the card now, but will look in his bag.

During the evening I talk on the subject with Milburd, who however, retires early.

*Happy Thought.*—Perfectly calm. Go to bed. My Aunt says she feels quite well, she thinks, but a little feverish, and Mr. Milburd has told her that the best thing to take is a sodler of tummy and brander; “or,” as the Steward is passing she addresses him hastily, “will you be good enough to bring me a wice of glassed water, if you please.” [Translation, *per* Dixon’s Johnsonary—“A sodler,” &c., a tumbler of brandy and soda; and “Will you bring me a wice,” &c., a glass of iced water.]

\* \* \* \* \*

*Antwerp.*—Morning. Having to attend to my Aunt, I don’t see much of Northern Farmer. He is just leaving the boat as I hail him. “Ah!” he exclaims, hurriedly. “Good-bye, Sir. ‘Ere’s the card.” The daughter smiles upon me as I reply, “Good-bye, Sir. You shall hear from me, depend upon it.”

I explain to my Aunt that this acquaintance will be useful to me, and I proceed to examine the card. It is

MR. PETER CHOPP,  
UPHOLSTERER,  
22, EAST TICKTON STREET,  
MANCHESTER.

!!!

Clearly then I've been calling upholstering a Profession, and offering to learn the business, and go to him as an apprentice.

*Happy Thought.*—Chopp's gone to Brussels. We're off in the opposite direction.

## CHAPTER XI.

ANTWERP — EN ROUTE — AUNT'S ANXIETIES — CONVERSATIONS — FANNY LINDA — GLYMPHYNS — RECOMMEMBRANCES — MEDITATIONS — JOHNSONARY FRANÇAIS — MOMPISON'S BERTHA — GLOVES.



O my Aunt, who has found a letter for her at the Hôtel St. Antoine, won't stop at Antwerp, because, as she tells me, Captain Quortefue (Dixon's Johnsonary, as before) has been to take lodgings for her at Aix, and will meet us at the Station to-day.

She is very sorry not to be able to stay here, as "I recollect," she says to me, "having seen, years ago, in a book when I was a child—and they did give us some really good and instructive children's books then, such as Whatshisname's—you know—Tralliver's Guvels, and that about the two boys—dear me, what was it?—O, I merember, of course it was Fortnum and Mason"—gasps, and sufficient pause for me to suggest,

"You mean Sandford and Merton, Aunt."

"Yes. I *said* Sandford and Merton, didn't I? At all

events, you know what I meant. And it was there, because I remember to have seen pictures of the antiquities here, some churches and other buildings which existed long before those which in our country came over with Collum the Winkerer." [Note for *Dixon's* J. "William the Conqueror."]

During the journey (*vid* Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle) she is constantly asking me, "Now, are we in Beljany or in Gergium?" She insists upon inquiring of various railway officials at every Station, "Do we change here?" and is very much startled at the apparition of the Guard's face at the window while the train is in motion. For a minute, having heard of such things in some foreign countries, she fancies the train is in the hands of brigands, who are demanding "Your money, or your life!" at all the carriage-windows.

She now produces a Conversation Book in several languages, which she sets to work to study. Suddenly she asks me if I "merember Miss Glymphyn—not Charlotte, who married, but Miss Ethel—and her sisters Finny and Landa?" No, I don't. Of course, I am aware she means Fanny and Linda, but I don't know them even by their own proper names. Somehow, I don't care about them. I have a sort of recollection of having met the Glymphyns a long time ago, and finding them three young ladies with a very decided opinion on everything. They didn't care about anything in particular, and rather disliked everybody. I remember telling their father, or uncle, a story which, up to that moment, I had always considered highly amusing, but which

was received by them with such marked coldness and such surprised glances from one to the other, that, although their father, or uncle, smiled in feeble deprecation of my having ventured upon such a subject, I felt (I remember it as vividly as if it were only the day before yesterday) I should like to have been rolled up in a blanket and taken away out of the front-door. I at once relapsed into silence and mental cynicism. I debated with myself, after dinner, whether I should retire early, or stay till they liked me.

*Happy Thought (on that occasion).*— I remember the hideous fiend of a Bottle Imp, in the play of that name, saying to the trembling German maiden, "You must learn to love me." Same idea now. \* \* \* Old Glymphyn, I remember now, detained me down-stairs with the wine, as if I should be all the better for keeping when I went up into the drawing-room, and then gave me a very strong cigar and some liqueur; and while we were engaged on these, the servant entered to say that "Mrs. and the young ladies, as the gentlemen hadn't come up, had gone to bed." I can perfectly realise what their impression about me must have been next morning. I was added to their list of the Odious, and I'll be bound that that wretched Old Glymphyn apologised for his own absence from the drawing-room by laying the entire blame on my shoulders, if he didn't absolutely receive the thanks of the ladies for delaying me from joining them up-stairs. So altogether (now I come to think of it) I do *not* care about the Glymphyns.

My Aunt looks up from her Conversation Book (in three

languages) to inform me that the Glymphyns are very musical. "Linda," she says, "is really quite talented in that way, and I believe has studied under the best masters; one was a German who used to perform on two instruments, he played, if I merember, on the guano—I mean the guitar and the piano—equally well."

After a few minutes' further study of the three-languaged Conversation Book, my Aunt, who is beginning to show signs of fatigue, says, that, "if I don't mind she'll take off her boots, as she's heard that to bootle without trats is so very foothening and sereshing;" and, before I've a word to say on the subject, they are off. So is her travelling hat as well.

*Happy Thought.*—We've a *coupe* all to ourselves.

If we hadn't what would foreigners think? And if they expressed what they thought, and I understood them, wouldn't I be bound to quarrel with them? But to quarrel abroad is to be engaged, before you know where you are, in a duel,

*Happy Thought.*—Not to understand what they say.

Meditating upon the subject, it would sound well in England to hear that I'd been called out and *went*. That I'd fallen in a duel. Then would come the question in a Club smoking-room probably, "What did he fight about?" Then the question would be, "My dear fellow, what *do* men fight about? Some woman, I suppose." Then the well-informed man, who always knows all about it whatever it is,

breaks in upon the conversation with, "You were talking about poor old——" then he'd call me by my Christian name (and I'm supposing myself dead, and buried in some retired Continental churchyard); "well," he'd go on, "poor old fellow, he was a stupid ass to go out and fight with a Prussian, all about his Aunt, too!—I'll tell you how it was—" then he'd recount it in such a quaint style, bringing out all the humorous points in detail, that at last the funniest stock story of the Club-room would be, How Old So-and-So (myself) went out, and fought for his Aunt, and fell in a duel.

"I hope," says my Aunt, presently, "that Captain Quortefue has taken lodgings where they speak French or English, as I shall never be able to get on in German. French," she says, with pride, "will do perfectly."

*Happy Thought.*—My Aunt's French. *Parnçais vous farlez*, (Dixon's French Johnsonary for Travellers.)

She is very much troubled too about the coinage. It flashes across her in the train while she is studying the tables at the end of *Bradshaw*, and in the Conversation Book. Bank-notes, she supposes, will go everywhere. I reply, "Yes, certainly; and go pretty quickly, too."

At the next Station my Aunt startles me with an exclamation, and seizes her boots so energetically, that, at first, I imagine either that she is going to hurl them at the Guard's head, on its appearing for the sixth time at our window, or that we are at Aix sooner than we had expected. On my

inquiring the reason for this preparation on her part, she only looks out of the window and telegraphs to some one (not with her boots, thank goodness, as she has now put them on) whom I can't see, calling out, "Here! we've one seat, if you're alone." Then, drawing her head in, and turning to me, she says, "It's Mrs. Mompison."

*Happy Thought.*—Bertha Mompison, the youngest, I *think*. I have not seen her for—well—let me see—a long time. When last we met at Boodels' little place by the sea-side which he called *The Crook*, we—that is Bertha and myself—were rather together than not. It recurs to me now (while Mrs. M. is settling herself in our *coupé*, and she takes so much settling, that I wish these seats were divided into three arm-chairs) that Miss Bertha and I had a very pleasant drive together, after a pic-nic, in the autumn. That, somehow, we had lost our party at that pic-nic and were obliged to take the only remaining trap, which was a pony-chaise, left at the inn, without a servant. That, somehow [It always is "somehow" in these cases, and explanation is impossible], I remember driving a good deal with the right hand, and not using the whip, being very careful not to tire the pony, and going very gently up-hill. But when we got back to Boodels' little place, where all the party were at supper, it occurred to me——

*Happy Thought.*—To let Miss Bertha go in first and face it. She was perfectly equal to the occasion, and commenced by attacking them for deserting her. Then I came in—when

I say "came" in, I mean, as far as I can recollect, that I rather sidled in—and sat down unobtrusively.

*Happy Thought (on this memorable occasion).*—Keep quiet at first. Also be excessively polite and pleasant to every one, not on any account sitting near Miss Bertha, \* \* \* I remember all this perfectly \* \* \* and I remember (during that Boodels' week by the sea) somebody coming, suddenly, into the drawing-room where we were (Bertha and I again), and stupidly begging our pardon and going away, when Miss Bertha wouldn't on any account hear of it, and intimated that she particularly wanted this Noodle's opinion on a song, referring to another opinion, which I was supposed to have already given on the same subject; whereupon I looked as musical as possible, and said, "Yes, certainly, and was very glad when the Noodle was despatched, as he soon was, to see if Mrs. Somebody or other was in the garden or the conservatory, or had gone down to the beach. \* \* \* And also I remember how, at the breaking up of Boodels' party, we told each other where we were likely to be the next week, and the week after that, and how we haven't met again, or heard of one another (at least as far as I know), for a year or more. I venture, now, to inquire after Miss Bertha. Mrs. Mompison says she is at Aix, where she, Mrs. Mompison, is staying for the benefit of her health. As her family are unaware of her sudden return by this train, her daughters will not be at the Aix Station to meet her.

*Happy Thought.*—Glad of it. Shouldn't like to meet

Miss Bertha, after so long an absence, when I'm begrimed with dust, and my hands feel as if they had been washed in weak gum, and had then been brushed lightly over with road-dust and coal-dust mixed.

*Happy Thought (in travelling always).—Old Gloves.*

## CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MOMPISON—CONVERSATION—ROWENA—MYSTERY—  
INVISIBLE GIRL — ILLNESSES — TORTURES — AIX-LA-  
CHAPELLE—NOUS VOICI—APPEARANCE OF CAPTAIN  
FORTESCUE.



RS. MOMPISON, now with us in our *coupé*, is a stout, elderly lady, rather squat in figure, as if she'd been kept in a low room in early life, so that what would have been her height had expanded itself into breadth ("for in Nature nothing is lost," *vide Typical Developments*, Vol. xviii, Art. 2, p. 6, under "N." Nature).

By the way, her youngest daughter, Bertha, if I remember rightly, is short. Will she too, expand? and—ahem!—take after her mother?

*Happy Thought (about Miss Bertha).* — "Short and sweet."

In less than five minutes I find out that it only requires a simple question on any subject, to draw from her an explanation, in, apparently, several pages of close talking. She has a wonderful memory for the events of her early life,

which seem to find their reproduction in later events happening to various people. If you say to Mrs. Mompison, "My watch is rather slow," "Ah!" she says at once, so sympathetically that it really makes you like her at first, and encourage her to tell you something, "I remember when we were first married, Mr. Mompison—we used then to live in Russell Square—in those days, you know, Russell Square was considered quite the fashionable quarter, and we had a very nice house there, which your Aunt will recollect." Here she interests *her*; but though Mrs. Mompison is asthmatic, and obliged to pull up at the commas and semicolons, yet the rest is never sufficiently long to allow anyone else to cut in and start a fresh subject.

*Happy Thought.* — Epigrammatic description of Mrs. Mompison, short-breathed and long-winded.

She tells us a long story about a watch, given her at that time, and by which she's never been able to tell the correct time, though she's had it for nearly forty years; and this narrative includes several other anecdotes out of the direct line, and to be found in the bye-ways of Mrs. Mompison's history. Most of these lesser stories are about her daughter Rowena, whom I have never met.

[*Subsequent Note, introduced here.*—After meeting the Glymphyns, and others, who knew the Mompisons most intimately, I find that no one has seen Miss Rowena since she was a child, and that, of her, at that time, their recollection is imperfect. But there's nothing which Rowena, apparently, hasn't suffered, nothing she hasn't done, no

place she hasn't visited, no failing to which she is not subject, no virtue which she does not practise, no accomplishment of which she does not know, at least, something; and there's no *jeu de mot*, however new, which Rowena, according to her mother, hasn't uttered, years ago, in another form. Most of Mrs. Mompison's longest stories—and they are none of them short ones—are hung upon "my daughter Rowena." If there's no positive opportunity for a history, we get Rowena in little social anecdotes. It is enough to observe, for example, in order to give yourself, or someone else, a chance of saying something, that "the interior of Mid Africa is a charming spot." If you're well posted up in the matter, and know that others are not, you foresee a brilliant discourse all to yourself—only you haven't counted upon Mrs. Mompison's Rowena. "Ah!" says Mrs. Mompison (she invariably commences with a mild sigh, as if your inquiry, or remark, had awakened painful recollections, which is a *Happy Thought* on her part, as it gives her time to get together her materials and her breath for the effort, and then her plaintive tone and looks deprecate all interruption which might appear rude and unseemly) "Ah!" she says, "it must be very beautiful. I don't know it myself" (here you see a chance for breaking in with what you do know about it, personally, only that she goes calmly on)—"but my daughter Rowena stayed with some friends, the Cloudies of Invernesshire, very rich people they were at one time, but David Cloudie speculated in silk, or—well, I forget what—but he was obliged to economise and live abroad, and Rowena visited them in Africa, where she

stopped at a place with a most extraordinary name." Here you are about to suggest a name, or *do* suggest it, but not another word will Mrs. Mompison let you get in before she's on again, with "Yes, I daresay that *was* it; because Rowena, when writing to me, and that's some years ago now," &c., &c. If you tell Mrs. Mompison that you've fallen down-stairs and dislocated your collar-bone, you are immediately informed that this is nothing new to Rowena. You've had the chicken-pox very badly, so has Rowena, far worse. Your sister has so exquisite a voice that she is thinking of really going on the Italian Operatic Stage: well, Rowena absolutely engaged herself, but Alboni begged her not to come out, until *she* had retired, and so Rowena gave in, and didn't. Have you an excellent memory? You may have, Mrs. Mompison admits, but nothing to Rowena's. Do you happen to possess so quick an ear for music that you can hum correctly a tune after only once hearing it? Mrs. Mompison quite believes you, because Rowena can play the airs of an entire Opera, or even an Oratorio, which she has only heard once for the first time the evening before. In fact, try what you will, Rowena beats you at everything.]

We are boxed up with Mrs. Mompison for an hour. In conversation, Mrs. Mompison first, my Aunt a very bad second, and myself nowhere.

*Happy Thought.*—Torture of the Middle Ages—to be jawed to death.

She *will* explain everything to us—her own complaints, Rowena's complaints (who has had all my Aunt's sufferings

multiplied, it seems by ten, and is far better on the whole than could have been possibly expected), Mr. Mompison's complaints, the remedies which don't succeed, the remedies which she hopes will succeed, and so on.

My Aunt asks if she has found the waters of Aix beneficial. Mrs. Mompison can't simply answer Yes or No, or tell us that she hasn't been there long enough to make up her mind on the subject ; not a bit of it. She at once commences shaking her head sadly, and sighing as if all her family had been poisoned by the sulphur springs. "Ah!" she says, "I've tried them for some time, and I'm bound to say that, to a certain extent, and in certain cases, I've known them do perhaps some good, but not permanently, because Rowena," she turns to me, and I incline my head——

*Happy Thought.*—Be attentive and polite to Miss Bertha's mother.

——"Because," she continues, "my daughter Rowena went there for a fortnight, or two months—let me see, which was it?—in the spring or autumn; but it doesn't much matter, and she was suffering dreadfully at the time from pain in her neck, and from a sort of nervous depression of the larynx, I think, which prevented her from ever getting any sleep after six in the morning, so she always went to bed at nine, and took a nap in the afternoon; and as for her eating, Rowena used to say to me after breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, that she never could understand what had become of her appetite."

My Aunt, getting a chance for herself, rushes in hurriedly on her own account, to tell Mrs. Mompison why *she* is going to Aix, "I'm going," she says, "to try the sulphur waters and nervanism for the galves, which I hear is the demery now for all complaints arising from debilical hysterity——" gasp, and here she becomes so hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Dixon's Johnsonary, that Mrs. Mompison, who has been taking in, carefully, a good supply of breath, enough for a five minutes' narrative without an interruption, at once seizes the opportunity, and says, "Ah ! yes ! that's what poor Rowena—my daughter Rowena—suffered from, fearfully. No one can know," this is a sort of home thrust at my Aunt, "no one can know what that poor child went through." I feel, while she goes on talking, that I could tell her, if I liked, what *I'd* gone through with other illnesses, and, as it were, beaten Rowena all to nothing. I'm sure my Aunt is dying to back her complaints and sufferings against Rowena's.

*Happy Thought (on the first opportunity).*—To say, Well, we all ought to be very thankful that we haven't lost legs or arms. "I knew," I go on, "a poor fellow once," &c., then I tell them a piteous tale, by way of depreciating Rowena's sufferings, which almost brings tears to my own eyes, and a slight pause follows its termination.

*Happy Thought.*—Checkmate to Rowena.

Not a bit. Mrs. Mompison begins, "Ah ! yes, that's very dreadful, very dreadful indeed, but it's almost worse where a

young girl, full of life and health, as Rowena—my daughter Rowena—was when she was out hunting with Lord Diddlecot's hounds in Leicestershire—she was a beautiful rider, and led the field whenever she was out—and her horse, which her father had given her, and bought for three hundred guineas of Sir George Lamley—it was a trained hunter, and from some cause or another, it fell at a five-barred gate, and poor Rowena was thrown violently into the field, hitting her right arm and her left knee so badly that——”

*Aix-la-Chapelle.*—Tickets !

*Happy Thought.*—Good-bye for the present, Mrs. Mompison. “I daresay,” says my Aunt, “we shall see something of you while we’re here.”

*Note.*—See something : limit the pleasure to seeing : and when seen, if possible to be avoided ; except for the sake of Bertha Mompison, whom I—yes, certainly—whom I do wish to meet again.

At this moment up comes Captain Fortescue ; and Aunt in a flurry calls him Mr. Timberry on the spot. She doesn’t remember his name until we’ve been with him five minutes, and then she makes ample amends by addressing him as Captain Quortescue, which nothing will convince her is not his correct designation.

## CHAPTER XIII.

ENNUYÉ—FORTESCUE'S DISMAL—EXPLANATION—LODGINGS AT AACHEN—VIEWS—LANDLADY—MILBURD—CONVERSATION BOOK—TRYING TIME—HINTS FOR FRENCH SPEAKING—AN AGREEMENT—A DREAM—TREMENDOUS DISCOVERY—FIRST APPEARANCE OF A BONSER!



CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, who receives us at the Station, is weary of everything generally. He is a lively person to meet on one's arrival. "Wretchedly dull place, this," he informs my Aunt, making a wry face on saying this, as if he'd just swallowed a nasty dose. "Wretchedly dull. Nothing to do. I'm sick of it. 'Pon my soul, it's enough to give one a suicidal mania in a fortnight." Then, with a pitying air to us, "Going to stop here any time?"

I hasten to explain that I shall only remain to see my Aunt comfortably settled (of which there is, according to Captain Fortescue's account, a cheerful prospect), and then I shall return home at once.

"Ah!" he returns, still pityingly, which is most irritating, "that's exactly what I used to say when I first came. I

intended to stay ten days, and I've been here ten weeks." To my Aunt, "You'll go in for some regular course, I suppose?" She replies, rather nervously, "Yes, I believe I am ordered valnagism and——"

"Yes," interrupts Fortescue, smiling as placidly as a Lotos-eater, "they ordered *me* galvanism to pick me up, but they'd first knocked me down. It's very provoking. I ought to be in England, at Mosshire, now."

*Happy Thought.*—Then, my dear Captain Fortescue, why don't you go?

He smiles, compassionately. "My dear fellow, *you* won't talk so easily about going, after you've been here a week or so. I ought to have joined this week."

"Good gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, involuntarily frightened out of herself by this last expression of his, which she connects in her own mind, evidently, with some surgical operation, "You don't mean—that is—joined!—you haven't been——"

"No, no," he replies languidly, "not so bad as that. I meant joined my regiment."

"Dear!" says my Aunt, much relieved by this explanation. "I really thought you'd been obliged to sunbergo—I mean submit to some painful gersical soperation, and that it hadn't been menderly propered."

Captain Fortescue now takes us to see the lodgings which he has engaged conditionally. "They're not particularly bright," he admits (and they are not), "but they're in an excellent situation, near everything and everybody, if *that's* any advantage," he adds, with a gloomy and sarcastic smile.

He informs us, in the same despairing tone, that "the lodgings are the same all over Aachen, and that these happen to be the cheapest he's seen."

I don't believe (from subsequent events) that he ever troubled himself until the morning of our arrival, and that then he simply lounged into the first place where he saw "Apartments" in the window, and took them conditionally upon our being satisfied when we came.

The sitting-room has an old piece of carpet, showing a foot's breadth of stained floor all round. There is a piece of furniture with a marble top to it, and one small drawer underneath. There is a venerable sofa, which my Aunt feels, she afterwards says, inclined to dust before sitting down on it. There is another wonderful piece of furniture, which looks like a cabinet piano of an ancient date, but *is* an *escritoire* intended to make you say, "Dear me! a writing desk!" when you open it. In front there is a fairish view, to which we turn, as quite a relief, from the dingy paper, the dull patchwork over the beds in the bedrooms (mine is a mere closet), and the generally depressing effect of everything in the lodging, and with our heads out of window, we say with affected cheerfulness, that we think this'll do; and it turns out afterwards that we both mean, though out of politeness we don't say so, "We *do* wish Captain Quortesfue hadn't taken these lodgings, for of all the gloomy holes we were ever in, this is the worst."

*Happy Thought.*—Not going to stop at Aachen. Off the day after to-morrow, after my Aunt's settled.

Milburd, who is passing through, and has left his wife at the hotel, comes up-stairs to see "how we're getting on."

Fortescue says, languidly, "They've only been here an hour; you can't expect them to have anything the matter with them, yet. Give 'em a day, poor things!" His view of visitors to Aix being that any healthy person visiting this sulphurous spot, knowingly, deserves all he gets, and, in his opinion, he'll probably get a good deal.

Always in a worn and languid manner, as if the world were coming to an end to-morrow, and nothing could make any difference to anybody, he wishes us good-bye for the present, as he sees that one of the young persons connected with the shop below (the landlady, he imagines), is coming up-stairs. ("She talks French," he says: "so that'll be all right"—will it?) He delicately hints that we should probably like to be alone with her, and so drags himself down-stairs as if he'd just come out of a torture chamber, and would expire at the foot of the staircase.

Milburd doesn't offer to move. On the contrary, "Here's some fun," he exclaims; and seizing upon the Conversation Book (wish I hadn't left it out; it exposes a weak point) he says, "Now then, let's see where it is. Where's 'How to Hire a Lodging'—Dialogue with a Landlady. Here's a game!" I don't think my Aunt is best pleased with this levity, and, on the whole, it occurs to me that she is not best pleased with anything she's seen up to the present moment, Quortescue included.

"I say!" says Milburd; "you're over a milliner's shop.

There'll be all the (what he calls) gals waiting on you. I say"—

*Happy Thought (to myself).*—Practise my German.

His further remarks are cut short by the entrance of a very quiet and lady-like young woman (one of the numerous 'Young Persons' in the shop below, whom I now remember having overheard giggling at us behind the glass-door with a muslin blind over it), who salutes my Aunt, Milburd, and myself.

In what language shall I address her? Is this the one who speaks French, and with whom, therefore, "it will be all right"? Hate to talk in a foreign language before two English people, specially when one's an elderly relative who may correct you with authority, and the other's a practical joker, who will pick up every mistake you make, and will pretend to roar with laughing at your pronunciation, or your idioms, whatever you say.

We are all silent.

I feel that I could get on, if I was alone, well enough, and perhaps in about five minutes be complimented by Mademoiselle on my French; but before Milburd and my Aunt I can't find a word to say.

*Happy Thought.*—Let my Aunt begin, and see how *she* does it.

"You tell her," says my Aunt, impatiently, "that we'll take the rooms as Captain Quorterrage—I mean Captain Quortesue arranged."

Milburd pretends to look this out in the Conversation Book, and informs me, as "something to go on with," that "Mademoiselle" is "Meess," that "sivvoo play" is "eef you ple-ase," and that, "Plum-pud-dang" is the same in all languages. These instructions he finishes with "Go on Milor Rosbif, fire avays !"

*Happy Thought.*—Ignore him. Smile, deprecating tomfoolery.

Our landlady, the nice, quiet, modest young person (not at all Milburd's notion of "one of the *gals*"), is still waiting for me, or somebody, to speak first.

I say boldly, "*Le Capitaine Fortesque, vous connaissez ce Monsieur que je veux dire*"——

She replies, "*Parfaitement, Monsieur,*" which gives me time ; and I continue.

"*Eh bien !*"

*Happy Thought.*—Always try to get in "*Eh bien,*" "*alors,*" "*bien entendu*" and "*n'est-ce pas,*" whenever possible ; because, if you can't command an entire language, it's a great thing to have a small effective force at your disposal for manœuvres.

*Happy Thought.*—Travelling proverb, "A little knowledge is a very useful thing."

I continue, "*Eh bien alors !*"—(by the way, mustn't waste my regiments recklessly)—"*si vous avez compris de Monsieur le Capitaine que nous allons prendre*"——

"That's rum French," says Milburd, in an audible aside.

I beg him with, I am aware, a little irritation of manner, not to play the fool, adding, that if *she* understands me, that's sufficient, to which my Aunt assents, saying, "Of course! only *do* make her understand!" which rather upsets me, as I resume, abandoning my original sentence, and going to the point thus:—" *En bref*"—which I remember in several modern books—" *En bref, nous prendrons,—je veux dire* (with a glance at Milburd) *nous prenons, les appartements par la semaine, et on commence, maintenant, aujourd'hui. C'est bien entendu, n'est-ce pas?*"

She returns, quietly, "*Je vous comprends parfaitement, et je dirai à ma sœur aînée tout ce que vous m'avez dit. Bon jour, Madame! Bon jour, Messieurs!*" And she withdraws.

*Happy Thought.*—Why, being gone, I am a man again.

My Aunt is dissatisfied. "Why didn't I," she wants to know, "ask about the price?" Milburd insists that I ought to have put all the questions in the Conversation Book. I answer my Aunt that Fortescue will tell us all about price when we meet him.

Milburd wishes me to come to dinner with him and Mrs. Milburd at a restaurant. While it is preparing, I show my Aunt the Cathedral and the Elisa Fountain. At every other step I am obliged to explain that it's not the drains, but the sulphur which she smells. I tell her that I recollect all about it, and after dinner she feels a little better.

Very tired, and retire early: after inspection—ahem!—

and with considerable misgiving. I remark that the quiet young persons (the "gals") below are still giggling. I can't see, but I can hear shouts of laughter. Are they so pleased at our having taken the lodgings?

*Notes of the Night, made soon after dawn.*—My Dream. I seemed to be in some church which I knew thoroughly well, yet I'd never seen it before. Somebody, only showing half his body out from behind a pillar, said that High Mass was going on, and at that moment I saw the clergy in their vestments walking along, accompanied by a master of the ceremonies in a sort of gold chasuble and a tall black chimney-pot hat, which he wouldn't (somehow I felt this, for he didn't say so)—which he wouldn't take off on any account. Then, all at once, from out of a door in a wall, which seemed to have no connection with any part of the church, but was put up like a screen on the right, came a very long, thin monk in a surplice, who denounced every one, as I imagined from his action, though *he* never said anything, and yet he was certainly vociferating with all his might; and my Aunt who was standing up close to four people who were kneeling and somehow doing it by facing both ways at once, said to me crossly, "You don't mean to say you've brought me here for this!" Upon which I remonstrated with her, without speaking, however, which was the remarkable part of it, and the tall monk, waving his arm, disappeared through the door in the wall just as another priest in a black biretta began to pump the handle of the organ in the loft just above us, and to preach, at the same time, against Mary, Queen of Scots; and whenever he stuck for a word, a man in a grey dress

prompted him. "And then," he said, "that scamp of a Scotchman!" whereupon I looked up, and he at once withdrew the expression, saying, distinctly, that he didn't mean me. This seemed to satisfy everyone (there were five people present); when, on looking up towards where the altar should have been, but wasn't, I saw another priest at least twenty feet high, who turned round, smiling and bowing (he'd a head exactly like that of the great Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator), and he was stooping down to lift up a little deacon who was facing us, and chuckling while he was giving us a blessing. Then the organ began to play—and I awoke.

Think I hear my Aunt stirring. So rise. Every one up and about in Aachen. Out to look at Water Drinkers. Same old routine, same smell, almost same people. Pretty Miss Elisa, alas! has vanished from the fountain. I visit the kindly Miss Catherine (it isn't Catherine, but something very like it) and while laying in a small store of cigars (at one *gro* apiece, and a little one or two in on taking a quantity), I learn that poor Elisa will never more hand waters from this, or any other fountain, on earth. "She was a very pretty girl, and as good as she was pretty," says Miss Catherine, with an emphasis that implies a history, and I feel that nothing more can be said.

It relieves us both, after a pause, to interchange the tittle-tattle of the present season, and to discuss the merits of the newest fashion in cigar-holders.

"And where are you lodging?" asks Miss Catherine, who is only too pleased to advise and recommend.

*Happy Thought.*—Whenever going again, send to Miss C. Ought to have thought of this before.

I answer, oh, at Fraülein Frowster's.

"Ah! so!" says Miss Catherine, and smiles. I don't like that smile. She doesn't offer an opinion on the matter. I wish she would. Somebody else enters, and I leave.

I don't like the peculiar way in which she said that "So." I don't like her smiling and only saying, "So."

Back to lodgings. Gaily salute the Fraülein Frowster, whom I see in the shop. She bows to me civilly, and nicely enough.

I enter the sitting-room. My Aunt is there before me. A frown is on her brow. In her hand is the lid of, I fancy, a pomatum-pot. I wish her good morning. She does not return the courtesy, but asks me in a tone, at once grave and indignant, "Where is your German Pockshonary?"

What? Oh, of course, my Pocket German Dictionary. Here, naturally, in my pocket.

"Then," says my Aunt, holding out the pomatum-pot lid, on which I now notice, for the first time, a large round brownish black spot, as of the remains of a squashed insect; "then, if you please, tell me what is the German for—for—THAT?"

Further inspection unnecessary. Miss Catherine's ominous smile. Ah! I open the dictionary, and far on, under "B," I find it.

"What is it?" asks my Aunt, tragically.

[This is my pronunciation of the word in the Anglo-French-German Dictionary—"die Wanse—punaise."]

"*Wanser*," I reply.

"Then," she returns, with calm desperation, "I've killed five *Wansers* this morning. Here's one !" and she indicates the defunct on the pomatum-pot lid with the air of a Lady Macbeth, pointing at the "little damned spot." Then she adds, having already forgotten the word, "That's a *Bonser* if ever there was one."

She is right, *it is*.

## CHAPTER XIV.

DIEWANZE—BONSER—PUNAISE—JOAN—SWARMS—RINGING  
UP—GRETCHEN—ZIMMERMÄDCHEN—AUNT—ROW—  
TEN LITTLE WANSERS—WO IST—A SONG—A MESSAGE  
—GERMAN PROGRESS—CASPAR TO THE RESCUE. †

“HEN, that,” says my Aunt, reflectively, “is a Bonser.”

I regret to say that, reading *Wanze* for *Bonser*, the fact admits no possibility of doubt.

“Let me see,” says my Aunt, still with an air of meditation over the lifeless body, “what is the French for Wanser?” She is evidently preparing to encounter them in all languages.

*Happy Thought.*—Never met with them in French. Up to this time I had always been under the impression that they were peculiar to English lodging-houses.

I refer to the Dictionary. “The German Wanser,” I presently inform my Aunt “is, in French, *La Punaise*.”

My Aunt is immensely astonished. “Why, goodness me!” she exclaims, “that’s what they called Joke of Arn—wasn’t it?”

"Called whom, Aunt?"

"Joan of Arc," she replies; "they always called her Joan La Punaise. Now what could be the reason of that?"

*Happy Thought* (admitting the supposition that she was so called).—Because her name was a bug-bear to the English. I suggest that *La Pucelle* is what my Aunt means.

"Ah yes," she returns, instantly, "but it's easy to get such words mixed, for really *Pusaine* and *Punelle* are very much alike."

As regards this present specimen, I want to know if my Aunt thinks "there are many more where *that* came from?" She simply answers "Swarms."

*Happy Thought*.—Look out "Swarm." Result, *Der Schwarm*.

"That's enough," my Aunt says. "Now ring the bell for the servant."

This process is a remarkably primitive one. There is on the table a small bell, which emits, on being shaken violently, a proportionately feeble tinkle. Regarded in the light of an amusement, it might beguile a spare five minutes; but for any such practical purpose as summoning a domestic from a depth of two flights of stairs, and through a thickness of two doors, it is perhaps, a trifle ineffective.

On some office-doors I remember having seen a brass-plate with the instruction "Ring and enter" engraved on it. Ringing seemed as superfluous as in the present case, where the direction should be, "Ring, and then shout as loudly as

you can for the servant." I ring to begin with, but what am I to shout? What is the servant's name?

*Happy Thought.*—Being in Germany, try Gretchen.

Subsequently, after experimentalising three times, alter it to "Marie!" Voice from below answers to this, and it is evident that a spirit has been summoned from the vasty—or in this instance, judging of the place from the appearance of the person—the nasty deep, and is coming when I do call.

"Give it her well," says my Aunt, "and say that we shall leave this afternoon."

"But we can't speak German to her," I object.

My Aunt is equal to the emergency. "Tell her, then," she says, "to send Miss Whatshername here—the Frauselle or the Madelein, or whatever they call the Young Person who keeps the house. Captain Quortesue said that it was most likely she was a Belman and not a Gerjian, and only talked French, and I'm sure her sister spoke very well yesterday. You'd better ring, or call again."

I do so. My Aunt is keeping her wrath up to boiling-point by looking daggers at the miserable Wanser, which she has nailed, as it were, to the pomatum-pot lid, like a bad penny to a counter.

*Happy Thought (after calling again).*—Look out the subject in Conversation Book. Retire with it into bedroom, and let my Aunt commence the attack.

The Zimmermädchen, however, appears sooner than I had expected. She is a slipsloppy maiden fresh from the boot

polish or the black-lead, with which cheerful colour she has been smearing her face, perhaps with a sort of savage Indian's idea of frightening the enemy. The enemy being ourselves, the Lodgers. She is, as my Aunt afterwards says, exactly like that of a Flemish barmaid in any old picture of "boors drinking." "She is," she adds, "the perfect sick family of one of those figures." (It occurs to me afterwards, on referring for "sick family" to Dixon's *Johnsonary*, that my Aunt meant *fac simile*.) Her stockings are wrinkled all about her heels, which have, apparently, outgrown her slippers. She is altogether so much like an over-boiled pudding in a cloth, that she seems to be merely kept together by pins of prodigious strength, stuck in at those points of her dress which are most likely to yield to interior pressure. If one of these pins were to give way suddenly, the result would be too dreadful to contemplate.

*Happy Thought.*—Don't contemplate it.

As to her hair, it's done up with one twist behind like the small top of a cottage loaf. With her half silly, half cunning expression, she reminds my Aunt of the Goosted Tuff at the Zoological Gardens.

The Mädchen is evidently either an old performer in this Act of the Drama of the *Wanzer*, or she is an imbecile. The former for choice. At first she pretends, much to my Aunt's disgust, not to be able to perceive the impounded insect; but incapable of sustaining this assumption of character for more than five minutes, she admits, in pantomime, that she can *see* it, and looking up into my Aunt's face

with an ingenuously simple grin, she asks, quite with the air of one profoundly desirous of being instructed by our superior wisdom, "*Was ist das ?*"

"*Was ist das ?*" retorts my Aunt, speaking excellent German in her imitative indignation. "You conknowsey well enough. *Das ist Wanaiser, Bonser !* And what's mair," she adds, warming with her subject, and finding that her mastery over the German language exceeds her fondest expectations, "*dere ist schwarms of deser Bonsers in mein zimmer.*"

*Happy Thought.*—To make the matter clearer to the Mädchen, who at present appears to be inclined to do nothing but grin, as much as to say, "Well, you are two funny people!" Annoying this: so I say, "*Ja, so, schwarms Wansers in mein. Zimmer*" (I am obliged to say "*mein*," which is not true, as I don't recollect the German for the possessive "*her*," unless it's "*hern*," which I don't like to try), then on my fingers, "*Ein, Zwei, Drei*," and so on up to ten : meaning Wansers

*Happy Thought.*—Recollect (while I am doing this) an absurd song about *Ten Little Niggers*, whose number was perpetually being reduced. Adapted in my mind to present occasion—*Ten Little Wansers*.

Ten little Wansers  
In de Zimmer, mein,  
One squashed on the pomatum-pot lid—  
Then there were nine.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little  
Wanser B . . oys.

&c.

The Zimmermädchen is more amused than ever, though I don't sing her this verse, but on the contrary preserve an austere front. "*Ein, zwei, drei*," she repeats, and positively shakes her head with laughter, as much as to say, "O, go along with you do; you *are* so funny."

"Idiot!" says my Aunt, highly irritated. "That's her artfulness. She knows, as well as possible, what we've been saying to her."

My Aunt's fixed belief, with regard to all foreigners, is that they all thoroughly understand you, but pretend not, just to annoy an Englishman, and give themselves time to think over their plan, whatever it may be.

"Don't tell me," she says, pettishly, "that they don't know what I'm saying. They *do*. That girl does. Pretending not to know a Bonser when she sees it! Bah! I wouldn't believe her on her oath. Tell her to go downstairs and send up someone who isn't quite such a fool, or such a knave."

This is difficult to render in German—I mean in *my* German.

*Happy Thought.*—To ask for the Landlady.

"*Vo ist die*"—so far I fancy I'm grammatical, though I am a little uncertain as to *die*—" *Vo ist die*"—I stick at "Landlady." I can only think of *Landwehr*. Mädchen grins. "Idiot!" my Aunt again mutters. I reconstruct my sentence with a new idea, "*Vo ist die, Fraülein Frowster?*"

In answer the Mädchen has a great deal to say to both of us, which, delivered with the utmost volubility, is of an apparently explanatory character. I fancy that she is giving

a lecture on Wansers, containing arguments, based upon facts within her own experience, which are all favourable towards our not giving up the lodgings.

"They're all alike," says my Aunt, when the Mädchen pauses to take breath. "I know as well as possible what she's been saying, though I couldn't quite follow all she said."

*Happy Thought.*—To say generally, "I couldn't quite follow," when one really hasn't understood a single word.

My Aunt continues, "I'll be bound she's been saying that she's never seen anything of the sort in the lodgings before *we* came, and that if there are Bonsers here, we must have brought them ourselves. The idea of our going about swarmelling with travels of Bonsers, like the man with the Illustrious Fleas. Horrid !"

Does she really think the Maid has been saying this, I ask.

"Certainly," returns my Aunt ; "that's what they'd say in England."

*Happy Thought.*—Patriotic Song, *What will they say in England?* Reply to this, by my Aunt, *That's what they'd say in England.*

"Do tell her," says my Aunt, impatiently, "to send Frow-lein Froster here, and get rid of her."

*Happy German Thought.*—"Die Fraülien Frowster nach here kommen machen," by which I intend to convey "Make Miss Frowster come here."

"Ja, Herr," she answers. Exit, grinning.

"I wonder what she's gone to say or do," my Aunt answers.

So do I. By the way, there's one difficulty that strikes me. It is, what is our legal position in Germany with regard to the Landlady and the lodgings?

Have we taken the rooms by the month, or week, or day, or what? Is it possible to take them for less than a month in Germany? What arrangement did Fortescue make? He never told us. If we go away on the first day, can they sue us for a month's rent? If sued, in what Court, and who is the best solicitor to go to? A German solicitor, who only speaks his own language, won't do. Suppose Fortescue, as our agent, to have made a contract for a month, do *Wansers* invalidate it? Then, if there is a lawsuit, isn't the practice in Germany regulated by the Court-Martial spirit, and isn't the loser, in addition to paying his loss, punished with imprisonment in a fortress? "A German might be," says my Aunt, "but not an English person who claimed protection under the Flattish Brig."

I suppose she's right, (taking "Flattish Brig" to mean "British Flag") but there seems to be a difficulty about it somewhere.

*Happy Thought.*—In answer to my Aunt's despairing "What can we do?" it suddenly occurs to me that my old and trusted friend Dr. Caspar will come and settle the matter, in his own language. I volunteer to go out and fetch him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Caspar *has* settled it with a high hand, judging by his manner, and tone.

The Young Person quailed before him, and the grinning Mädchen became dumb and glum. From Caspar's way of "giving it them," I can judge how a Prussian Officer could make requisitions when he wished to present the victims with a bit of his mind. My Aunt said afterwards "that she really felt for the unhappy people in the shop, and it was only by thinking of the Bonsers that she could keep herself from begging Dr Caspar not to scold them so severely."

We won't try any more lodgings, but move over to the Grand Monarque, to which hotel I wish we had gone on our arrival.

*Note and advice to travellers.*—Dr. Caspar, whether as a friend or a physician, is one of the kindest men in Aachen. His gouty subjects bless him. "May he live long and prosper," as Rip Van Winkle says.

## CHAPTER XV.

HÔTEL DU GRAND MONARQUE—LOBSTER—GERMAN FARM  
IN VIEW—RULES—GUIDE—LES ENTOMOLOGUES—  
LETTERS—PAPERS.



OMFORTABLY housed in Hotel.

"No Bonsers here," says my Aunt, who has not yet entirely recovered her serenity. "I thought they were in those lodgings when I first looked at the lobster in the bed."

*Happy Thought.*—Remember the game of words played with ivory letters. "Bolster" and "Lobster" composed of the same letters. New phrase of Dixon's Johnsonary.

*Happy Thought.*—What is the difference between a bolster and a lobster?—One you can sleep on, the other you can't. Put this down as a brusque saying of Abernethy's.

*Happy Thought.*—The beauty of going to a well-ordered hotel like Madame Dremel's Grand Monarque, is, that everybody appears to have expected you for the last month, and to have got everything ready for you, whatever it was. Within

an hour, we are installed, with a reasonable "*arrangement*,"\* and with ten times the comfort of Lodgings.

My Aunt wishes me to show her all the town before I leave. [*Mem.* By the way, musn't forget that my object, while here, is to see a German Farm.] Having told my Aunt that I remember my way about the place perfectly, and the names of all the principal streets and churches, I rehearse by myself, and find that somehow most of it appears new to me. Odd.

*Happy Thought.*—Buy a Guide Book, in French, for practice. (On analysis of motives for this proceeding, I fancy I detect obstinacy and false pride. Being in Germany, why study French? why insist on speaking French? When in France, though, one can come out with a few words of German, and apologise for badness of French accent. By the way, dangerous just now to speak French in Germany, or German in France. Might be arrested.)

*Happy Thought.*—When one wants to be understood in a foreign land, *speak English*. When in the presence of natives adopt the language of the country *for secrets*.

My Aunt at once picks out a page in the Guide Book, prefacing her showing it to me with the remark, "How odd that I should just have fit my punger on this particular place.

\* It is useful for invalids to know, that Madame Dremel, who owns three of the chief hotels in Aachen, will make a very fair "*arrangement*" with those who intend staying a month or so. Personally I can testify to the comfort and reasonable charges at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque.

Look!" I take the book and read as follows: "*La Ville d'Aix-la-Chapelle est une des plus animées de la province rhénane.*" "That," she observes, "must mean *Bonsers*, for I don't see much animation about." I continue: "*La plupart des rues sont larges et bien bâties—*"

"Ah!" she interrupts, "they daren't say anything about what they are pleased to call the pavement. Why I'm soot-foore already, and a pair of boots won't last three days, I'm certain. Go on."

I proceed: "*Les Entomologues sont étonnés de l'immense variété d'insectes.*"

"Ah! I should think so indeed," says my Aunt, with a sniff of indignation. "That ontolomogue evidently had a lodging, and was étonné'd by *Bonsers*. Yes, that's all I wanted you to notice, except that they call one of their favourite places near here the Lousberg. Uh! Disgusting! But then," she adds, with an air of resignation, "I sulphose the suppur has something to do with it, and as I've come for rheumatism I must take what I can get, and be rid of it as pock as quissible."

The objection to the *Guide des Étrangers* which I have purchased, is, apart from its being of very little use at the present day, having been written more than fourteen years ago, that it is the work of one Dr. Joseph Müller, evidently the German for Joe Miller.

*Happy Thought.*—Joe Miller's Guide Books. All information wrong.

*Arrival of Letters.*—News of little Uncles Jack and Gil.

Very happy and don't miss us. One from Englemore. He writes, in his usual telegraphic and abbreviated style—quite the Incomplete Letter Writer :—

*" This'll find you at P. O. Reste. Can't come self, wish could, but under circs. not poss. No £. s. d. Freddy Furniture collars the lot. Don't forget Major Sideboard. If you see him, I'm on. R. M. D. and cheque. I Shropshired t'other day. Saw Colonel Farm. Do for you if terms suit. 100 per an. premium 5. Mr. Fish on premises; Major Fox six miles off. Wire if yes. Town dull. B. Duke'd and chopped yesterday. Five minutes with you when back. Johnny German all right? Seedy to-day; ate too many figzigs for sup. last night. Must dry up now.*

*" Your little,*

*"ENGLEMORE."*

I gather from this, on reading it carefully over two or three times, that Englemore's still furnishing his house, that he's been to Shropshire to see a farm for me, that circumstances (circs.) prevent his joining us here, that somebody whose initial is B. took a chop with Englemore at his rooms in Duke Street, and that, finally, he is not particularly well, in consequence of having partaken too freely of certain fancy dishes. Also that if I purchase a sideboard here for him he will send me Ready Money Down (R. M. D.). Must write and ask further particulars about Colonel Farm.

Another letter, forwarded under cover. Directed to me with name misspelled. Hate my name misspelled. No

Tradesman ought to be paid who misspells one's name. Direction looking as if it had been written with a thin skewer dipped in thick ink, under the guidance of a person with a wandering eye. From external evidences, a bill. Like the name of Smith, I've heard of such things before. Shall I open it, or not? Very foolish of the servant (in charge of the house and the Uncles) to send such a thing as this on to me.

If I don't open it, I can always say "I haven't seen it," and (in reply to stern application) "It must have come while I was abroad."

*Happy Thought.*—"Under circumstances," remain abroad.  
Decide upon opening it.

"SIR,—Will you Oblidge me on Wensday morning nex with A check for Bill delvd. £15 13s. 6½d. I will Call on you and Oblidge,

"Yr. Repfly.,

"THOMAS CASKER."

*Happy Thought.*—I am several hundred miles away from Casker's neighbourhood. How surprised he has been by this time when he called and "obliged"! Dare say he didn't believe the servant who told him I wasn't at home. Can fancy what Casker's face would be (I don't know Casker by sight) when, in answer to his further inquiry as to when I should be at home, the servant told him, "Don't know, p'raps not for months."

Poor Casker. He'd be quite sorry he called and was obliged—to do without his "check for Bill delvd."

The use of the French Guide has evidently struck my Aunt as a valuable hint. "I shall," she says, "read nothing but French while I am here. I must take up French History from the time of Forty the Loueenth. I wish you'd ask them if they take in the *Beldépendance Inge*, and I'll have it every morning.

Milburd seizes this opportunity to address the waiter thus : "*Kellner, quand vous pouvez* come across the *Indépendance Belge, voulez-vous bringen sie it here bitter ?*"

The Kellner replies, very distinctly, "Yes, Sir," and *exit*. Subsequently he returns with the journal in question.

Milburd having retired to consider whether he shall take his sulphur bath, or not—this hesitation being apparently part of his own treatment of himself—I am writing letters, and my Aunt is becoming deeply interested in her French study. "Good gracious!" she exclaims, presently, "Well, I thought he'd have been a man of more sense."

"Whom do you mean?"

In a tone implying that she is annoyed at my being inattentive to what she has *not* been saying, she replies, "The Wimperor Elliam." Then she continues, "Would anyone imagine that he could be a spiritualist!"

What makes her think so? I ask.

"Why," she says, emphatically, "it's in the paper among the *Nouvelles d'Allemagne*."

She hands me the *Indépendance*, and I read, "*Il y aura*

*une grande soirée. On croit que L'Empereur y fera une apparition."*

"There!" she exclaims, triumphantly, "'Apparition!' There's going to be a *soirée*, which, I suppose, is the same as a *séance*, where they sit round the table, and then the Apparor is to make an Empersition appear."

I point out, delicately, her mistake.

"Well," she says, dubiously, "you *may* be right." In a few days she will pretend that the mistake was mine. On some points my Aunt is a little trying. I resume my correspondence. Presently she interrupts me with, "At all events I am right here. And," she adds, with a complacent air, "I'm very glad to hear of their having any religion at all."

"Who? The Germans?" I inquire.

"No," she replies—"at least I mean the Germans on the stage, the performers who dance—dear me!"—(she is at a loss for a word, but finds it unexpectedly)—"I mean girly bals, of course."

How have the German ballet-girls been distinguishing themselves, I want to know. That is, I *don't* want to know, as I really should prefer being allowed to continue my letter-writing in peace; but as this information is inevitable some time or another, I may as well take it now, and have done with it.

She indicates this paragraph: "*Les Coryphées du parti Catholique se sont réunis,*" &c.

I confess that I do not see anything about the religion of the ballet-girls in this sentence.

"My dear," says my Aunt, in a tone expressive of pity for

my ignorance, "Aren't the ballet-girls *always* called *Coryphées*? I'm sure it *was* so at the Opera-House when I went regularly, and heard Balache, Jenny Lini, and Tambourind. I do know something sometimes of what I'm talking about."

*Happy Thought.*—Drop subject till calmer times ensue.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A L'HÔTEL DU GRAND MONARQUE—MOMPISONS—GERMANS—MILBURD—WATERS—DOCTORING—CHEMISTS—PATIENTS—THE GRAND MONARCH'S CARRIAGE.



Y Letters finished, we descend to the courtyard of the Grand Monarque, intending to go out, and call on the Mompisons. To myself I acknowledge that I *am* a trifle anxious about seeing Bertha.

*Happy Thought.*—Dissemble before my Aunt. Say carelessly, "Let me see! How many Mompisons are there? I forget their names."

Aunt falls into trap. Somehow, when she comes to speak of Bertha, I like to hear her mentioned, and ask questions about her. In the court-yard we come upon Milburd and his wife, who, with Captain Fortescue, and a natty little German gentleman in very tight trousers, very square-toed boots, and the usual eye-glasses, are seated listlessly at one of the small tables. We are introduced to the German. He is Herr Kopfen, and is immediately enthusiastically polite to my Aunt.

The waiter is pouring out a fizzing beverage for Milburd. Fortescue is regarding the operation despondently.

My Aunt inquires of Mrs. Milburd if this is part of the medical course which her husband is supposed to be undergoing.

I suggest that brandy-and-soda, at half-past eleven A.M. is not a good thing.

"It's a very good thing," replies Milburd. "It's nature's restorer."

"But," I put it to him, "if you're here for health" (at which notion Fortescue laughs sarcastically) "you ought to go in regularly for the waters."

"I tell him so," says Mrs. Milburd, "but he won't."

"My dear fellow," returns Milburd, "the waters are all humbug. Old Thingummy the Doctor says so. Some of the medical men believe in 'em, and some don't."

My Aunt, who has been listening intently, suddenly breaks in upon the conversation in a frightened manner—"But, Mr. Milburd, you don't mean to say that, having come all this way from England, the waters are no good for rheumatism! Why, my nephew" (turning towards me reproachfully) "told me that three years ago he was cured here."

"Very likely," says Fortescue, regarding us with melancholy compassion; "but it makes you worse afterwards."

I deny it warmly. I feel that my Aunt has come here at her own request, it is true, but to a certain extent through my representations, and that now my, as it were, professional opinion is at stake.

*Happy Thought.*—Adopt the safe system in betting, and “hedge.” Say that, of course, a great deal must depend on the constitution of the individual ; a great deal, also, on diet ; much, too, on change of life, change of air, regularity, and so forth.

*Happy Thought.*—What a capital Doctor I should have made, as far as giving advice is concerned. With a knowledge of three medicines, and with a place to send patients to when troublesome, one might get on capitally for years without being found out.

*Medical Happy Thought (as a rule).*—Let the Patient prescribe for himself, unconsciously. *My* idea of being a Doctor is this :—*Rule*, Talk to Patient, humour him or her, prescribe one out of the three medicines with which you are acquainted. I’ve often noticed a smile on a chemist’s face when I’ve given him a prescription, written by some celebrated man, to be made up. He reads the first two or three items, and at once knows who has ordered it. Then he smiles, as much as to say, “Here’s the old prescription again.” Become confidential with the same chemist years afterwards, and he’ll probably tell you, smiling as usual, “O, yes, I know *that* prescription. It’s old Snooks’s” (for example). “It’s a very good one. *Can’t do any harm.*” Very good. No injurious results, but Patient not any better. Patient, being fidgety, harks back to Doctor again. Doctor (*e. g.*, myself) coquettes with the second fee, but, being pressed, takes it, and orders another visit in a week’s

time, after presenting Patient with prescription "No 2 in the books." Chemist again. Same smile. Same confidential communication years afterwards, D.V., *i.e.*, *Doctore volente*.

Another week. Patient back again. Myself still as Doctor. Yes, has been better, but thinks that he now feels it (whatever it is) rather more on the left side than the right. Loss of appetite after meals, despondency in the rain, low spirits when in pecuniary difficulties, nervous irritability in a four-wheeler when going to catch a train, and so forth. Doctor meditates. Question to *him* is, shall I give him No. 3 or repeat No. 2. If Doctor's hands are very full, out comes prescription No. 3; if business is slack, No. 2 is repeated. Same business with fee as before. Call again in ten days. Patient calls again. "Doesn't," he says, "know what it is, but he gets so tired when he walks, and so hot, that he's always obliged to take a cab. Can't sleep at night, though intolerably drowsy immediately after dinner, and in the middle of the day. Forgot to mention last time that his right foot appeared to be a little swollen, and that one of his ears has a peculiar tingling in it." Account received with gravity. Questions asked, which, being founded upon the patient's recent information, only lead to a recapitulation of symptoms. Useless, but something must be done for the money. Deliberation in Doctor's mind as to whether it's any use keeping this idiot here, or not. Decision, send him away. If the Doctor has purchased some house property at a rising sea-side place, he will order all his patients to visit this particular spot. Patients go there, get well, recommend

it to others. Crowds make it fashionable, and the value of Doctor's property in that place is trebled, at least. If the Doctor has not got any special interest in any particular place in England, then the farther away he can send his troublesome patient the better for both of them. In this case the Doctor appears to be considering the matter deeply, then he frowns, then he says abruptly, "Now, I'll tell you what is the *only* thing for you to do." Patient aghast. Then the Doctor advises immediate recourse to some thermal springs on the Continent. Patient looks a bit frightened, but promises to be off next day. Being slow in producing his fee, it is evident to the Doctor's quick mind that he is reluctant to part with it. Doctor [myself still in practice] at once positively refuses to take it. Patient doesn't press it. Exit Patient. Doctor, alone, is satisfied that he has seen the last of him for some time to come. Patient goes away, takes baths, changes air and diet, becomes so fresh that he returns to England full of the praise of the Doctor (I am supposing myself to be the Doctor) who advised him to go there. In return, he tells everyone, no matter what may be the matter with them, to go to *his* Medical Adviser. Fortune made for Medical Adviser out of three draughts, and letting Patient prescribe for himself.

By the way, mustn't broach these opinions to my Aunt, who has come here to be cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by baths and galvanism. Odd that it never occurred to her that galvanism in England would be the same as galvanism in Germany. But no, to be able to say "I was obliged to go abroad for my health," gives a sort of importance to an

invalid, and if it does not enlist sympathy, it secures at least a certain respect.

*Happy Thought.*—Under the “circs.” hold Mister Tongue.

It doesn't seem to me that Milburd's system will be of any great benefit to him. Being here, he says he's going in for the whole thing. His idea of this course is to rise rather later than is his custom in England, and, after having had a cup of choclote while dressing, a process that occupies him generally a considerable portion of the morning, he takes, at twelve o'clock, a light and airy repast, called a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, consisting of about fourteen courses, including dessert with cheese. It is evident, as he argues, that he can't do the sulphur bath *immediately* after this, and as to drinking the sulphur water, *that* he is assured by his Doctor, he says, is all nonsense. The newspapers, a few pipes, and a drink of what he terms “fizzical force,” engage his attention for an hour and a half after the above-mentioned meal, at the expiration of which time it occurs to him that a drive would be a nice thing for his wife. This amiable lady at once accedes to the proposition, and the Monarque is commanded to furnish its guests with a carriage and pair, which order the Monarque executes in truly Royal Continental style. The carriage looks as if it were spick and span new, the brass harness gleams in the sun, as does also the Coachman's patent varnished hat with its doubly polished cockade on the right side, the whole thing being made of the same material I fancy, as the Prussian soldier's helmet, only, of course without the brass spike at the top, which would not look well

sticking out of the crown of the hat, although it might prevent people sitting on it when left, by accident, on a chair. As to the Coachman's collars and stock, they are simply wonderful for shape, whiteness, and supernatural stiffness. I should say that the entire framework, concealed from view by linen, is of the strongest steel. Out of Aix, where unfortunately the equipage is familiar to the inhabitants, the whole turn-out might be taken for something Ducal, especially when drawn, as it often is, by four horses. Milburd invites us to join them. My Aunt, who I think is rather captivated by the shininess of the foreign turn-out, accepts with pleasure, observing to me that we can call on the Mompisons when we return. Very well. I should like to see, in fact I think I am longing to meet once again, Bertha Mompison, and yet I am not sorry for the postponement. Evidently nervousness.

We seat ourselves in the carriage ; then, amid the admiring glances of the spectators (strangers who don't know who we are), and the obsequiousness of the waiters, with a great jingling of the brass harness, a rattling over the courtyard stones, and a sounding smack of the whip, we start for our drive.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SERENE TRANSPARENCIES—PIPE—FLASK—THE REGIMENT  
— MILBURD'S PARAPHERNALIA—SWIZZLE-HAUSEN—  
FLIEGEN AND WANZEN—WINKS AND WITTICISMS—  
BERNART'S LOCAL—BERTHA—MILBURD'S GERMAN—  
SOLDIER WAITERS—GERMAN CAPTAIN—FLIRTATION—  
VEXATION.

**I** FEEL, on going out for a drive in the carriage of the *Grand Monarque* with the Milburds and my Aunt, that as far as the ladies are concerned, we might pass for Serene Transparencies ; also, that as far as I am concerned, I am perfectly ready to take off my hat with the suavity of an Excellency, but Milburd will come out in what he calls "a comfortable hat," which is of limp material, and of no particular shape, its merit being that it is equally adapted either for the head, or the coat-tail pocket. Added to this, Milburd, who, in keeping with his peculiar views of combining the medicinal course with the Customs of the Country, has taken to smoking violently all day, persists in lighting up a shabby old wooden pipe, which he puffs during our Royal Progress through the town (much to my Aunt's repressed disgust), only removing it to place to his

lips a small flask, "frequent applications being, he says, an absolutely necessary part of his medicinal treatment."

He carries with him a Conversation Book so as "to talk to the Coachman in his own native tongue," a pocket compass ("Always like to know where I'm going," he explains), a Guide Book with maps, "which," as he informs us, "is the Duchess's department ; she's told off to Geography, having been brought up at school where she learnt the use of the Globes," and such an array of wraps, waterproofs, sticks, and umbrellas, as gives us the appearance of travelling about with a "job lot" in order to dispose of them at a sacrifice.

"Gracious !" exclaims my Aunt, on seeing all these paraphernalia. "I wonder he doesn't carry guns and swords and have a boat to follow him in case he comes to a river. It's quite an Arpict Exhibition."

[It is hardly necessary to refer to "Dixon's J." to find that my Aunt means an "Arctic Expedition."]

He now addresses himself to the Coachman. While in Germany he thinks it necessary, in order to make himself intelligible, not to learn the language of the country, but to intersperse his English with finishing touches of German, which serve the intelligent foreigners as landmarks to his meaning.

"*Kutscher !*" says he, with a wink at me indicating apparently, that he considers this word a surprising triumph over the difficulties of the language, "*Wir wollen to go nach the first Swizzle-haus,*" the Coachman, who has evidently been out with him before, touches his hat, and Milburd continues,

"Look here, I don't want to be out more than *Eine Stunde* and *eine halbe*, then back to the *Grossen Monarchen*—Grand Monarque. All right. *Ja wohl. So.*"

*Swizzle-haus*, he explains to us, is his own particular German for a place of Refreshment. Rather a happy name, "Swizzle-house."

During our drive, which is through rather pretty scenery, we are struck by the number and variety of the small flies and insects which investigate us as strangers for a second or two at a time, and then fly off to give their less adventurous companions the results of their observations.

"Ugh !" says my Aunt, shuddering, "Bonsers !"

"No," says Milburd, who has heard our melancholy story, "these are simple *Fliegen*, they're not *Wanzen*."

My Aunt wants to be back in good time, as she has promised to meet the Mompisons and the Glymphyns, Captain Fortescue having undertaken to escort the entire party to a festive place called *Bernart's Local*. "Here," the enthusiastic Herr Kopfen has informed them, "it will be a beautiful sight ! O you must go, my dear Madam. There is fireworks, and a gross balloon, and music !"

In fact, the party has evidently been got together under the direction of Herr Kopfen, who prides himself on his English proclivities, and the number of his acquaintances among our countrymen.

"Here's a programme," says Milburd, reading it out to us. "*Grosses Gartenfest bei festlicher Decoirung und brillanter Beleuchtung des Gartens. Grosses Garten Concert.* That means a Grocer's Garden Concert, very nice too ; then

*Aufsteigen eines grossen Ballons*—Hooray!—and *Grosses brillantes Feuerwerk und bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens*. Quite a Cremorne! Here's *Eino Lerche!*"

"What, Mr. Milburd?" asks my Aunt.

Milburd explains. "*Lerche*, German for lark. Here's *Eino Lerche!*" Translation evident.

This view of it rather startles my Aunt, who doubts whether Ladies can go.

"O, of course! Quite the correct card!" exclaims Milburd. "We'll all go, and say 'O!' to the *Feuerwerk*." Here he winks knowingly at me. Milburd, I fancy, attaches a great amount of importance to a wink. Winks serve him, I notice, instead of witticisms.

*Happy Thought*.—Subject for essay, *The Theory and Practice of Winking*.

Herr Kopfen, having promised to meet us punctually at half-past seven, does not make his appearance.

"Just like him," observes Captain Fortescue, always languid and desponding. "It's German all over. He said he'd do everything for us. I dare say he's met some other people he likes better, and has gone with them." Then to the Ladies, "It doesn't matter. I know the way."

"I suppose," says Mrs. Milburd, "this will be quite a *fête?*"

"A tea-garden affair," says Fortescue, sarcastically. "That's their idea of liveliness. Tea and squibs."

Over pavement like that of a London mews (the best streets in Aachen are little better in this respect), with a gutter

and an odour on either side, we arrived at *Bernart's Local*. We pay fifteen gröschen apiece, and receive the comforting intelligence that the tickets would have been ten *sgr.* each, had we had taken them before six o'clock.

In the distance we hear a band.

*Happy Thought (but a little disturbing).*—Shall once again meet Bertha Mompison here. Wonder if she remembers. Wonder if she really— “We met, ’twas in a crowd” (at *Bernart's Local*), “and I thought she would shun me”——

“Why!” exclaims my Aunt, standing stock still, with her hand out like a pointer, “it is a Tea-Garden!”

Nothing more nor less. Note this (for *Typ. Dev.*, under G., Germany or Garden, and T. Tea). From a military point of view, Germany is one vast Barrack. From a pleasure-seeker's point of view, it is a Tea-Garden.

*Happy Thought (as descriptive of Germany).*—A Barrack in a Tea-Garden.

Milburd, directly we are seated at one of the thousand little wooden four-legged tables, calls out loudly, “*Kellner, bringen sie mir some Kalbscotelets for drie persons*”—this he explains on his fingers—“some *Rheinwein*—O—um—yes—and some *Blumenkohls*. Quick as you can, as I'm quite *fertig*.” Presently he isn't satisfied with the table, and calls out, “Kellner, let's have another *Tische*, if there's one free.” Attention is being drawn to us. Mrs. Milburd says, “O don't be so silly,” to him, but laughs.

My Aunt is looking about for the Mompisons, and so am I.

*Happy Thought.*—To tell Milburd not to go on like this, as every one of these waiters is either a private soldier or an officer in the Prussian service, perhaps the latter, and if so he'll call him out.

Captain Fortescue corroborates me unexpectedly. "The Oberkellner," he says, "is decorated."

*Happy Thought.*—Make an excuse to get away. Say I'll look for another *Tisch*, and go to do it.

Why is it that Milburd, who would be well-behaved enough at any place of amusement in England, seems here to consider himself at liberty to act more like a bold buccaneer than a civilised Englishman? The garden is not a large one, and, indeed, with the exception of a few dull flowers and a couple of miserable-looking trees, it has as much right to be called a garden as has Leicester Square in its present condition. There is a stage at the end of the Garten, and the whole place is overlooked by the backs of very second-rate-looking houses.

By standing in a corner I can see all round *Bernart's Local*, which is now becoming crowded.

Seated at a table not far from me are Mrs. Mompison and her daughters, with our German acquaintance Kopfen. I rather think Kopfen is a Baron, a Brewer, and, of course, more or less a Soldier.

He is sitting next the elder Miss Mompison. A Prussian

officer is sitting next Bertha. Intuitively I hate him. He is in uniform, the everlasting uniform, without which I do believe they are not allowed to sleep, except by special permission from the Crown Prince. On my approach he brings his *pince-nez* to the front, and inspects me superciliously in a military fashion, as if to see whether I'd come on parade without the proper number of buttons, or with a shoe-string untied.

Kopfen jumps up, he is delighted to see me, as an old and dear friend, he welcomes me to the table, implores me to be seated, all this with great *empressement*, as [if this present company were *his* party. His friend Captain Hermann rises stiffly to be introduced. He salutes me with his right hand to his cap, his left by his sword, jerking his head out forwards and his coat-tails out backwards, like a mechanical figure that doesn't work easily. This being done, I am allowed to salute Mrs. Mompison and her daughters. The next difficulty will be to get near Bertha, with whom Captain Hermann is conversing in so low a tone as to suggest flirting on both sides. Flirting! Bah! With a German officer too! I wonder Mrs. Mompison allows it.

Bertha gives me one glance. It penetrates me. Evidently she has *not* forgotten . . . but why this German Officer?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**FIREWORKS—GROSS BALLOON—TEUTONIC FLIRTATION—  
CUT IN—FANCY SUIT—CUT OUT—BRIGHT DREAM—  
SENSITIVENESS—KOPFEN OFF—STUDENTS—AGATHA—  
JEALOUSY—DUELLING—CIVILIANS—VANISHING—THE  
COLD—UNIFORM—NEW PROVERB—FINISH OF AMUSE-  
MENT.**



LL the Brilliant fireworks, which the programme had so magnificently promised us, turn out to consist of a few coloured fires, three or four rockets, something else in the Catherine-wheel line by way of a finish, and, I think, two extra gas jets in the gardens.

The balloon of which such anticipations had been formed—Milburd, indeed, frightening his wife by informing her that he was intending to try what a terrific ascent was like,—the balloon I myself discover, hanging like a crinoline outside a shop, on a hook in a side wall. It is simply a toy fire-balloon of tissue paper, with the usual tow on a bit of wire underneath, to be steeped in spirits of wine and ignited, that's all.

*At the Mompisons' table.*—Kopfen is talking to Agatha :

Captain Hermann to Bertha. I am, I feel, as the fifth person at a rubber.

*Happy Thought.*—Ready to cut in.

The difficulty is to know *when* to cut in. I don't like to join the conversation without being invited. I should have thought that Bertha would have put aside the Prussian officer and have exclaimed, "O, I'm so glad you've come," and have motioned me to a chair by her side. But she doesn't. I don't exactly see my way. The last time I sat by Bertha I was full of conversation, in much the same tone as that which this Captain Thingummy is employing. Sometimes I notice them both glancing furtively at me, and smiling. What at? It flashes across me that they are laughing at my costume. Hang it, why? Let me consider. As I can't join in their conversation, I may as well occupy my time in considering.

*Happy Thought.*—Think it out.

*Thinking it out.*—It has been a warm day, but begins now in the evening, to be a trifle chilly. I feel this when it is too late. My present suit is, it suddenly occurs to me, rather out of character with even an *al fresco* evening gathering like the present. It is a remarkably light attire, of one pattern up and down, and all round, which seemed to be the very thing when the stuff first caught my eye at the tailor's, and I was struck by the

*Happy Thought.*—Order an entire suit of it.

It seemed to me also the Very Thing (this sort of pattern generally does seem "the very thing" if you stroll into your tailor's on a bright day in early summer) for the sea-side. And so it was, that is, for any sea-side where there was nobody except myself and my Aunt ; and, now I come to think of it (and I can't help coming to think of it in these Gardens, on account of its startling contrast to the surrounding dark-coloured frock-coats), I've only worn it in solitude—never in company.

It was Milburd, after I'd been finding fault with his shabby hat, who said, "My dear fellow, the best of this place is, that you can wear anything." It was Milburd to whom I showed this suit, and who expressed unbounded admiration of it, advising me to put it on by all means, as it was the Very Thing (he too thought it was "the very thing,") for Aix. Up to a certain point I feel it *is* the very thing ; that is, if I could only show myself like a flash of lightning in the street, for a second or two, and then disappear. I feel that five minutes of me, in this dress, is too much for anyone. I want (if it were possible) to be seen like a vision, like, in fact, something lightly immaterial, and not as a light material, and then pass away, not to be forgotten, but to dwell in the memory of mankind—always, I mean, as associated with this costume.

*Happy Thought.*—Like some bright dream.

When my Aunt saw me in it this afternoon she didn't make any remark, but then she'd seen it before at the sea-side. If *she* considered it ridiculous, why didn't she say so ? Milburd

had said he liked it, and in fact was going to order a lot of suits like it on his return to England. I agreed with him, my good taste being flattered by his approval ; but it now occurs to me that—and if so, it's Milburd all over—he meant it for a joke, in return for what I'd said about his hat.

I don't know whether "thinking it out" has made me nervously sensitive, but everyone seems to shun me. Mrs. Mompison, even old Mrs. Mompison, when I came up to her at first, turned away from me, to talk to my Aunt, as soon as she could ; Kopfen, who expressed himself so delighted to see me, hasn't spoken to me again, and as for the Prussian Officer, with Bertha, his manner has been, from the commencement, simply intolerable. Upon my word, I'd much rather that they'd all cry out at once, "Look here ! We don't like your dress !" than snub me in this way without telling me the reason. To come out in a light suit is not a crime, but—confound Milburd !—it's treated as though it were. I would retire, but that to quit the field now, is to yield the ground to the Prussian officer. No ; I won't stir.

Suddenly Kopfen remembers an engagement : so does his friend. They make some arrangements for meeting again to-morrow, and rise to bow extravagantly, salute jerkily, and then they walk off with the air of conquerors, irresistible among the fair sex. We are in the land of duels, and I feel that if I could only be certain of running the Prussian officer through the third breast-button of his uniform, or of putting a bullet into the same place, I would invite him to meet me over the border in Holland, and leave him quivering on a daisy. The air of Germany makes me bloodthirsty. I don't

feel like this in England. No. Evidently it's seeing so many swords and uniforms all over the place, not to mention the Students of the Polytechnic here, most of whom swagger about exhibiting hideously scarred faces, the consequences of constantly recurring hand-to-hand encounters with swords.

*Happy Thought.*—Cross over to Bertha. Preserve a cold demeanour.

She asks me why I didn't come and speak to her before, as she was so bored by having to talk German to Captain Hermann. "He's a very handsome man," observes Miss Agatha. Bertha admits, not, as I think, warmly (or is this to deceive me?), that he *is* rather good-looking. I treat the question superciliously. I say that I didn't notice him particularly. I can't repress my bitterness; I wish I could, but it will come out, and I say, with asperity, "I don't like these Prussian officers."

I feel that I've played my cards in the worst possible style. The ladies are quite astonished at my dislike, as they have found them (the officers) so very agreeable, and really far more intelligent and amusing than any English officers.

*Happy Thought.*—I see a way to escape the effects of my hasty expression. I sacrifice the English officers, and say, "O, English! I wasn't thinking of *them*."

"Well," says Miss Bertha. "I like *them* very much, too. A garrison town is very good fun."

This conversation is out of my line. It depreciates me as a Civilian. There's a smack of frivolity about her manner now that I don't like. It is not what I had expected. Agatha joins the conversation which is being carried on by Mrs. Mompison and my Aunt, and is all about Rowena, on the one part, and neuralgia and galvanism on the other.

*Happy Thought.*—Opportunity. Seize it. Say, in low tone (same tone as Prussian Captain—hang him!), “Do you remember the last time we met at Boodels’?”

“I thought you had forgotten all about that,” Miss Bertha returns, not in a very low tone, but looking up and laughing.

Laughing! It is at this supreme moment that I should like to rise from my seat and be six feet high, with a long cloak, a pale face, black moustache, and long black hair. I should like to thrill her through and through with my piercing glance. I should like to say, “Miss (or Bertha) you have trifled with a heart!” and then somehow vanish, for to walk away, or even stride away, after this, would be commonplace. Then I should like her to lead a life of regret.

All this, however, I keep to myself, and simply return with meaning, and in a tone just a trifle lower (beating the Prussian officer by three bass notes), “No, *I* have not forgotten.”

She does not reply to this, and somehow, though I feel that I am meaning a great deal, I can't find anything fresh to talk about, and this subject really does seem exhausted. There is a slight pause. I then ask, “Are you staying long here?”

*Happy Thought.*—To relieve this of being a commonplace by throwing expression into it.

She doesn't know. Hopes it will be some time, as she enjoys it. I do not, and say so.

I try a return of tenderness, to see if this will touch a sympathising chord. I say, "I heard you were here, and I've been anxiously expecting to see you since our arrival. I am so glad to meet you again." She replies, leaning back in her chair (not forward or bending her head, as she had been doing with the Prussian Captain—hang him!), "Yes, we have been here about a month or so already." Presently she says, smiling, "*Don't you find your dress rather cold?*" At last! I knew it! I am boring them. She doesn't like me—in this Suit. She evidently wishes me to go away.

"I suppose, Miss Bertha," I say, sarcastically, "you prefer a uniform."

"I think," she returns, quietly, "that it is very becoming." Which clearly means that mine isn't.

I observe, carelessly, as though the subject were really beneath consideration, "Dress here is of very little importance." I should like to add something about "As long as the heart," &c., but I feel that it won't do in this costume. Yet what is a Love worth that mixes me up with the colour of my cloth?

*Happy Thought (for a New Social Proverb).*—Cut your friend according to the colour of his cloth.

Mrs. Mompison rises. So do the young ladies. "I would offer to escort you," I say, still bitterly, "only you wouldn't

like walking with me through the garden in this costume." Bertha doesn't say Yes or No, she only laughs, and Miss Agatha settles the question by inclining herself in a stately manner towards me, and taking her sister's arm. Mrs. Mompison says, with decision, "Don't let us hurry *you* away ; we'll see your Aunt to the hotel ;" and even my Aunt seems pleased to be rid of me.

They leave the Garden. Bah ! there's an end of the illusion. I had expected great things from meeting Bertha again—I had expected great things from this *Grosses Garten Concert*, with its *grossen Ballons* (the impostors), and its *bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens* (the humbugs). I should like to insult somebody, and dash in among the glasses. Where's Milburd ?

## CHAPTER XIX.

LONDON LETTER—NOOKING—BACK TO GARDEN—VEGETABLES—GERMAN FARM—PIGS—COWS—MAIDEN—CALVES—AGRICULTURE—COB-PIG—DE RETOUR.



HIS morning, by first post, a Letter from Englemore :—

*"Dear Colonel,*

*"Seen Mister Nook. A 1. Place for Mr. Pigs, &c. Got refusal. £. s. d. easy. Jump at it. Wire back. How about Major Sideboard? No go? Never mind. On to old china. Small cup fifty guineas, not good enough for*

*"Your little*

*"ENGLEMORE."*

This decides me. Evidently the nook must be seen to be appreciated, and must be seen at once. If appreciated to be taken. Nook sounds well. Rural retreat, old house, gables, panels, date sixteen hundred, small pond with gold fish, of same date probably, swimming about in it. Well wooded, old out-buildings, &c. See it all in an impulsive sort of Englemoreish sort of way. I feel that I must, as he says, jump at it.

*Happy Thought.*—Telegraph back in same style.

*"Jumping at it. Back directly."*

.Leave my Aunt to go through her course of galvanism (she'll be "jumping at it" too), sulphur, and baths.

Don't want to see the Mompisons again. Bertha has evidently no heart.

*Happy Thought (Agricultural).*—No Heart, like a neglected lettuce, or cabbage: but am not clear which. Shall know soon, when I begin gardening in earnest.

Kopfen, on my last day here, drives me out to see a farm. He says that he knows the owner, and that it's a private farm. I find afterwards that it's a regular show place, and open to all comers for a small charge. There's nothing remarkable about it, except it's untidiness. As I see no farm labourers about, no "peasants" in costumes as there would have been on a stage for instance, the want of anything like order is perhaps accounted for. A slatternly maid takes us over the place. First of all into a large stable. "Here," she says, "are the Pigs." This is evidently meant as a surprise for the visitor, who has naturally expected to see horses. They are gigantic pigs, too, of a quick, irritable, and suspicious temperament. Nothing lazy about them; no indolence here: and generally I should say unpromising as to pork.

The Maiden does not like my stopping to inspect, and stands at the door of the piggery, as much as to say, "Come along. Here'll be another party here presently." In truth there is not much to stop for. The piggery isn't sweet, and

we pass out. Across the yard into an enormous cow-house. All the cows here just the same as any other cows, anywhere else. *Note.* Must get up Cows with a view to keeping—*one* at all events. On consideration, when on the subject of Cows, one can't well keep *less* than one.

*Happy Thought.*—Unless it's a Calf.

The Chickens are what my farming friend Telford would call a "measly lot." They are all over the place, in a desultory sort of way.

Well, what next? What are we going to see now? I ask Kopfen. He's surprised. What can I want to see, when, in fact,—that's all. All? Is this the Farm? This is the Farm. Well, but how about the Granaries, the Dairy, the Haystacks, the Horses, the implements of agriculture, the—— I pause, at a loss for the names of the things I want to see. I suppose I mean the ploughs, the harrows, the threshing-machines, but I am not quite sure. The Maid, in answer to Kopfen, who repeats my question to her, simply answers that there is nothing more, and is evidently quite astonished that we're not highly delighted and perfectly satisfied. She hints, too, that she will be much obliged by our dismissing her as soon as possible, as there's another lot of sight-seers just driven into the court-yard. We settle with her for twenty gröschen, which is a sum exceeding by one clear half what she is accustomed to, a generosity on our part so startling, that she reciprocates it by smilingly informing us that we can "walk about the grounds as much as we like," to eke out, as it were, the extra ten gröschen.

Having thus relieved her mind of the idea of being under any obligation to us, she retires, and we stroll into the meadows, where there is the ruin of some old castle.

As Kopfen doesn't know any particulars of its history, and as, without a history, there is nothing particularly interesting about it, we return to our fly and drive back.

What have I learnt from seeing the German Farm? That's the question for me, and I ask it myself again. I don't know, except that Pigs can be kept in stables; and that, under these circumstances, which I should consider decidedly unfavourable to pigs, as pigs, they increase, not in breadth and pig-like qualities, but, by degrees, in height.

*Happy Thought.*—Not growing by degrees of latitude, but of longitude, and altitude.

If one stopped here long enough to watch the process, perhaps they would, under the stable confinement, develop into horses.

*Happy Thought.*—Send this to Darwin. See what he thinks of it. Perhaps he won't think of it, or has thought of it, and rejected it as a theory.

A sort of a cob-pig, of fourteen hands, would not this be a variety? Wonder how the pigs like it? This is an important question, if there is anything in the desire of acting so as to "please the pigs."

In some farmyards I've seen cocks, hens, and pigs, mixed up together, wandering about in company, the pigs turning up their noses with a disdainful grunt at some choice

morsels, which, afterwards, the chicken would peck at with pleasure.

*Happy Thought.*—In this mixture of Poultry and Pigs, one sees the first germ of the idea of Eggs and Bacon.

I bid farewell to Kopfen and my Aunt, who is glad that the weather has settled into something like warmth, as she detests the German feather-beds, which “are not,” she says, “half so comfortable as a good Blatney winket.”

Meeting Mrs. Mompison and Quortesfue, I politely ask them if I can do anything for them in England. When I hear them thank me very much, and when I see them reflecting deeply on what they *do* want done for them in England, I wish I hadn’t volunteered the services. While they are thinking over it, so am I,—how to get out of it. Nothing I hate more than having to execute commissions.

Mrs. Mompison commences. The narration of “what she wants me to do for her, if I *kindly* will,” occupies about a quarter of an hour. It is a sort of brief to begin with, with instructions for Counsel. The object is a lost trunk with, she is afraid, her wrong address on it, or the address of where they were, before they went to Ramsgate, some months ago. The lines on which this trunk has been carried, and the complications in which it has been involved, are materials for a novel in three volumes. Will I, she asks, kindly call and inquire of the people (this is a trifle vague)—the people at the London and North Western, or, if not there, at St. Pancras Station, whence it might have been sent on to Charing Cross. At all events if *I’d only kindly*

find out how it has been delayed (because it's got, she says, three of our dresses in it), and just direct it on to them at Aachen, she would be so much obliged. O, and by the way (another commission) she left a parasol (which I'm supposed to know) to be repaired at the man's in Bond Street, and if it's finished it would be no trouble just to put it into the box and send it.

*Happy Thought.*—Not to ask how box is to be opened. See (so to speak) in the closed box, an opening out of the difficulty.

She has some other little matters, with which, however, she will not trouble me, because it will really be imposing too much on my good-nature. Unluckily, I smile, and look as pleased as possible, which encourages her to confide in me so much further as to request, that, if I *am* passing by Portland Place, would I be so very kind just to look in and see how they're getting on with the house, and ask if they've tuned the piano since they've been away, or not.

I promise and vow, and she thanks me as heartily as if it were all done. Hope she'll take the will for the deed. Rather think she'll have to. Fortescue wants me to go to his Club, and ask about some letters, and to him I reply (having had a dose of commissions by this time) that I will, if I've time.

*Happy Thought.*—Shan't have time. Once at a distance can write and apologise.

It rains as I quit Aachen : it generally does rain at Aachen, and does it thoroughly too, perhaps providentially, to keep the sulphur cool. Music is going on in the garden of the *Kurhaus*, and waiters are carrying umbrellas and coffee to the visitors under the alcoves. There is to be a grand illumination in those gardens to-night, and at least three extra gas-lights have been added to the attractions. As I drive to the Station, I see Polytechnic students, with scarred faces, in small caps (how they keep them on their heads is a perfect wonder), swaggering, with small ivory-knobbed canes, about the place. They affect tight breeches and high riding-boots : their chief object, apparently, is to deceive the public into the idea that they've just come off horseback. I never saw, to my knowledge, a student *on* horseback. Perhaps they keep one among them by subscription, and mount him outside the town for practice. Officers are swaggering, too ; anyone, in any sort of uniform, swaggering. Policemen swaggering, until there's a sign of a row, when they carefully absent themselves. Two drunken men are hugging one another in the middle of the road (not an uncommon thing in Aachen either), and just manage to struggle into safety—there evidently being a difference of opinion between them, up to the last moment, as to whether they shall have themselves run over, or not. The majority—the bigger man—settles it, and they choose the gutter.

Nearer the Station. There's a handsomely proportioned church : it is usually more or less full, and often crowded. They are a devotional people ; and in order to-make the

churches like a home to the worshippers, they are fitted up with spittoons and sawdust. "The Germans," says my friend Fortescue in his easy-going, gloomy way, "*se divisent en deux parties; ceux qui crachent, et ceux qui ne crachent pas*. Only," he adds, "the latter I've never met." I rebuke him for this sweeping allegation by commencing a review of Continental manners and customs, and am about to ask him what, on this particular point, he has to say to America, when the train surprises us—by its punctuality—and in another four minutes I am off.

*Happy Thought.*—Germany, farewell! Belgium again.

*More Happy Thoughts.*—England. Now, then, for Mister Pigs!

## CHAPTER XX.

ON FOR FARMING—AND GARDENING—VIEWING THE NOOK  
—ENGLEMORE AND I—ECONOMY—PIG'S-WASH—WHITE-  
WASH—CHICKENS—PIGGORY—CHICKORY—PLUMS—  
APPLES—FRUIT—VEGETABLES—FISH-POND—STAKE IN  
THE COUNTRY.



DRIVE to Englemore's. Find him at luncheon. "Will I pick?" he asks. "No fizgigs—only Mister Chop." There being very little time to spare, I "decline, with thanks;" and when he has chopped and changed, he is ready for the train.

We find the "Nook" about twelve miles out of town. Small house; about four acres of ground.

*Happy Thought.*—Just the thing to begin with. "Farm of four acres, and what we did with it."

Englemore is as delighted with it as if he were the proprietor. He points out to me all its beauties. Nothing damps his ardour. *He* has hit upon it, and it is simply in his eyes *the* thing.

To commence with: we get our first view of my future property from over the top of a small gate. We search for a

bell. In vain. No bell. "Rather a nuisance," I observe, "having no bell."

Englemore won't allow it for a moment. "Nonsense!" he cries; "nothing of the sort. Who wants Mr. Bell in the country? Cockney idea, bell. Might as well have Neddy Knocker at once. Try t'other side of the water."

By this last expression I find he means the stable entrance. Here there is a bell, and, in answer to it, an old woman welcomes us with a sniff, and a curtsy.

Englemore introduces me: "This is the gentleman who's come to see the place," he says. The old woman appears agitated, fumbles with the corner of her apron, behind which she presently coughs—this evidently being her notion of company manners—and shuts the gate after us.

"Stables," says Englemore, pointing everything out to me—"Outhouses—barn-buildings—garden"—Here he describes a segment of a circumference with his umbrella. "There you are—all round you!"

I can't deny that it *is* all round me. Still, I feel that, in spite of his enthusiasm, I ought not to do anything of this sort hurriedly.

"The cottages," says the old woman, curtseying again, "go with the place. There are four on 'em." Here she puts up the corner of her apron again, and coughs to herself, confidentially.

"By Joye!" exclaims Englemore, "I didn't know *that*. Cottages *with* the place!"—(Here he winks at me, as much as to say, "Here's a bargain for you!")—"You can turn 'em into bakeries—make your own bread—Mr. Household

Troops—and a Dairy—your own Cow—milk and cream on the premises, and think what you'll save in butter ! ”

*Happy Thought.*—I *do* begin to think what I should save in butter.

As, in the course of an otherwise eventful life, I have never bought any butter for myself, I haven't any notion of how much at present I spend in butter. I reply to Englemore, “ Well, I suppose one *would* save by keeping a cow.”

“ Of course ! ” he returns ; “ and pigs, too. Here,” he says, walking briskly on, “ is the place for Mr. Pig. Plenty of room ; not in good order ; but a nail, and a tile or two, soon do it.”

*Happy Thought.*—To be practical, and ask him where d' you buy pigs ?

“ Oh ! anywhere,” he answers. I am convinced that he has never bought one in his life. He continues, “ Go to a fair, or a farmer ; buy 'em cheap at a fair. Then you'll save,” here he checks everything off on the fingers of his left hand with his right, while his umbrella is under his arm, “ you'll save in bacon, Colonel Pork, and—and—pigs' feet,—don't forget pigs' feet—your little Englemore's on for dinner on that occasion,—and then,” in a triumphant burst, “ *think of the pigs'-wash ! !* ”

“ How do you mean, pigs'-wash ? ” I inquire, wishing him to be more matter-of-fact, and less romantic, on such a subject.

“ Why don't you see, here's four acres, Mister Turnips,

carrots, potatoes, and all the Royal family all about, eh?"

Certainly I admit that, taking the Royal family as vegetables, there is room and to spare.

"Good," he goes on, satisfied with being correct so far, "you can't eat 'em all—no waste—where does it go?—in comes Mr. Pigswash. Then there's the washings from the house every day—no waste—Mr. Pigswash round the corner again."

"I see. Everything you don't want, or can't eat, or that gets too much for you, somehow is made into pigs'-wash."

"Quite," he continues, "and no extra charge. To keep a pig costs literally nothing, in the country." He says this as if I had been arguing strongly for a pig, in lodgings, in London. "Look here," he exclaims, from another part of the garden, where there's evidently the remains of an old aviary, to which he has rapidly walked, "*here's* your place for chickens! Hens and chicks! first rate! pigs there, chicks here: piggory in one corner, chickory in the other!"

At this discovery he is greatly elated. It's as much as to say that up to that moment I had been bothered as to the place for my chickens, but that now it is clear as possible.

He does not allow me time to think over anything, but in another minute he is drawing my attention to some fruit trees at the lower end of the garden.

"Here you are," he says, "Mister Apples and Plums—fancy little Master Plum Tart, and Dicky Dumpling! You'll *never* want to buy fruit, and you could sell a heap here. There's

money in this orchard. Why," he says, thoughtfully, and casting a scrutinising glance all round, "with care you ought to make this place pay your rent, and do a good thing besides. It's a big thing, Colonel. You'd have here enough to supply Covent Garden."

*Happy Thought.*—Supply Covent Garden. Fortune. Englemore says of course it would work into £. s. d. considerably. In his opinion I should "coin money" here, and, according to him, nothing that I am to keep will cost me anything.

"Colonel Pig," he puts it, "pays himself. Orchard pays Captain Gardener and talented assistants. Your grass makes hay while the sun shines, for Peter Pony; so all you've got to do is to buy a few oats and some straw, and the stable pays you back in manure for garden. Well, your vegetables you'll eat and sell, and everything you don't want goes to little Peter Piggy, as per usual. What you don't use of your eggs, butter, cream, and milk you sell, and the fruit will balance all x's."

"X's," is Englemore's abbreviation of "expenses." "Let two of your cottages, just to lighten the rent, and if you make your others into dairy and laundry,—you might"—here a bright thought strikes him—"by Jove! *you might take in Mr. William Washing!*"

*Happy Thought.*—Washing and Pigs'-washing.

He at once promises me *his* custom weekly, if I'll send up for the things. He will also, he says, buy vegetables, and

bacon : the same condition as before to be observed, namely, that I must send up for orders. How ? Nothing more simple—merely a pony and cart ; the outlay a mere trifle, and it would pay enormously.

How many different sorts of business I am to undertake, according to his view of the matter, it is difficult to say, but there is nothing apparently that won't exactly fit into Farming and Gardening generally.

I am pleased with it, though I should like to look at it again. Englemore shakes his head. " Can't do that," he says. " Mister Landlord must know to-morrow."

There is a pond, too. With this Englemore is enchanted. " Water on the premises," he exclaims. " No danger of fire ! Just have it laid on up to the house. And there are wells in the garden, old Mrs. Sniffer (meaning the dame who received us) said so. Then there's a pump ; I dare say this supplies it. And," catching sight of something bright flitting about in the water, " Colonel Gold-fish ! This is first-rate. Here you are, in the summer—under the shade of trees—eat your own apples—your own strawberries and cream—watch your own gold-fish. I think that's good enough for you, eh ? "

Really, from his hearty and excessively pleased manner, it does strike me, for the first time, that the gold-fish in the pond have settled the question. If I had any wavering before as to taking the house, the presence of the gold-fish has decided me. I have always had a weakness for gold-fish. Fancy a gold-fish river, and a Chinese Mandarin, or Japanese Warrior throwing a fly ! I somehow feel that

whatever may now befall me, at all events, *with* gold-fish, I shall be virtuous and happy.

As far as I know myself, I have taken the place, that is, in my own mind. But to save appearances, and not to jump at it too much, which might make Mister Landlord tack on something extra somewhere in the lease, I defer my decision for a day.

"You'd better Nook while you can," says Englemore. I am of his opinion, but reserve my ultimatum.

*Happy Thought.*—Shall be a Landed Proprietor. With Tenants, too. The Cottagers are Tenants. Wonder if they pay regularly, or if they *don't* pay at all, and if *this* is the reason of getting rid of the house.

If they don't pay, must evict them. Consequence of eviction will be that I shall be shot at from behind a hedge, cursed as the Wicked Squire, and the house burnt down. No, must make friends with Tenants. On the whole decide to take it as it stands.

It suddenly occurs to me that we have been so occupied with the garden, that we've not seen the house at all.

Englemore dismisses this objection at once with—"You can see what *that* is from the outside. It'll want doing up a bit—that's all. Pail of whitewash, and box o' paints will do the trick. Make landlord do that."

Arrived in town. To dine at Englemore's Club. The first thing he does is to ask his other guest, "I say, George, you know about Nook?"

George intimates that he is up in the subject ; and Engle-

more goes on in such an enthusiastic manner as works his friend up to the highest pitch of excitement. In fact, George can't sit down to his dinner until he knows all about it.

Englemore goes on—"Well we've Nooked, haven't we, Colonel?" He addresses *me*; and I corroborate his narrative so far with a nod, and he's on again: "Pretty place!—O, pretty place!" (Here he shakes his head, so as to impress George with the idea that however he might have joked at other times, this, at all events, was too important a matter for anything but the most serious earnest.) "Pretty place. Just what *you'd* like:" as if I wanted to part with the property at once, and had asked him to praise it up to his friend:—he continues, "beautiful trees, splendid garden—no end of fruit"—(there really wasn't a gooseberry-bush in the place)—"Peter Pigstyes and Major Stables all about; and he's got Colonel Gold-fish, Sir, in a pond—the real thing; none of your sixpenny box of toys with a magnet,—no, not a bit of it! No Soho Bazaar. Genuine wagglers, aren't they, Colonel?"

I corroborate his account again, but feel called upon to explain that the estate is not a park; that the garden has really to be made; that the whole place is in a very tumble-down condition.

"Yes, it wants a little figging up, but that's all." And so we go on with dinner and conversation: myself in the character of a large Landed Proprietor (all through Englemore's representation) with a stake in the country.

## CHAPTER XXI.

FARM COTTAGE — NOOK'D — DOG — QUEER CHARACTERS —  
CARPENTER — RINGING IN — MASONS — GARDENER —  
STABLEMAN — PIG-HEADED — SWINEHERD — FOWLERS —  
LARKS — NOAH'S ARK — DARWINISM — FARMACOEPIA.



*RIGHTLY HAPPY THOUGHT.*—Country Farm Cottage settled. I am now Mister Landed Proprietor. Four acres all my own. Intend to have board up with "Beware of the Dog." By the way I must get a dog. Ought to have very savage one. Englemore says when he hears this, "Yes, get a sort of Mister Pincher." Notice to Burglars—No Admittance.

It's a very lonely spot. No habitation within a mile, or more, except a pot-house. Old woman who keeps the house tells me that they always lock up early in the winter. Why? Oh! she replies, "some queer characters about then." "Queer Characters," sounds as if the lanes were filled with Guy Fawkeses.

I don't like this account of the place. Nothing was said on this subject *before* I took it. It was not, so mentioned in the bond, I mean lease. The Landlord and his Solicitor—

a Solicitor always appears where there's anything to sign—met me and my Solicitor—and we really could have met one another without any legal assistance, being neither of us inclined to take the other at a disadvantage—and when I observed that Nook Farm was in rather a lonely situation, Englemore, also present as *amicus curiæ*, said, “So much the better—not overlooked. Don't you see? Any little games in the garden, and no one to look out of Mister Second-floor Back and say, Hallo, Tommy!”

I admitted then, as did the Landlord and the two Solicitors, that this absence of an inquisitive and objectionable neighbour (as anyone would be who called out to you, “Hallo, Tommy!” from an upper storey) was certainly an advantage.

“Exactly,” said Englemore, triumphantly; “then there you are.”

There was, evidently, nothing further to be said on the subject. The Landlord undertook all repairs, which accounts for my finding a carpenter in the house rattling door-handles, and working locks backwards and forwards, apparently trying to find out how little work he could do in the house without absolutely nullifying his contract with the Landlord.

I believe now, with my experience, that this crafty artificer took this opportunity of laying the foundation for many of my subsequent inconveniences. I write this after the event, and retrospectively. He had got, as the list for repairs worded it, “to make good” a lot of things, such as window-frames, sashes and fastenings, rollers for blinds, bells, locks, all stipu-

lated for in detail, "to be done and finished in a proper and workmanlike manner." What he "made good" I have never been exactly able to discover. My impression is that when he caught my eye, on any visit of inspection to see how things were getting on, he assumed "a proper and workmanlike manner," as stated in the agreement : in fact, when I was looking on he was "making it good," and when I wasn't, he was "making it bad."

How he must have smiled in his shirt-sleeve (having on no coat—a garment which he only adopted out-of-doors in unprofessional intervals) when, on taking possession, I expressed my unbounded delight and satisfaction with *all* the window-blinds, frames, sashes, and fastenings as aforesaid. How pleased I was (and he too—the villain !) when I found that I *could* lock and unlock a door (having expected difficulties in this line), and with what a knowing air I remarked, that the bells seemed to go a trifle stiffly at first, "but," said Slyboots, the Carpenter, "they'll work easier in time ;" and how I rang 'em all in turn, one after the other, as a "ringing in the new tenant"—which I fancy is some sort of ancient ceremony, as the name has quite a familiar sound, unless I am thinking of a Curate "reading himself in"—and perhaps I am. However, when Slyboots, the Carpenter, saw me so intent on the renovations, didn't he distract my attention by calling upon me to notice how he had repaired a skirting-board here, and another there, and how the front door could be bolted easily, and how he had made the back door, which had previously caused much vexation and annoyance, now quite a pleasure to open and shut,—didn't he, I say, dilate upon

all these improvements until I felt inclined to weep on his shoulder, and say, "You really have done too much—too much—I didn't expect it of you—bless you."—Bah! I *do* wish my Aunt had been at home. She would have had no romantic notions on the subject, but would have insisted upon examining *everything*, and wouldn't have let that Carpenter go until she'd worried him into "making good" everything, all round. He would have met his match.

Then there are, I notice on my visit, plasterers and masons all in league against me, but apparently setting to work with a will. They are all "making good," but not making better, which is, in reason, the spirit, though not the letter, of the Landlord's contract.

Next important matter is a Gardener, and Stable-man. The query occurs, if I keep Mr. Pig, who's to look after him? The Gardener, or the Stableman? In a book on farming I recollect seeing that there is a regular Pig-man kept, just as there is a Cow-herd for cows.

*A propos* of pigs, what a very obstinate person the "pig-headed Lady" must have been. |

*Happy Thought.*—Swine-herd. Advertise for a Swine-herd:—"Wanted, in a Gentleman's family, a Swine-herd, who will have no objection to milking a Cow." That's to say, "to save x's," as Englemore would phrase it, a Swine-herd who doesn't mind being a Cow-herd. Must keep two pigs at least; with power to add to their number.

This consideration leads to others. On whom are the various duties to fall?

For instance, Pigs? Well, to the Swine-herd. Cows? To the Cow-herd. Poultry to the Poulterer. Or, let me see— isn't it a Poultry-woman who looks after fowls? Fowls to the Fowler. [I suppose, though, that those costermongery looking sort of fellows who go out in the neighbourhood of London, with nets and cages for larks, are Fowlers. But larks are not fowls. Perhaps they used to be in old days. *Mem.* Ask Darwin.] I remember the title of some book which would be very serviceable just now; I fancy it was *The Little Poultry Woman's Guide*; only, I'm afraid it rather treated it as fun for children, and looked upon the poultry hutch as an amusing accessory to the doll's house.

*Happy Thought.*—The mention of Fowlers and Larks, *à propos* of farming, reminds me, suddenly, that, years ago, the faithful Herr Von Joel used to give imitations of a farm-yard, in which he certainly did introduce a lark (it was his *chef d'œuvre*, in fact, and concluded the entertainment), which was very much applauded by the country gentlemen who frequented Evans's in those good old days. So that, as those country gentlemen must have known what was correct in a farm-yard, isn't it likely that the Fowler who kept the poultry was also the man they employed to catch larks? (Don't see my way clearly in this, but more on this subject under "F., Farming, Fowling," in *Typical Developments*, Vol. XV., p. 22, Ch. VI. when I've leisure.)

Must write to Telford and two other country friends who farm, to know what is absolutely necessary. Pigs: say two

to begin with. Poultry : two to begin with. Cows : well, here again, two to begin with. Stop !—

*Happy Thought.*—Why not two of everything to begin with?

On consideration, this sounds like copying Noah's Ark ; and my Aunt, being strict on these points, mightn't like it when I tell her.

One thing is positively requisite—to make a list—to begin with. Two lists to begin with? Yes ; one, and a copy. Good. Alphabetically ; taking everything in order, and so see exactly what I want.

Commence List ; heading it "Things Wanted for *Nook Farm and Dairy*. Alphabetically taken." Commence with (of course) "A." What does "A" stand for? Animals. Yes, true ; but when I write animals it will include all the other letters of the alphabet at once. What can I put under "A"?

*Happy Thought.*—Ass. Must have a Donkey for cart . . . and generally so useful. Donkey will carry two baskets for little Uncles Jack and Gill, when they arrive, to ride about in. (N.B. Must send for J. and G. at once.) If I put Donkey under "A," what shall I have when I come to "D"? No, on consideration, keep Donkey for "D," and try something else for "A." Let's see . . . it must come in time ; and these things aren't to be done in a hurry.

"A." Apes. No, not on a farm. (Might ask Darwin, though, whether there's any chance of their becoming Cows if fed properly.)

*Happy Thought.*—"A" for Aviary, and naturally enough "B" for Birds. There you are. By the way, though, what Birds? . . . "B" also stands for Bull. Dangerous thing to keep a Bull.

List so far. A for Aviary. B, Birds and Bull (with a query to Bull). C, evidently Cocks. It's quite a pity that "H" in this instance doesn't come next to "C." Better bracket them together. C and H. Cocks and Hens. Now go back to D. D, Donkey. E, Eagles (?). No. Pass over E. F, Fowls. C and H though would be included under F. Begin again. A, Aviary. B, Birds. C (refer to F). D, Donkey. E (uncertain). F (refer to C and H). G, Gooseberry bushes, Greengages, Grass, &c. H (refer to F and C)—Cocks and Hens; also Hothouses; also *Horses*. Quite forgot Horses till this minute. "I," Implements. Must fill this list out; thinking it over carefully. At present I don't see anything until P, which stands for Pigs, Potatoes, Parsley, Pheasants, Plums, Pickles, Pears, Peacocks, Peas, &c., &c. Odd! Everything suddenly appears to begin with "P." Such a run on this letter. Shall end by spelling Farm—Pharm.

*Happy Thought.*—Compile a book on Farming to be called *The Modern Pharmacopæia*. . . So much to begin with.

## CHAPTER XXII.

NOOKING—PROVERB—NURSERY—GUTCH'S ARRANGEMENT  
—PACKET—ENGLEMORE'S LETTER—BUNGAY'S LIST—  
IDEAS—VEGETABLES—FAIRIES—PARSNIP.



EM. Have sent for little Uncles Jack and Gill to come to the Nook. They are coming: like Christmas, and the Campbells, oh dear! oh dear!

While Nooking I have lodged in town, and have run down every day to the Nook to see how things are getting on. Things don't get on very much. To expedite matters, I take on the old woman *pro tem.* till I get servants, and furnish my bed-room.

*Happy Thought.*—Household proverb. Furnish a Bed-room—the Dining-room will take care of itself.

No Gardener as yet. No Pony, no Pig, in fact, at present, nothing under the letter P. Happening to pass a Nurseryman's within three miles of the Nook, it occurs to me that I might hire a Gardener from this establishment. It chances that Mr. Gutch, the head man, is on the spot, at tea. I tell him that I want some Gardener—which sounds, after saying

it, as if I'd gone to a grocer's and asked for some currants, and I seem naturally to expect the reply, "Some Gardener? Yes; how much?"—But Mr. Gutch doesn't take this view of it. He only eyes two geraniums in pots, and rubs his unshaved chin with his right hand meditatively. Presently, he observes that he supposes I want some men to put my garden in order. I reply to this "Yes," and really it suddenly appears to me that I've been making quite a fuss about nothing. Mr. Gutch, still rubbing his chin, and consulting the wishes of the two geraniums—he evidently understands the language of flowers—wishes to know what sized garden mine may be? I am tempted, I own it, to magnify this to Gutch by mentioning the acreage of the entire estate. I do not, however, and limit my reply to about two acres, whereupon Mr. Gutch thinks that it would be better if his foreman came over to see it. Agreed. To-morrow. Time fixed. Business done. Exit myself. Gutch takes up the two geraniums fondly and carries them off with him to tea. End of scene between me and the Nursery Gardener.

On returning to Nook I find a packet containing two books, and a sort of invoice from Englemore:—

*"Here you are: Two books, 'The Flower Garden, and How to Flower it;' 'The Kitchen Garden, and how to Kitchen it.' Also Bungay's List: Sammy Seeds and how to sow him. I know an Amateur farmer and stockbroker all in one. Bulls on change, Cows in the country. Introduce him? Wire back to*

*"Your Little*

*"ENGLEMORE."*

Will drive into the books on my return. Bungay's List looks attractive on the outside, there being a coat-of-arms—Bungay's perhaps—and the pictures of two Exhibition medals, gained by Bungay for turnips, or something in that line.

I notice at a cursory and superficial glance that the List is illustrated, and that Bungay has treated his plants and vegetables as if they were his children, giving them all his name. For instance, under the letter A. (for Bungay goes in on my plan, I am glad to see, of alphabetical order, which, as he is a great professional Gardener, and I'm only beginning, is flattering to my instincts,) he begins with—

ASPARAGUS. Bungay's Improved Purple-Topped (Prize, 1860).

BEANS. The Bungay.

„ The Ornamental Bungay's Own.

„ The Improved Wanderer (Bungay).

BEET. Bungay's Giant Egyptain Blue.

„ Bungay's Miniature Turnip.

„ King of the Bungay's (Prize, 1862. Birmingham).

BROCCOLI. Bungay's Chinese Hybrid.

CUCUMBER. Bungay's Mammoth Snowball.

„ The Hero (Bungay).

„ Quooly Snu Bungay's Milky Chinese.

„ Swiss Bungay's Early Scarlet.

CABBAGE. Bungay's Incomparable Nosebag.

„ Bungay's Prolific Climax (Prize, 1861. London).

Some great subjects, evidently begging verbal description, 'require pictorial explanation, as I notice is the case with *Bungay's Speckled Negro*, which occupies a whole page, representing beans all a-growing and a-blowing. Then the *Purple-Podded Wonder* (some relation, I fancy, to the *Negro* just mentioned) is described, under a picture of itself, as "a very heavy cropper."

*Happy Thought*.—Mem. for the hunting-field. Instead of saying to a fellow who has come head first over a nasty place, "You've come a very heavy cropper," a man with a taste for gardening would say, "Hallo! You've come quite a Purple-podded Wonder, eh?"

"*Bungay's Champion*," next described on his list, is, odd to say, "a Runner." Sounds more like a Coward than a Champion. Bungay is a man of exuberant fancy, and you might almost imagine he'd compiled his list as a Christmas book for children, so full is it of Heroes (Peas), Champions, (Broccoli), Dwarfs (Parsnips), Giants (Cucumbers), Mammoths (Turnips), Kings (of Potatoes), Queens (of Marrows), Princes (of Spanish Onions), Princesses (Beet), Emperors (Leeks), Golden Globes (Tomatoes), the Niagara Squash Pumpkins for *Cinderella*, Romantic Russian (Radish), and Long-Podded Negroes.

*Happy Thought*.—Write a Vegetable Christmas Fairy Book for Vegetarian Children.

Among the Flowers I have, I see, a surprising choice. Here's the *Warscewiczii* (uncommonly like the *wice wersy*)

the *Aquilegia Caryophylloides*, the *Chamepena diacantha* (known in English as "Bungay's Fishbone Thistle"), the *Major Convolvulus*, which reminds me of Englemore, who would, however, have probably called it "Colonel;" and finally, as I haven't time at present to note any others, the *Heracleum giganteum*, or "Bungay's Cow Parsnip," "effective" (he adds, in italics) "*in shrubberies*." I should think so. Rather. A strange creature, which is something between a Cow and a Parsnip, would be effective in a shrubbery: and a jolly mess he'd make of it. Which part of it would be a Cow, and which Parsnip? Important question, on account of the milk.

The above I've noted while training up to town.

*Happy Thought.*—Proverb for Stokers,—Train up to town in the way you should go, and then there won't be an accident.

Meet Englemore just stepping into a cab. He's in a hurry. Off for Mister Furniture. Why this impetuosity, I ask; is it true he is going to be married? He winks and laughs knowingly as he replies on the step of the Hansom, and confidentially, as it were, between me and the cabman, "Little Tommy Wedding, eh? Cake for two, Colonel. You'll see. All right,"—to Cabman, "drive on." Then hurriedly out of window, as if he'd remembered something most important at the last moment, and emphasising it with his umbrella, "Five minutes with you . . . Mr. Farmer, and . . . ." the rest is lost.

Let me see. Next point is to advertise for Gardener.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ADVERTISING—TELFORD—HENS—PIGS—COW—PONY—DOG  
—PRECEDENTS—MORE ADVERTISEMENTS—MY AUNT'S  
PLAN—SETTLING IT—DUTCHMAN—WATCH AND WAIT  
—ALL ALIVE—ENTERING THE LISTS—GUTCH, I.E.  
VOICI !



**APPY THOUGHT.**—In advertising for Gardener, think him out well first, so that there shall be no mistake afterwards. The question is, what do I want him to do, or, rather, first and foremost, what am I going to have for him to do? To save "x's," I should wish a man to combine certain offices.

Telford writes to ask me would I like some Hens? Yes, certainly. Pundley, Telford's farming friend, can give me a Duck or two, and can sell me a Pig. Pundley lives in the south of Cornwall, twelve miles from any railway station. If I'll have the pig and ducks he wants to know will I come and fetch 'em, or how?

Suppose I close with Pundley's offer, then with Cow, I've got Ducks, Hens, and Pigs. That's what I shall have for a Gardener to do. As the lodging-house keepers say, he'll have to do for two Ducks (or more), Hens uncertain, and a Pig.

The question is, how to word this properly in an advertisement. "Wanted, a Gardener, who has no objection to a Pig." That, I think, is the regular, and really the pleasantest way of putting it : then, to vary it a little, add, "And who can get on with a Cow."

*Happy Thought.*—Title for a song, "*Who can get on with a Cow?*"

In enumerating the above animals, I've quite forgotten the Pony. By the way, must purchase Pony. Also, no farm-yard complete without a Dog. Begins to sound as if I were setting up a Noah's ark.

*Note.* Odd. The other day, when making an alphabetical list of what I should require, I found that with quite a rush everything came suddenly under the letter "P;" now there's a run upon "D"—as, for instance, Dog, Ducks, Donkey.

*Happy Thought.*—Look in paper for how to word properly an advertisement. Search out precedents.

Look down column. Where are the Gardeners who want Employers, or where are the Employers who want Gardeners.

The first I come across is, "*To Master Bread and Biscuit Bakers.*" Reminding me of Englemore at once. Master Bread and Biscuit. On again. Where are Gardeners' advertisements? Next? No. *A Single-handed Nurse*, &c. By the way, not much use where there are twins.

Now then Gardener, where are you? . . . The next that catches my eye is, "*A Valet who only requires a nominal salary.*" This sets me thinking. Substitute Gardener for

Valet, and wouldn't that suit my pocket? "Only a Nominal Salary." Might be fourpence a year. Still if proposal comes from *him*, he can't complain. I'll read this advertisement on to the end. It continues as a reason for the nominal salary, "*not having been out before.*" Now would this do for a Gardener? Let me suppose that I should find this form:—

*"A Gardener who only requires a nominal salary, never having attended to a Garden in his life, and utterly ignorant of Pigs and Cows, wishes for a situation. Good references."*

Now what should I do? He'd be cheap, that's certain, as far as wages go. But his references? What character could they give him, except to corroborate his own statement that he "never had attended to a garden," and that he was, as he stated, utterly ignorant of pigs, and knew just as little about cows. Such a reference would be unsatisfactory; and, after all, if they only said he didn't drink and was honest, wouldn't it be tantamount to describing him as a moral and sober idiot?

On the other hand, I remember my Aunt, who is really an experienced person, distinctly saying, that in choosing servants, she would rather have one at low wages (a Cook for example) whom she herself could teach, and who would do what she (my Aunt) told her, without attempting to instruct *her*, than an elderly scientific professed or Plain Cook, whose only thought was, out of her materials at hand to make as little as possible for the dining-room, and as much as possible for her own private purse.

Then how did my Aunt instruct her? Why by supervision, and out of a good cookery-book. Now, I ask myself seriously, what's the use of my having learned to read and write, and of having gone through the grades of a superior education, if I can't study, day by day, the gardening work, so as to instruct a Gardener, and then see him carry out my orders under my own eye? True, I shall have to devote my time to it at first—but at first only; and, after awhile, I shall from my own personal experience, be able to publish a useful volume on Farming (the *Pharmacopœia* before mentioned in these Notes), and Gardening, with an essay on Pigs, Poultry, Peas, &c.

On the whole, I am inclined to advertise as follows, compounding my advertisement out of what I see wanted, so that thus I may get a thoroughly useful man, whom I could form myself. Besides, Gutch's gardeners will start the affair, just putting things straight.

*My Advertisement, as planned :—*

*"WANTED.—A thorough Out-of-door Servant, not less than twenty-five years of age, with good personal character and references, single, active, and English——"*

I mention this to exclude foreigners; and yet, when I think of it, the Dutch are great Gardeners.

*Happy Thought.*—Might, with a Dutch gardener, win a prize in Dutch Tulips. Imitate the Bungay style, and call it the Giant Emperor Nook Conquering Hero Tulip, or Imperator Victor Nookensis.

*Continue Advertisement, thus: Single—*(it wouldn't do to

have a Double-Dutchman)—*active, English or Dutch. Height no object.*

No, on second thoughts, omit this, or limit it, say, to six feet one. Over six feet one no giant need apply. I can't say height no object when, if he were seven feet, he would be an object—and a tremendous object.

*Happy Thought.*—But then I could exhibit him. Place him among the tulips, and call him the *Géant Jardinier Hollandais au Coin*—*au coin* looks as if he'd been placed in a corner for punishment, but it really means the Nook. Translation of the whole, The Giant Dutch Gardener in the Nook. Or, if only four feet high, *Homunculus Horticulturnisticus Nookensis*.

*Advertisement continued.*—"Middle height. One who requires a nominal salary only much preferred. If he has never been out before, he will be instructed on the premises, he must know something"—

I don't want him to be an absolute fool—

—"of Pigs, Poultry (including Ducks), and a Pony, and must not object to a Cow."

The Cow may object to him, if he doesn't know his business, when he comes to milk; but that's his look-out, and he'll have to look out pretty sharply too, because a Cow kicks sideways, I believe.

"Apply, Nook Farm Dairy, or to X., at the Minerva Club, between Two and Four.

"X.," at the Minerva Club, is myself; and I send the Messenger down to the Newspaper with this advertisement.

Anxious to see what comes of it. Watch and Wait : Motto.

On first opportunity must be introduced to Englemore's stockbroker who farms.

While watching and waiting, I run down to the Nook, to see how things generally are getting on, and to meet Mr. Gutch on the subject of preparations for Garden.

The world of Nurserymen and Seedsmen seems to have awoke to the fact of my being about to start a Garden. I am inundated with *Season Catalogues* (Cagmer's), Bodger's *Annual*, Mumpkin's *Spring List*, Wuggum & Co.'s *Seed and Vegetable List*, *The Royal Bucks Nursery Garden Book*, issued by Hullaby and Sons, with form of order enclosed—so thoughtful this of Hullaby and Sons!—and, finally, Bungay over again, who has sprouted out so wonderfully into all sorts of Lists, Guides, Prospectuses, and illustrated Garden Books, that I am inclined to think he is somehow connected with the printing interest. If not, the cost alone to Bungay of employing Vegetable Authors for the literary part of his (Bungay's) publications, and of fruit, vegetable, and flower artists for the illustrations, must be something enormous. Evidently, a man whose *spécialité* is vegetables, is required, and yet what draughtsman's while can it be worth to injure his health by sitting out all day copying peculiar parsnips and odd carrots, besides seriously damaging his constitution by changing the atmosphere, suddenly, from out-of-doors chill and damp, to the tropical climate of a hothouse, where he would sketch Bungay's *Early Glory* (Strawberry) or his *Golden Intermediate* (Grape).

This leads me into the subject of Fruit. It strikes me that Gardening is certainly an occupation, and with Farming is clearly uncommonly like a business. O, here's Mr. Gutch !

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FOREMAN—SAD—OBSERVATION—ADVICE—PROPOSITION—ONLY A CLOD—DISGUST—SCUTCH AND GUTCH—BUSHES—TREES—WONDERFUL NAMES—NEW FLOWERS.—OFF AGAIN.



S Mr. Gutch is unable to come himself, he has sent his Foreman, or Head Gardener.

He is of a despondent turn, and appears to view any difficulty as almost insurmountable. Occasionally he omits his aspirates, and occasionally reinserts them, in their wrong places, so as to do justice to the letter "H" in his conversation.

The moment he sees the Nook, he looks round as if he were taking in the whole four acres at a glance, and shakes his head without saying a word. He has such a melancholy air that I almost expect he will shed tears, beg me not to speak to him, and walk out of the front gate, with his handkerchief up to his eyes, distractedly.

He doesn't go so far as this, however. He simply observes, 'It's in a bad state, Sir,' which is, I admit at once, true ; adding, hopefully, that "I'm sure we can make something of it."

To this he replies, "To do any good with it will be a difficult job. Why," he goes on, "I suppose this place hain't been touched not by no one for a matter of two year or more."

I believe him to be right, in everything, except grammar and aspirates.

"Now," he asks me, after looking round again, and rubbing his chin, and sniffing, "what are you going to make of this, Sir?"

That, I tell him, is precisely what I was about to ask *him*.

"Flower and Kitchen, I s'pose," he says, eyeing the extent of ground, and communing with himself.

"Certainly," I answer; "with pigs and a cow."

We walk on a little. He seems too oppressed by the utter hopelessness of the situation to say a word. Can't make out what he expected to find here. If the place had been perfect, I shouldn't have appealed to Gutch, and Gutch wouldn't have had to send his Foreman.

He walks on silently. Presently he stops, and takes up a lump of earth.

"It'll be a long time afore we can do anything with *this*," he says, as if he had been called upon to cook and eat it.

If left to myself, of course it would be a very long time before I could make anything of this clod of earth. However, in order to draw him out, and hear what he *has* got to say on the subject (because if he's got nothing to say on the subject, I'd better give up the house, grounds, and the whole scheme at once), I pretend also to take a desponding view of the clod, and we both shake our heads over it.

"Heavy clay!" he goes on. "No doing nothing with it

for a long time. 'Tain't like a light soil, or a rich loamy soil"— Here he weighs it on his hand, surveying it with ineffable disgust, and then, appealing to me, says, "Look 'ere, Sir! What are you to do with *that*? It's 'artbreaking work, it is!"

And he throws down the clod, as if reproaching me with having chosen such a Heaven-forsaken spot, and having trifled with his professional feelings as a Gardener in bringing him to see it.

"Isn't it good for growing things in?" I ask vaguely, and diffidently. The truth is, that I begin to wish I'd never gone in for the Nook, or, rather, that, at all events, Englemore hadn't been so hasty in the matter.

"Well," says Mr. Gutch's Head Gardener, putting his wideawake hat on one side of his head, and scratching the other side deliberately with his right hand,—“well, we might work it so as it *may* come pretty right and do fairly”—this is a great admission for him, and I quite brighten up again : after all, the Nook's a nice place ; “only o' course it'll be four men's time, at least, to break up the earth.” Here he stoops down and brings up another lump, with what appears to me to be straw sticking in it. Holding this up for my inspection, he says, “Why it'll be a goodish time afore we get this Scutch out. I see,” he goes on, with another comprehensive look round and about, “the Scutch is everywhere. You don't get *that* out easily.”

This last observation he makes with a knowing look at ~~me~~, which, in itself, is rather flattering to my experience of horticulture, as it implies that I am perfectly well acquainted

with the difficulties of dealing with Scutch (of which I have never heard till this minute, and which sounds at first like Smutch), and that in consequence as he, the Head Gardener, wouldn't think of deceiving me, so I mustn't dream of trying to humbug him.

"Digging," he proceeds, "and plenty of manuring. It'll stand a deal o' that when the Scutch is once out, or else it'll lose 'art."

I should be sorry, I say, if it did that, and it shall have any amount of manure that may be necessary.

"Half-a-dozen cartloads," says Mr. Gutch's Foreman.

"Certainly ; as much as you like," I reply, heartily, in a spirit, as it were, of true old English Country Gentleman's hospitality. Let Gutch's Foreman make himself quite at home.

"We'll get rid of the Smutch," I say decidedly. It's the first time I've tried the word, and I pronounce it boldly.

"The Scutch, Sir?" he inquires.

"Yes," I reply ; and then, as if to be quite certain we mean the same, I point to it in the clod, and ask, "what do *you* call it?"

"Scutch," he answers ; but they 'as hother names for it in different countries. P'raps, Sir, you've 'eard it called somethin' else."

Very possibly : certainly never Scutch.

*Happy Thought (poetical).—*

Bnt Mr. Gutch  
Will stop the Scutch.

*Happy Thought (practical and prosaic).*—Four men will do it all. How much?

The Foreman can't exactly say, but Mr. Gutch will write to me on the subject. I shall then want some bushes, he supposes.

"Yes, of course, bushes," I answer. I thought bushes grew, and took years to do it. I had no idea until this moment, that you could buy your bushes ready made, and stick 'em in.

"And trees," he goes on.

"Well," I reply, doubtfully, not liking him to think that I shall yield to every one of his suggestions, "I don't know."

*Happy Thought.*—What trees!

The Foreman replies, "Well, mainly, young 'uns has'll look well. Fruit-trees for the wall, hand in the front, by the walk there, you can't do better than 'ave a *hoak*, a *hash*, or a *helm*."

Is he going to make a park of it? I really don't think he understands that I only want this place to be a small Farm-garden or Garden-farm.

"Then," he continues, "you'll have the front laid out in flower-beds, o' course."

Now he has mentioned it, I see, for the first time, that this must have all along been my original design.

"You'll want a few 'ardy plants for bedding out, and quick climbers and some roses, o' course."

*Happy Thought.*—Beds of roses. By all means. There

are various sorts of roses, I believe ; what does he recommend ?

"Well," he returns slowly, "there's the Glory of Die John, a wery nice 'un ; then there's Sellin Forester as'ud come in well ; and Madame Bosankett is a good 'un to creep. Bulldy Nige would look well, a John Chirping, a President Lincoln, and a Raindy Botes. You can't do better, too, for making a show, than a Hollibo, a Rolison, and a Tirer 'Ammyrick."

"All roses ?" I ask.

"All the best sorts as is growd," he replies. "Then there's Werbeeners. You'd like some Werbeeners ?"

"Certainly," I answer. "Verbenas, by all means." He really seems to forget that I'm arranging for a small Garden-farm, not a Botanical Show-place.

"For Werbeeners," he continues, "there's Charles Squedgeley with a cherry centre, and Mr. Pinto, and Miss Pinto pale flesh and nearly white she is, but they're more for exhibiting. Then, s'pose you 'ad a goodish few Sinuaries. There's Renton's Miss Jones, white and rosy, and Lord Wezzlemore, yellow, profusely covered with small reddish-brown spots—no, that there's a Calsolarier, though—and there'd be a place for a lean-to house by the wall yonder."

*Happy Thought.*—A "lean-to house" must be a sort of Tower of Pisa on the Premises.

I really don't understand what Gutch's Foreman thinks I want to make of the place. He has partially recovered from his despondency, and notes down that I shall require four

men, plants, bushes, and trees. Will I have a flower list, in which I can mark anything that may strike my fancy? I thank him, and accept. He is off.

When he's gone, I examine the catalogue, and am quite taken at first with the long names. I mark off in pencil the *Philodendrammedonensis Bipinnatifinicatifidum*, which sounds like something between an antediluvian monster and the chorus of a comic song : then a *Sericotelinelladocalyx floribifolia splendensis*, which must be quite a firework of a flower, with a pop-bang to finish with.

*Happy Thought.*—A flower with a pop-bang shoot.

Under *Azaleas*, I select *Baron Bagwig*, fine form, with scarlet spot ; *Duke of Cambridge*, rosy carmine ; *Martha Spry*, richly spotted with crimson on the top lobe ; *The Inimitable Sambo* (one of Bungay's, I find), covered with small crimson red specks, and of a profuse flowering habit ; and, as something satisfactory to finish with, *Lady Candlish* (Improved).

Up to town, to find answers from Gardeners addressed to "X." at Minerva Club.

## CHAPTER XXV,

GARDENERS ON VIEW—THE CLUB—DIFFICULTIES—ENGLEMORE'S LETTER—THE COMMITTEE'S REMONSTRANCE—THE DEPUTATION—SOLO AND CHORUS—OLD MEMBER—ADJOURNMENT MOVED—ROOMS—JUKE STREET—INTERVIEWS—EXAMINATION CONTINUING.



HOPE to meet Englemore at the Minerva Club.

Arrive at Club. Annoyed at finding the steps thronged by a crowd of respectable-looking artisans. At least, some appear to be artisans in their Sunday best, with a variety of neat things in hats, and others present a sort of groom-out-of-place appearance, specially about the trousers, which are clearly perquisites of the past adapted to straitened circumstances.

*Happy Thought.*—Evidently something to do with the Strikes. Perhaps a Deputation to call on one of the members. If so, shall complain of it to the Committee as a nuisance.

In the hall, more of the deputation, without their hats. Tall and healthy, tall and unhealthy, short and thin, short and fat—in fact, all sorts and sizes, with a hungry, restless

look about them, and an indescribable awkwardness of hands and feet, as if the disappearance of both would be an intense relief to them.

"Any letters?" I ask the Hall-Porter.

"One, Sir," he answers, and presents me with what I know at once to be a trifle from Englemore. He says:—

*"Saw your advertisement. Good. Have pushed it about. Wired country friends to send up to 'X., Minerva Club.' Personal interview saves trouble. Hatfuls of Gardeners. Pick and try. Look here. Going to have Mister Housewarming. Theatricals. Peter Playacting. Put you down for part. Larks. Got Major Sideboard at last. Quite a G. B. for L. s. d. down. Took off Daniel Discount ten. That's good enough for your*

*"LITTLE ENGLEMORE.*

*"P.S. Heard of Mister Pig just suit you. At least he won't suit anybody else, so you might get him cheap. Wire 'Yes,' if pig or not.*

*P.P.S. Hope you'll like the Jolly Gardeners sent to order. Love to 'X., Minerva.'"*

At first I don't quite understand. Another second clears up the difficulty. I must ask about answers to advertisement.

"Any letters addressed to 'X.' here?"

The Hall-Porter draws a deep sigh. "O," he says, "it's

for you, Sir, is it?" Whereupon he produces a packet of about fifty, and as he does so, I notice the simultaneous shuffling of the members of the deputation in the hall. There is a confused murmur which sounds like "It's him!" in a variety of undertones.

The Hall-Porter continues: "Yes, Sir, besides these here" (meaning the letters), "there's been all these men waiting for you yesterday, Sir, and to-day."

"What, these for *me*?" The deputation!! I look round. They are all bowing and scraping; and the others outside, having guessed instinctively the cause of the commotion, are now coming up the steps, and entering the Club.

"There 'ave been complaints made by the members, Sir, last night, and I was to hand you this from the Committee, Sir. (Here he produces an official-looking document. It contains a warning—a reproof—and necessitates an explanation.)

Other members coming in, pass ill-natured remarks. What am I to do? The men are all bending and smirking. A very tall one, with a deep voice, "presumes that he is speaking to Mr. X."

*Happy Thought.*—Like Stanley finding Livingstone.  
"Mr. X., I presume?"

I am obliged to admit that his presumption is correct. Dr. Livingstone restrained himself, and did not rush into Mr. Stanley's arms. I, too, restrain myself. I don't at the instant exactly see what to say. Hall-Porter looking on. Members in the distance watching, with a view to reporting the whole proceeding to the Committee.

"Yes," I say, "I am 'X.' Why?"

Epigrammatic, but, on reconsideration, unbusiness-like. The applicants smile—all except the gloomy tall man (six feet two, and I won't have *him*, I settle that at once), who, in answer to my question why he hadn't written instead of coming in this manner, says, "I thought as a personal happlication were better as savin' time on both parties which might be himportant to hall." The same idea has occurred to all of them, for they all nod, and more or less express themselves like a chorus in an opera, with the long man and myself doing the two solos. The long man continues, gravely, "I come 'ere yesterday, d'reckly as I see your hadvertisement." Chorus gesticulate again, just as if they were singing, "And so say all of us," without the previous portion of the tune which celebrates the joviality of the individual.

"I've honly left my present place, account of the family going abroad and 'aving no more use for a gard'ner." Chorus evidently don't believe in him a bit. The tall Gardener goes on again with further particulars. I am not listening to him, but thinking how I shall get rid of them all. I hear him saying, "I'm a married man, and my wife can cook or make herself otherwise useful in a house," and I am on the point of dismissing him to begin with, when the oldest member of the Club enters the hall, and wishes to know what all this disturbance is?

The Hall-Porter looks appealingly to me. I beg to offer an explanation. The irascible old man won't be pacified. "It's a mob, Sir!" he says, and I feel that I agree with him.

I show him how the mistake arose on their part from the unfortunate wording of my advertisement.

"It's too bad, Sir ; 'pon my word, it's too bad," the old member blurts out. "And if this sort of thing's allowed, we shan't be able to keep an umbrella in the Club," whereupon he steams off through a glass door, and puffs himself into the writing-room, where he allows some of his heat to evaporate in an effervescing draught of a letter to the Committee.

*Happy Thought.*—Tell the frozen-out Gardeners to meet me in St. James's Park. On consideration, this might be taken for a Republican Demonstration.

Hall-Porter asks, if I couldn't get some gentleman's rooms to see 'em in ?

*Happy Thought.*—Of course. Englemore's ! His old lodgings. Through the tall man, whom I treat as the spokesman, I request the applicants to walk round to Juke Street. They reply through him that they don't know where Juke Street is, and exhibit incredulity as to my intention of ever seeing them again.

*Happy Thought.*—Direct Club Commissionnaire to guide them. Intrust him with half a sovereign to be divided among them in liquor at the nearest tavern.

*Exeunt Omnes.* Thank Heaven !

If Englemore sent most of these fellows up, or got his friends to do so, I must have a row with him ; at all events he shall have the benefit of them in his rooms, if possible.

It is possible. Mrs. Dumper, Englemore's landlady, knows me, but though "Mr. Englemore is giving up, yet she is doubtful whether"—In fact, she is hesitating, though she has not seen my crowd, who are still in the public-house, and I have only requested to be allowed the use of his sitting-room, just for half an hour, merely to see some gardeners who have called about my place. She is not in the least interested, and demurs.

*Happy Thought.*—I say to Mrs. Dumper, "I fancy that Mr. Englemore's rooms would suit me; because I sha'n't live in the country altogether."

"Well, Sir," she says, seeing her way to a tenant, "you can look at 'em now, and if you like to use them for 'arf an 'our or so there won't be any great 'arm done, I dessay."

I take my seat at Englemore's table, after calling to the Commissionnaire to bring the men up here. Quite Magisterial.

The gloomy man, who has been making himself gloomier than ever with beer, I dismiss at once. He is so utterly taken by surprise that he has nothing to say for himself; and every one else's interests being dead against him, nobody has anything to say for him, and so there's an end of him. He's a weight off my mind. I'm sorry he hasn't obtained the situation, but he has incumbrances, and holds such views on pigs, poultry, and a cow, as are utterly irreconcilable with mine.

*Number Two.*—Is an unhealthy-looking person with weak knees. He says he understands glass. Whatever else he

doesn't understand, one thing he sticks to, and that is—Glass. I tell him I haven't got any glass, that I don't intend to have any glass, and that—to put it forcibly—I hate glass. At this last blow, he staggers from the room and disappears. With him go three others who had come there solely on the strength of their knowledge of Glass.

*Number Three.*—Muddy-faced, short man ; gloomy style in gaiters. His eyes seem inclined to blink. He bobs at me with his front lock, and attempting to focus his gaze on the top button of my waistcoat, awaits my questioning.

“What can you do?”

Directly I have spoken, his eyes begin to wander. Perhaps he is trying to recall all his accomplishments.

“Well, Sir,” he presently answers, with rather a silly kind of laugh, “a good deal depends on what you may want.”

I admit that a good deal does depend on it. Referring to my notes of what to ask applicants, I find briefly “to inquire (a) Can he Pig? (b) ditto Cow, (c) Ducks, (d) Poultry, (e) Farm?” Also, N.B. and special, “Can he Pony?”

“Single-handed?” he asks, fixing his gaze on the button where he had previously been so successful.

“I don't quite understand,” I say.

His eye wanders, and he speaks very carefully, as if weighing every word, and finding them all uncommonly heavy.

“My meaning is—as do you—keep another man—or——” here vagueness seems to seize him suddenly, but he tries my top button again, and finishes with—“or all this—for—one?” Then he frowns.

"For one," I answer.

He won't let that top button out of his sight for an instant now.

"With—occashnal 'elp?" he asks; then adds, while allowing his features to relax into what he intends to be a persuasive smile, "You'd have occashnal 'elp, I s'pose, Sir. Cos you see, Sir," he goes on, his tone becoming almost pathetic, "a pig, a cow, a pony, and what not besides, is more than one man's time sing'anded."

On deliberation, I concede a boy now and then. He shakes his head over it. "Very sorry, but he don't think as it'll do, and he don't think as I'll get anyone, who ain't not quite starving, for such work as this."

He is suddenly changing his manner to impertinence. It breaks upon me all at once—he is drunk and impertinent.

This decides me. He may withdraw. He lingers. He ought, he says, to have his expenses for coming up on such a fool's errand. I can't hear of such a thing.

"Can't hear?" he suddenly exclaims, becoming quite violent and offensive, "Who's you, to send for poor 'ard-workin' men up 'ere, trepannin' them up for nothing? Darn you an' your pigs and your cows! Why, I'd be above offrin' a respekable man such a place as yourn, and if there's law in this land, I'll——"

Here a decent-looking woman rushes into the room, and seizes him. "John," she says, "you're spoilin' your chances; don't be a fool." He looks sullenly at her, as if he'd like to argue this point. But she continues to me: "He took some-

thing next door, being a temperans gen'ally, as went against him, and he ain't quite hisself just now."

Fortunately, she is able, with the assistance of a friend or two outside, to get him away before he is less and less himself, as he is every moment becoming, and so rapidly that who he'll be when he reaches the front door, and gets out into the cold air, it will be difficult to determine.

Examination continues.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

STILL IN JUKE STREET—FIXING A GARDENER—OBLIGING  
—THE DUKE—THE MIKADO—JAPANESE IDEA FOR  
SHILLING MANUALS—GOOSEBERRIES—RATS—BEES—  
BEDDING OUT.



XAMINATION for place of Gardener finished. I fix on one man. He has no objection to anything. Pigs he's at home with, he says, and Cows are rather a pleasure to him than a trouble. Flowers he understands as well, he tells me, as he does fruit and vegetables. Stable-work and pony are a mere joke to this handy person, on his own showing. Evidently the very man for me. Before settling finally, he looks up with a chirrupy sort of a smile,—he is a fair-haired man, by the way, with a fresh, countrified looking face, reminding me, on the whole, of the description in the old song, of the Flaxen-headed Ploughboy.

### *Happy Thought.—*

The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy  
Comes whistling o'er the Lea ;  
To those who don't like whistling  
A nuisance he must be.

However, he looks up with this particularly chirrupy sort of smile, and says :—

“ If you wanted a married person, Sir,—”

“ You’re *not* married, though ? ” I ask.

“ No, Sir ; but if it so chanced as you did want a married man, I could come married.”

I never knew a servant so accommodating. I really feel that it won’t do to presume upon this willingness to too great an extent. I reply, therefore, that I should prefer him single, not having anything for a wife to do; unless, perhaps, my Aunt, when she arrives, could find her some employment.

He touches his hat, and observes respectfully,—

“ As you please, Sir ; it’s all one to me. My object is to make all things comfortable for all parties, and give satisfaction.”

*Happy Thought.*—Ask for his character.

He will give me the address of his last place, and, if I will have the goodness to write to the Duke of Shetland, I shall find that His Grace will be able to speak of him in terms which, he trusts, will corroborate his own account ; and, should this not be sufficient, an application to His Serene Highness The Mikado will establish his claims to being a first-rate professional Gardener in all sorts of fancy lines.

At first it strikes me that he is joking. This is so improbable, and he is so serious withal, and so pleasant and cheerful about it, that in an off-hand manner, as if correspondence with Mikados and Dukes was among my daily

routine of letter-writing, I signify that, if I find after a month's trial he should suit me, I would then write to his former employers for testimonials.

*Happy Thought.*—In order to avoid mistakes, I ask him, as he is withdrawing, whether he really means the Mikado, or has made a mistake in the name?

He draws himself up with some dignity, and replies, "I am not likely, Sir, to have made any mistake. The Mikado has done more for me than any other nobleman or gentleman living, and I am bound to say, Sir—" (here he is absolutely becoming affected almost to tears)—"I am bound to say, Sir, that, but for him and the Duke of Shetland, who gave me the first cuttings of the *Hortensis floreatus*, I should never have known an hour's happiness."

He does not appear at all inclined to stop at this point, but has evidently much more to say, which I nip in the bud.

*Happy Thought.*—Gardening simile appropriate. That this should occur to me is a cheering sign, as it shows that my mind is gradually being given to the subject. Can't do anything with any subject, no matter how trifling, unless you give your mind to it.

I nip him in the bud, and he bows himself out. I fancy I hear him sobbing on the stairs. If so, he must be as tender as one of his own young plants. Odd about the Mikado! Perhaps he got into his service on purpose to learn something about Japanese Gardening; and *that* is what he has been alluding to as fancy-work. Might hear of some operations

in Japanese Stocks at  $9\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. But this is not to the point. Now to other business.

*Mem.*—Aunt returns from Aix day after to-morrow, thoroughly galvanised.

*Mem.*—Little Uncles, Jack and Gill, from the sea-side with Nurse.

*Mem.*—The Nook, Nookside, sufficiently furnished for habitation.

*Mem.*—Gutch's men at work on Nook ground.

*Mem.*—Cow, Pig, Pony, still unbought. Do it all in a lump. Queer sort of lump—a Cow, a Pig, and a Pony.

Write to Englemore. Inform him of my having settled with Gardener. Tell him that, "under the circs," I haven't time for theatricals, or would be very happy to join him in his house-warming, and will he *at once* introduce me to the Gardening and Farming Stockbroker whom he mentioned?

Letter sent by hand.

*Happy Thought.*—While waiting for answer, go to book-seller's and buy Shilling Manuals on farms, flowers, &c.: *The Little Flower Gardener, Every Man his Own Seedsmen, Hints for Horticulturists, The Little Poultrywoman's Guide*, also *The Economical Vegetable Book*.

*Happy Thought.*—"The Economical." Hope this'll keep the Mikado's young man in check.

*Anecdotes of the Rat.*—Perhaps hardly necessary—and yet, in an old place—not in the house, of course (for if they

are in, I'm out, that's all), but in the stable there might be rats.

*Gossips on Gooseberries*, including a treatise on fruit-growing generally and the cultivation of the Grape. I must have a work on Pigs.

*Happy Thought*.—Write one (after experience) myself. Title, *Kill and Cure: being a Scientific treatise on Pigs. A Baconian Essay*.

I hit upon one work then which I decide to buy, before all others: *The Bee, its Habits, &c.*

*Happy Thought*.—This is a brilliant idea. It strikes me as Englemore, by way of answering my letter, comes himself in a cab. I say, impetuously, to him, "Look here. I've settled what I'll do. I'll keep Bees."

"First-rate thing—Mr. Bee," is his reply. "Put him under little Harry Hive, and then run away as hard as you can."

"I shall buy a book on the subject."

"That's it," he returns, at once quite taking the idea, but in his own way. "Book for Bee, B for Book. *The Bee, and how to avoid Him*, I know. Once get accustomed to them and they mean £ s. d. Getting accustomed to 'em is rather a bore tho'," he goes on, as if he knew something about it; "because you have to live with your head in a bag for a week and your hands in mufflers, something between the diver at the Polytechnic and a prize-fighter with boxing-gloves; because when they don't know you Mister Bee will

sting Colonel Stranger all over. The Honey's good enough for your little Englemore, without Mister Bee."

This rather discourages me. Now about his Gardening Stockbroker. Can I see him, and get some hints?

"All right, Colonel," he replies. "He's gone home, and you're to come. Pack up Captain Carpet-bag and little Tommy Tooth-brush, that's all."

I see, we're to stay the night, eh? Englemore winks slyly, and answers, "All among the barley. Twenty miles away. Train down. Daniel Dinner, Peter Port. If you're waking call me early, Mother dear, without a headache. Major Ozone on the premises."

I accept, make ready, and am off with him.

*Happy Thought (still in the Gardening vein).—I'm going to be "bedded out."*

## CHAPTER XXVII.

MICKLETON'S SHAY—*CHEZ* MICKLETON—THE PROFESSOR  
—CHICKABIDDIES—COUNTRY AND TOWN—NOTIONS—  
THINKING IT OUT—CUCKOO—BRIEF DESCRIPTION—  
RIDDLE.



DOG-CART at the Station to receive us.  
Foggy drive.

We arrive at Mr. Mickleton's house, which is out of the fog, and up a hill. Mickleton (Englemore's friend) beams on us from the hall-door. It quite warms me to see him: he is so round and jolly. He has gaiters on, having apparently only just this minute come in from farming.

"Welcome to Walnut House!" cries our host, heartily.

We descend; and the introduction takes place in Englemore's own peculiar style.

"Professor Mickleton." He is only plain Mister, of course. Then, turning to me, "The Colonel. He wants to learn all the little fakements of farming, and all round my garden in twenty minutes. Eh, Professor?"

Mr. Mickleton replies, smiling, "It's rather late *now*, Englemore."

I interpose, politely, that I wouldn't on any account think of trying to see the farm at this hour. Too late, and too dark.

"Don't know that," says Englemore, thoughtfully. "Might have little Tommy Torchlight out with us, eh? New idea. Good picture for *Illustrated*: 'Torchlight Visit of the Royal Party to Professor Mickleton's Farm.' Also article, 'All Among the Pigs.' What time's Mister Grub?"

"Three-quarters of an hour from now," answers our host; and forthwith invites us into the drawing-room.

Here we are introduced to Mrs. Mickleton, who is sewing something or other of a fluffy character.

She expresses her pleasure at seeing us, and subsides, without another word, into her knitting, or whatever it is.

"All Chickabiddies straight?" inquires Englemore, who has at once established himself on the hearth-rug.

"The children?" asks Mrs. Mickleton, looking up for a second.

Englemore nods.

"Quite well, thank you," she answers, resuming her work.

I don't see, as yet, my way towards interesting Mrs. Mickleton in a conversation.

*Happy Thought.*—Weather and children. Effect of climate on youth.

"I suppose," I say, "you find this place agree with them wonderfully?"

I don't know the reason for my supposing anything of the kind, as I've only been here ten minutes, and haven't seen

anything at all of the place itself. Still, it *is* the Country, and not London : at least, this I imagine to be the basis for my observation.

Mrs. Mickleton is obliged to desist in her work, I find, every other second minute, in consequence of the fluffy stuff rubbing off and flying to her nose, which she is forced to rub irritably.

"This place?" she returns, after a second's friction of the point of her nose with her right forefinger, and then speaking very slowly. "This place? No, indeed; I wonder we manage to keep alive here at all. My husband's away all day. There's no society. As you may imagine, it's very dull."

Between each of her sentences she does two or three stitches, and then, just as I feel that she is expecting me to start some topic, or agree with her, or, at all events, say something, she resumes her discourse. Her method is: take up discourse, drop stitch; take up stitch, drop discourse. Simple. She has finished now, and I observe that, of course, if there is no one here, it must be very dull.

*Happy Thought.*—Mrs. Robinson Crusoe without a Friday.

"The garden," I say, "must be a great pleasure."

"Yes, if you understand it." Stitches. "I don't." Stitches.

*Happy Thought.*—If a stitch in time saves nine, and if she is always in time, what a heap of labour she must economise during the year. (Think this out.)

"She continues. "Mr. Mickleton doesn't understand it, though he pretends he does." Stitches.

"Then the Professor is Mister Van Umpug," says Englemore, laughing it off, with a wink at me.

It occurs to me that Mrs. Mickleton must know more of her own husband than Englemore; and, supposing she is right, of what use will he be to me? Why am I down here? Ah, I forgot; *his* line is farming.

"Mr. Mickleton is very much interested in farming, is he not?" I inquire, rather nervously.

She smiles, and has a difficulty with the fluff again, before she replies:

"Well, it quite depends upon the humour he's in. He has a sort of sloppy, muddley place, that he calls his farm." Stitches. "When he comes down early on Saturday, he walks about there in thick boots and gaiters, and talks a great deal of nonsense, I believe." Stitches. "On Sundays he always makes a fuss about being obliged to inspect the farm." Stitches. "But it's only an excuse for not going to church."

Here a sudden click and a whirr somewhere above my head startle me, and a sharp cuckoo note is repeated six times. Just as I have found out the situation of the clock, a little door over the face shuts with a snap, and the Cuckoo, much to my disappointment, has vanished.

It may be childish, but, on the instant, I feel that, henceforth, my one object in this house is no longer to consult Mickleton on farming, but to see that Cuckoo when he re-appears to tell us the hour. It occurs to me, as quite a sporting sen-

sation, that I should almost like to take the time exactly from the clock-face, and be underneath with a bow and arrow, or drawing-room pistol, to have a shot at him when he next ventures out.

*Happy Thought.*—Adopt the idea for Hurlingham instead of real live pigeons. All the amusement, double the fun, and none of the cruelty.

“Chirpy Chap, eh?” Englemore remarks, alluding to the Cuckoo, “shouldn’t care about him in a bed-room. Should make him touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise, or shut him up altogether. Hallo, Professor, time for Sammy Soap-suds, eh?”

“Yes,” replies Mickleton, understanding Englemore to mean that it is time to prepare for dinner—(he himself has taken off his gaiters and has been putting himself to-rights), —“no dress, unless you prefer it. I shan’t. I say,” he exclaims, as if something very brilliant had occurred to him, “I’ve got such a riddle for you.”

“My name’s Mister Give-it-up,” replies Englemore, easily.

I ask, not being in the least interested, what it is.

Mickleton chuckling over it as if in anticipation of our roars of laughter and delight when we hear it, says,

“Well, I made it myself the other day, and I asked Bagster—you know,” to Englemore. “Sam Bagster, our clergyman here——”

Englemore nods, and by way of describing him to me, says,

"Mister White Choker, wall-eyed. Little off his chump. Go on."

"He's all right now," Mickleton tells him.

"Glad of it," returns Englemore; "but what's Colonel Conundrum?"

Mickleton, who appears to have suddenly forgotten it, rubs his head.

"Ah yes, of course. Well, it's this. Why"—here he breaks off to implore me to tell if I've heard it before. I assure him I haven't.

"I know it as far as you've gone at present," observes Englemore, "Go a-head!"

Mickleton goes a-head. "Why is a Duck," here he looks suspiciously at me, as much as to say, 'Now you *have* heard this before, only out of politeness you won't tell me so'—  
"Why is a Duck like a Charlatan Doctor?"

"The answer begins with 'Because,'" says Englemore; "I'll swear to that."

"Ah, you know it!" cries Mickleton. But we assure him that we do not. Will he relieve our anxiety, and tell us?

He will, with the greatest pleasure.

"The answer is," he says, "because they *both quack*." Then he roars with laughter. We only ripple, to begin with, and should drop the subject, but for his boisterously appealing to us, "Good, eh? Isn't it? You've never heard it before?"

*Happy Thought*.—Never.

We all laugh. So heartily; but Mickleton heartier than

either of us. He tells us again, "that he made it himself."

We say, did he, really? and, of course, laugh again.

We, still laughing, and repeating to ourselves, "Yes, Quack, very good!" take our chamber candlesticks, thinking we are going to escape.

But——

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RIDDLEMAKER AT HOME—NOTHING ABOUT GARDENING—TAKEN IN—TIRED—THE PROFESSOR—PUTTING FOOT IN IT—TAKING FOOT OUT OF IT—BOYS—MARIANA—ALL ABOUT IT—LAST CHANCE—GONE.



S we are about to leave the room, Mickleton stops us.

"Look here !" he says, chuckling again, and more than ever, "I've got another. Only tell me if you've heard it before."

We promise him, and stand in attentive attitudes. (Wonder if he's got many of these.)

"I don't think you have heard it," he goes on ; "because I made it myself."

*Happy Thought.*—Hope he doesn't make many things himself. Wine, for instance. I remember home-made wine, *once.*

"This is it. 'When does an Alderman go on four legs?'"

"When he rides," suggests Englemore.

"No, that's not it !" chuckles Mickleton, delighted at his first failure.

"I can't guess," I reply.

"O, you *can*."

"No, indeed, I can't. I never could."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he laughs heartily. "I asked lots of fellows in the City, and they couldn't make it out at all. Old Dumpter bothered himself over it for half an hour or more, and as to Magendie I thought he'd have gone into fits when he heard the answer. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What is it?" asks Englemore.

We are both getting hungry, and I've just stopped a yawn.

"I'll tell you," replies Mickleton, winking rather to himself than at either of us, "An Alderman goes on four legs when he becomes a *Mare*. Eh? Good? isn't it?"

"Ah, I see," says Englemore. "Lord Mayor." "Capital." "Capital," I echo. Then both keeping up a laugh, we once more attempt the door, Englemore observing that he's afraid we shall be late.

The Cuckoo coming out at that instant, is of the same opinion. He only rushes out for one second, or less, to cry "Cuckoo" at the half-hour, and jumps in again, banging the door after him, as if he'd got private and important business to attend to within at which he mustn't be disturbed on any account. He was too quick for me, and I haven't seen him, as yet.

"Half-past six," I say, moving towards the door.

"Plenty of time," observes our host, "we're never very punctual. By the way," here he stops us once more, "talking of riddles,"—we weren't, but that is of no consequence

to *him*—"I made one the other day as I was going up in the train."

We can't help ourselves. Englemore can only murmur sadly, "Colonel Conundrum," and yield. I never saw a man so suddenly and completely depressed as Englemore after these two riddles, and in the presence of a third.

*Happy Thought*.—Look at my watch and slightly yawn.

No good. Mickleton *must* tell us this. If we've heard it will we say so? "Why is a Charity-boy——"

*Brilliantly Happy Thought*.—Yes, we *have* heard it. Very old one.

"No, no, it's not the one I mean," he says.

"Quite the same," returns Englemore, turning the door-handle. Mickleton goes on,—

"When is a Charity-boy like a blue-bottle?"

"Give it up, Massa Bones," says Englemore, in despair.

Do *I* give it up? Certainly. Certainly. What is it?

"Well," says Mickleton, amazingly delighted at his third success, "the answer is, when he's *buzzy*. Ha! ha! ha!" He roars at it.

We are a bit sulky. Englemore observes that it's not so good as the others. I agree with him.

"No!" exclaims Mickleton. "Then I've got a better. It's a first-rate one. I met little Pinker at Birch's the other day, and asked him. He said it was the best thing he'd ever heard. Look here. 'When is the President of the United States——'"

Here the door is pushed open from the outside. Mrs. Mickleton enters in full dress.

"What, James! not gone to dress yet? It really *is* too bad. The dinner will be spoilt, and I shall be kept waiting."

Here a bell rings loudly.

*Happy Thought.*—Leave the Riddlemaker to explain. We go to our rooms.

I've come down here to learn about Gardening and Farming, and he's not said a word on those subjects at present. Englemore calls him Professor. Of what? Conundrum-making?

*Happy Thought.*—Dinner.

We have a very pleasant dinner. Mickleton introduces different wines to us of rare excellence.

Remembering that I have come to learn a great deal from him about farming, I try to turn the conversation in this direction,

It appears that if there is a subject which both Mickleton and his wife carefully avoid, it is farming. As for horticulture, Mrs. Mickleton informs me that "she has become quite tired of flowers." Speaking, I think, at her husband, who, while pretending to be completely absorbed in giving Englemore the remarkable history of a dinner claret, is clearly uncomfortable, she goes on to say,

"The fact is, I have been so long down here without seeing anything except flowers, or anybody except the gardener, that I have become utterly weary of them."

With a secret feeling that I am siding with my hostess against my host, but that he, as a man of the world, will understand this politeness, I reply, "Well, yes, I suppose that it must be a trifle dull."

"*Very* dull," she returns emphatically. "It's all very well for you gentlemen who have got your Clubs and your business in town, to come down for a day *now* and *then*," (such a look at Mickleton, who smiles feebly at Englemore), "and say you enjoy the country so much. But it would be a very different thing if you were obliged to stay here, all alone, from one year's end to the other."

"O, well!" exclaims Mickleton, jovially, "we'll take a house in town for the season, next year, and you'll enjoy this place all the more when you return."

"My dear James," replies Mrs. Mickleton, with a sarcastic smile, "you've *said* that every year as long as I can remember, but you've never done it."

Mickleton tries to laugh it off, and I see that by showing myself interested in farming and gardening, I have evidently put my foot in it.

*Happy Thought.*—Take my foot out of it. Change the topic at once. Ask Mickleton if he's going up to town to-morrow. He frowns at me rapidly, and shakes his head. I've put my other foot in it. It seems that I've got both feet in it, as Mrs. Mickleton takes the reply into her own mouth.

"Of course he'll go up early to-morrow."

"Business," I hint, faintly, in order to do Mickleton a friendly turn.

"There can't be much *business* going on, as my husband is always complaining of what's *not* being done in the City ; but if he makes a new Conundrum, or thinks of a good story, he's not happy till he has gone up to the office and told it to all the people who *call themselves* his friends."

"My dear !" interposes Mickleton, evidently wishing to restrain his wife's remarks before us, and in the presence of the footman. However, as a large stand with an enormous bush occupies the centre of the table, he is hidden from her as completely as I am from Englemore, whose eye I only manage to catch through the leaves, or by dodging a little on one side.

"It's quite true, my dear," she continues. "And then, Mr. Englemore, just before dinner I often receive a telegram to say he won't be down that evening, in consequence of having to meet somebody who is of the greatest importance to him."

"Well," says the unfortunate Conundrum-maker, "I *do* have to meet people who are of great business importance to me, at dinner."

We (his Guests) smile.

I say, "Of course you have," and smile. Englemore winks privately at Mickleton, but is detected by Mrs. Mickleton, when he laughs, and observes that "Boys will be boys," which, though meant kindly, does not exercise a soothing influence on our hostess.

"Boys, indeed" she says. "I should think so. From what I've heard, they're a nice set of boys, too, on the Stock Exchange. And when he stops in town, as he's

always doing—on *business*—he comes back with a lot of Conundrums, as if his trade was to make Christmas crackers, and then he drives all over the country asking these. But it's very dull for me down here, as you may imagine."

*Happy Thought.*—Mariana in the Moated Grange.

Luckily, at this moment, Englemore changes the conversation by asking Mrs. Mickleton if she'll assist him at his House-Warming, when he proposes having Theatricals and a Ball.

Mariana of the Moated Grange jumps at the idea. So does Mickleton. So do I. Anything to get rid of the unpleasant subject. We all go in heartily for Englemore's scheme.

Mickleton, seeing his wife in so excellent a frame of mind, won't hear of her quitting the room, as she is the only lady, and it would be dull for her in the drawing-room. She stops with us.

Consequence of this is that the only topics interesting to *me* are tabooed, and I have come down here for—nothing.

It's late in the year. The Gardeners from Gutch's arc, I suppose, hard at work at the Nook. I should like to ask Mickleton, who, I still believe *does* farm (or why should he have received us dressed in a shooting-coat, clodhopping boots, and gaiters?), what one ought to do in the garden at this time—viz., just the end of the year.

Will catch him in the morning. I decide upon this to myself while they are discussing the house-warming.

Mickleton asks ten Conundrums—his wife encouraging him now—before we take our candles for bed.

Mickleton comes up to see that I'm "all comfortable."  
Opportunity not to be lost.

*Happy Thought.*—Seriously, before going to bed, I ask him, "You know all about gardening. What would you do in a small garden at this time of year, with only one gardener and a help?"

He pauses to consider. He looks at the floor. Then he looks up, shakes his head knowingly, and replies, "I know; I've heard it before. It's like the ship weighing anchor, and drawing four feet of water, and what's the name of the Captain? Smith, eh?"

He thinks it's a riddle. I am about to disabuse him of this notion, when Englemore looks in, and says,

"Hallo! Colonel Conundrum out again?" Whereupon he and Mickleton both laugh heartily, the latter observing, jocularly, something about an old bird not being caught so easily; and then they both say "Good-night!" and retire.

Evidently I shan't get much gardening information out of Colonel Conundrum. What a habit for a man to get into!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

AN INTERVAL—RECORD FROM A GRECIAN HISTORY.



*RULY Happy Thought.*—This being such peculiarly unseasonable weather for going down to The Nook to see how Gutch's men and the new Gardener are getting on—accept Englemore's invitation to stay in town for a night or two, as he says he particularly wants to consult me (and the Mickletons) on his forthcoming theatricals and fancy ball.

*Note.*—Received telegram from my galvanised Aunt. Be home day after to-morrow. Our party, little Uncles and Nurse, &c., to be moved at once to The Nook. As I shan't be up in Town again for some time, more reason to take advantage of it now.

At dinner, a Gentleman, who was at Mr. Conquest's Grecian Theatre on the first night of the Pantomime, tells us "something that will amuse us." Thinking over it afterwards, it strikes me as a

*Happy Thought.*—To put it into verse.

Englemore says, "Do so, Barkins, and come out as Mister Reciter."

Without coming out as Mister Reciter, I put forward the following rhythmical version, which I call

## A BALLAD OF BOXING-NIGHT.

*Being the Narrative of what happened to an Eastern Youth, who had saved up Sixpence in order to go and see the Pantomime on Boxing-night at the Grecian. A fact.*

BILL MIVINS, hero of my rhyme,  
Height five feet, boots and socks in,  
Vowed he would see a Pantomime  
Upon the night called "Boxin'."

An "arrand boy" from door to door  
Is honest Bill. "And which is  
Better, a arrand boy what's poor,  
Or arrand knave what rich is?"

He saved his earnings ; and this way  
He had a goodly store got—  
Fippence three fardens. Yet a day  
And he'd one farthing more got.

These small coins filled his pockets in  
An inconvenient manner ;  
Says Bill, "For this 'ere 'eap o' tin  
I'll get a silver tanner."

Tanners are sixpences, and so  
Are "tizzies," also "benders ;"  
This doth a wealth of language show  
Common to our East-enders!

Far happier Bill on Boxing-Day  
Than any monarch regal,  
He'd got the wherewithal to pay  
His entrance to *The Eagle*!

At six the doors would open wide,  
Not earlier or later,  
And then he soon would be inside  
The Gre-ci-an Theatre.

Joy beamed upon Bill Mivin's face,  
Framed 'twas by two locks curly ;  
He cried, "I'll have fust gallery place !"  
And so he went there early.

"Fust come, fust served," he thus observed,  
Alone at half-past four there ;  
But in an hour, despite a shower,  
There were some ninety score there.

How to hold on Bill understands ;  
He pushed, he backed, he tussled ;  
He needed elbows, arms, and hands,  
That he might not be hustled.

His treasured Sixpence, in his right,  
Was in no trifling danger ;  
He saw that it next minute might  
Be collared by a stranger.

Scores more from East, West, North, and South.

Says Bill, "Here's vere I'll put it."

He popped the Sixpence in his mouth,

And, having done so, shut it.

Each man his neighbour now opposed

(Describe the scene can *no* pen),

Bill scrooged, but kept his mouth well closed

Until the doors should open.

They're open now ! the first rush in !

Bill Mivins would have followed,

But for a blow upon the chin—

*And Bill the Sixpence swallowed !*

Now, carried onward by the stream,

Each bent on getting *a* place,

He stopped, all dazed, as in a dream,

Before the dreaded pay-place.

He had no money. Gone his all !

They shout, "Now then ! the man pay !"

"Get out !" says a Policeman tall ;

"Let them advance as *can* pay."

Outside the Grecian walls Bill sat,

In double-deep dejection,

He thought upon the Sixpence : that

Was food for his reflection.

At a bright thought his tears he dried,  
And then upon the flat way  
He stood upon his head, and tried  
To get the Sixpence *that* way.

Then he "turned wheels," as street-boys do,  
But he made nothing of it ;  
He tried gymnastics all he knew,  
Without return or profit.

A Chemist's? Should he—no, or yes?  
He feared an operation.  
BILL would be charged, too, if success  
Should crown the speculation.

Once more he stood upon his head,  
Policemen wished to take him ;  
But he explained, and so, instead,  
They only stopped to shake him.

They held him like a man that's drowned,  
Until he turned quite dizzy.  
Success at last their efforts crowned—  
Gug—guggle—"Here's the tizzy!"

When he came in, the gallery cheered  
The triumph of his long quest ;  
The Grecian youth had persevered,  
And his reward was CONQUEST.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### RETURN OF MY AUNT—THE NOOK AFTER THE LATE RAINS—A SURPRISE—THE END IN VIEW.



**W**HEN I see the front garden from over the gate I hardly know The Nook again. It is as much changed for the better as a slovenly man who has had his hair cut.

My Aunt has arrived. She has been ganlaved for the Neuralgia, and is quite well again ; which, however, she says, she has no doubt would have been the result if she'd undergone the treat samement at home. She is at first a little annoyed with me about the Glymphyns, because she had predetermined a match ; and, secondly, she is astonished at my not having met her at the Station. These matters are, subsequently, duly explained.

Little Uncle Jack and Gill are also here. When we appear at the front gate, they are playing at horses on the gravel-path, which seems to be, I point out to Englemore, nicely dry in spite of the rain. They are affectionate children. On seeing me, they run away, crying. "They think you're 'Bogie,'" Englemore remarks. They've gone indoors to summon my Aunt.

The old woman left in charge of the house comes to the front door. She recognises me, and sniffs. She prepares for my reception by giving her face a rub round with the corner of her apron, and then she opens the gate, stands behind it nervously, and curtseys.

"Mrs. Bascoe in?" I ask. It may be remembered, but it probably is not, that my Aunt's name is Bascoe.

"Yes, sir," says the old woman. "The lady come as the day before yezzerday. She ain't been altogether well since comin', she ain't. Werry damp it is for them as aint used to't."

"Damp."

"Your name must be Mister Drainage," says Englemore, surveying the lawn. "The ground here's like a greasy sponge. Not nice, Golonel Greasy Sponge, eh?"

"What's to be done?" I ask, for I see that the cottage is in a similar position to what the Ark must have been in after the first half-inch of water had subsided.

"When I came," says my Aunt, after the first salutations and congratulations are over, "you had to walk through one big puddle to the front door, and you couldn't put your foot out of the French windows——"

"Without putting your foot in it," suggests Englemore.

My Aunt nods, and continues—"The revandah was a perfectly swopeless homp."

"Sammy Swamp," says Englemore, translating the phrase in his own fashion. "Your Aunt's right. Look at it now."

I do look at it, and in another second it occurs to me that the masons and builders left here some time since to put

everything in order, have achieved a triumph of constructive skill by sloping the pavement of the verandah *from* the garden *down to the house*!!

"Mister Cellar below, eh?" asked Englemore.

"Yes, but nothing in it."

"Plenty of water by now. Little Tommy Temperature increases; William Water ditto. Steam up. General Damp—everywhere. No dry goods store." He shakes his head ruefully. My Aunt puts her hand to her side, in anticipation of rheumatic effects.

I turn to him, and on him, rather savagely, "Hang it, Englemore, *you* recommended the place. You said 'Nook'——"

"And you Nooked. Good boy. But your little Englemore didn't know about Colonel Clay-soil, and he didn't give orders to Mister Builder."

I admit this. I remark that the garden, considering all things, looks promising.

He cheers me up on this score. "Very promising. It'll be Little All-right if you give it time. Builder must put this square, or no £. s. d. Touch up the cellar. Dry your eyes. Ring up again, and go on with the next performance."

He is right. If drained properly, and so forth, I am sure there can't be a healthier spot than The Nook.

"The bloom is on the rye as far as the children go," says Englemore.

My Aunt replies, "Yes, I'm glad to see them with such cheesy rokes."

We are recovering our good-humour.

*Happy Thought.*—Make the best of a *good* job ; for it is a good job done, excepting the builder, who must have been a perfect fool. Talking of perfect fools, how's my new Gardener getting on ? "Not that he's a perfect fool," I say pleasantly, smiling : "on the contrary, he appeared to be a very intelligent——"

"Did he !" my Aunt says, dubiously. "Well, I can't make him out myself. Nor anyone else, I should say. He's got odd ways of going on."

*Happy Thought.*—Perhaps he has begun his "fancy gardening," and my Aunt doesn't understand it.

"At times,—I don't wish to frighten you, or myself, or anybody," she says, with great consideration, whereat Englemore nods approvingly,—“but at times I think he's queer."

"At *odd* times," suggests Englemore.

But as my Aunt looks uncommonly serious, Englemore frowns at me, as if *I* had made an inopportune joke.

"Queer ?" I repeat, and look at Englemore, who, unseen by my Aunt, goes through a pantomimic performance of lifting up his hand to his mouth, pretending to take a draught, and then touching his forehead significantly.

"You mean that he drinks ?" I say to Englemore.

"Liquor's his name," he returns, nodding affirmatively.

"He frightened that old rag-doll of a woman whom you've put to keep house here," my Aunt continues ; "and, though I don't understand much about gardening myself, yet it doesn't seem to me that he's going on right."

The Rag-Doll meets us in the passage, and corroborates this statement. "Nuffin ain't been right since he come, and Gutch's men left. I raily don't think as he's safe with a pick, or a 'oe, and childern about."

I inquire as to his habits. She has seen him at meals.

"No, Sir, he don't drink, leastways not nuffin to speak on, but he's strange. His second day here he dashed in among them salary beds quite like a mad person."

"Good gracious ! I hope he's not a luniac !" my Aunt exclaims.

"I ain't not so sure o' that, Mum," says the Rag-Doll, sniffing and retiring, first behind her apron, which she holds up to her face, and sniffs over its corner at us ; then, under that cover, she backs down the passage, and goes sideways into the kitchen.

All my Gardener's information concerning the Mikado Japanese Gardening, and the Duke of Shetland, flashes across me. I do not feel comfortable as I enter the Kitchen Garden.

"Hallo !" exclaims Englemore ; and we all three stand in utter amazement at the scene before us.

*Happy Thought.*—Fancy Gardening certainly.

One part of the place looks as if it had been devastated by a fearful storm, while another seems to have suffered from some eccentric convulsion of nature, which has sent the roots up in the air and fixed the tops downwards in the earth. This is the case with the cabbages. The new currant-bushes are tied on to the tops of the highest trees,

looking very like those Dutch brooms which a landsman often notices with wonder at the mast-heads of fishing smacks. The celery beds are completely dug up, looking like a troubled sea in dirty weather, with the exception of one small patch in the centre, where we observe a stone jar standing, labelled legibly *Mixed Pickles*. Garden tools, all brand new, which he has bought on his own account, are, we see, planted out in a row, like young trees, and carefully propped up. An empty milk-pail is by the strawberry-beds, which have been filled with young plants. At the end of the garden, by the wall, we now catch sight of a ~~smoking~~ bonfire, which is just beginning to blaze. The Fancy Gardener is at present invisible.

“Mad as a hatter!” Englemore says, emphatically.

Evidently. But what an awful state of things.

We walk down the Kitchen Garden path in some trepidation. A mad Gardener might be waiting behind a bush, or a hedge, with some instrument, and jump out suddenly—Ah! there he is. *Now*.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST OF THE NOOK—DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO—  
FURTHER INFORMATION—TO LET—FINISH.



WE see the Gardener approaching. Up the kitchen garden walk: dancing. A flower-pot is on his head, which drops off, and a whip is in his hand. His hair anyhow; he hasn't got as far as straws.

"He's a raming maviac!" exclaims my Aunt, and with great presence of mind begins to retreat slowly towards the house, keeping her thumb on the spring of her sunshade; having a vague idea that to put it up suddenly is a staggerer for a lunatic. I hope she won't do it, as it might make him worse.

"Colonel Cut," says Englemore, briefly.

I beg him to be calm, and pretend not to notice anything extraordinary in the Gardener's manner.

*Happy Thought.*—Pretend.

We go to work to pretend. My Aunt retreating. I say to the man, "How are you getting on?"

"Well," he replies, briskly. "The Mikado himself couldn't

wish for more, except glass with care. Here's a treat for His Royal Highness !”

He lifts up a flower-pot, and shows us, planted underneath, an upright stick with a red herring fastened to it by a bit of red riband.

“That's my idea,” he says, with **pride**. “That's ornamental and fancy gardening. I'm burning Guy Fawkes at the end there.” Then he adds, mysteriously, “Not a word to the Duke.”

Pointing to the garden implements all planted in a row, he asks, “What do you think of that ?”

Englemore replies, nervously, “Capital ! couldn't be better.”

“You don't think so,” returns the Gardener, suspiciously.

*Happy Thought.*—To go on pretending. I feign an interest in this plantation. What is its object ? Is it Japanese ? I ask.

“Do you know who the Mikado is ?” he asks.

Englemore, regaining courage, suggests, “Japanese Tommy ?”

“Tommy !” shouts the mad Gardener (for there is no doubt about it any longer). “You ain't a Fortyfold Jersey Blue, are you ?”

Englemore nervously twitches my sleeve, and wants me to come away. No, I must keep my eye on him.

*Happy Thought.*—Detain him in conversation while some one goes for a Policeman. Who ? Englemore might stay

with him, while *I* go and fetch a Constable. How to communicate this to Englemore? Await opportunity.

"These will grow and be fruitful. Hush! Don't you hear the seeds coming up. Why, if you want to know all about gardening, you must stand on your head and listen. Can you stand on your head?"

"No; but then you see I'm not a Gardener."

"I can. So can celery sauce."

*Happy Thought.*—Here's an opportunity. While he's on his head, secure his legs.

He does not, however, alter his position. He continues, cunningly, "I don't, and I won't, because of my hair. Turnips, carrots, and The White Incomparable can do what they like—I say nothing; it's not my business, having been His Majesty's faithful servant for years—— But"—here he creeps up to me cautiously and whispers—"who's the Emerald Ringleader, with orchids in his eyes, who's hiding in the ivy?"

Englemore says, briskly, "We'll have him out. I'll go and collar him."

The man stops him, taking Englemore by the arm. Englemore looks at me helplessly. The Gardener holds him fast.

"Don't!" he whispers hurriedly. "Don't do it! He's an *Odontoglossos Pelargonium*! If he's disturbed, he'll shoot me."

"No he won't," says Englemore, soothingly.

"*He will!*" cries the unfortunate lunatic, emphatically. "The Mikado has sent him for the turnip-juice. He's got a pistol!"

"Has he!" says Englemore, more nervously than ever, and not liking to contradict him again.

"*Has he?*" the Gardener exclaims, ironically. "*Why you know he has!* You're a *Gladiolus Gandavensis*. But they've only put grapes in it. *I've got a bullet in mine!*"

Good heavens!

*Happy Thought.*—I ask him, as calmly as I can, to show me the weapon.

He releases Englemore (who takes this opportunity of getting near the kitchen-door), and fumbles in a breast pocket of his waistcoat.

"With a flowering stock," he murmurs to himself. "I always keep 'em by me. I've written a letter about 'em, and I thought you'd kindly give it to the Duke for me."

He is wandering again, and I begin to think the pistol a myth. I assure him that I will take every care of his letter if he will intrust it to me. Or——

*Happy Thought.*—He can, I suggest, himself take it to the post-office in the village.

Once out, he shan't come in again. Only couldn't I be indicted for turning a madman out loose on the road? To lock him up would be best. But where? His room is in a small cottage on the premises next the stable. If he could only be enticed in there!

*Happy Thought.*—"Where's your coat?" I ask him.

He shakes his head and smiles. "I burnt it, so as to put

'em off the scent. Chickweed and cinders is what we must come to at the last." He suddenly bestirs himself. "Earth up celery! Right shoulders forward! Dress vines, top, dibble, and dust-pans!" Then he adds, with a wink of inexpressible slyness, "train up your Gloxinias in silk stockings, and you'll soon see who's the chummy Radish." Then suddenly, "You'll excuse me for a moment, but there's a friend of mine at the bottom of the pond, and I must just go and see him. It's after hours, you know." He bows with the utmost politeness, and walks away hurriedly.

Now what am I to do?

*Happy Thought.*—Go in-doors, and keep him out.

So much is certain to begin with. And so much I do. The Rag-Doll housekeeper says, "I didn't like to tell you afore——"

This is so odd. Servants never *do* like to acquaint you with anything unpleasant,—(specially in the way of breakages, when after being dumb for months they are quite surprised to find that only one out of your two dozen choice pet glasses remains uninjured—the fractures having, of course, happened "afore they come to the place")—until you know all about it yourself, when you find that *they* have known it for ever so long, generally, "since they first comed."

She says, "I didn't like to tell you afore,"—sniff, and corner of apron used—"but the young man as seemed strange, as I said, Sir"—sniff, apron, curtsy—"but he keeps on a saying as there's some pusson with a long name

hid in the hivy, which he has a loaded firearms to go to look after him with."

"Have you seen it?"

"No, not azackly;"—sniff—"leastways, I've heard it as he was shootin' them spurrows."

"A gun?" asks Englemore.

"No, Sir," answers the Rag-Doll; "which it ain't nor azackly a gun, nor yet a pistol, nor blomblebuss, but them new things as goes round a' round and off ever so many times at once; an' I think as the young man said as it were a garden name, convovolus, or such like."

"Revolver!" exclaims my Aunt, who has a good ear for verbal mistakes.

"Werry likely, Mum." Sniff. "I knowd it were sumfin o' that. Look, Mum, if he ain't at it now."

From the window we see him. He is half hidden behind an apple-tree, but we catch a glimpse of one arm with a pistol in its hand, changing its aim every second.

We lock all the doors.

"You see," says Englemore, "it isn't safe for Major Madman to be about. Colonel Constable ought to be on in this scene."

"Heavens!" exclaims my Aunt, "you see if one of us go out, he might shoot, thinking it was his enemy coming out of the ivy. I wish we had never come down here."

Decided. Aunt, little Uncles, and Nurse to go to town *at once*. Englemore to see them from the front gate down to the railway, and to call in on his way for police.

The whole kitchen garden is in utter disorder. The

"Luniac" is now engaged in breaking a few-glass frames with a rake, occasionally stopping to draw his pistol, and present it at some imaginary foe.

If the police won't come, and if it's illegal to take up a mad servant, then, what shall we do when the night comes on, and we can't see where he is?

I watch him from the first-floor window.

He has got a ladder. He is coming towards the house.

*Happy Thought.*—Get behind a curtain. Musn't let him see me.

He stops. He fixes the ladder so that the top comes within a foot of my window. I see it shaking, and he is coming up. I know that his pistol is in his pocket. In his left hand he holds a string with a large Spanish onion tied to it.

"Creepers up here," I hear him saying, "because of the cats." He balances himself on the ladder, swinging the onion to and fro. Presently it comes, like a stone from a sling, against the window, smashing a pane to atoms. "Oh my coniferous Geranium!" I hear him saying, and am conscious of the revolver being pointed towards the broken glass.

Suddenly he turns on the ladder, roars with laughter, throws the pistol at something or somebody below, and slides down like a schoolboy on bannisters. I venture to look out. Two respectable-looking men have got him by the arms; they are talking amicably, and Englemore, from below, is making signs to me not to interrupt. Presently

the unhappy man and his two keepers disappear. Englemore comes up and explains.

"He is quite off his nut. Been little Master Out-of-the-Way for three weeks. Met Colonel Keeper in the village. From information received, he came up here and nobbled him."

I announce my intention of shutting up The Nook till the spring time. Perhaps altogether.

"You see," I say to Englemore, "To keep up a place like this——"

"Mister Farm of Four Acres," he observes, parenthetically.

"Yes, Colonel ; go ahead."

"Well—I mean it's very expensive, unless it's ready made to hand."

"Yes. Turnips on Tap, Pig in the Pound, Greasy Grass and Swan Swum over the Swamp. Daniel Drainage, Dicky Dirt, and the great Dismal Damp. I know. Rheumatics murder sleep. No door-mat to-night."

"You agree with me that I'd better give it up for the present?" I ask.

"Well," begins Englemore, with a certain amount of hesitation. And then he says, with decision, "The fact is, I think your name had better be Walker. Let it while you can. You may have some difficulty."

"In letting The Nook? What?—rent too high?"

"No. But I've only just heard, here, that it has the reputation of being——" He hesitates.

"What?"

"Haunted. Your own private Ghost on the premises. Dircks and Pepper. How's your poor Goblin?"

"That decides me. We go. My Aunt couldn't live in a——"

"In a '*Aunted* house," says Englemore, adding "Mister Shakspeare," by way of giving his authority for the pun.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I say, stoutly.

Englemore winks. "Give a ghost a bad name, and there you are. There wouldn't be the ghost of a chance of letting The Nook if it smelt of spirits."

He is probably right. And so we decide. The Nook is To Let.

In the spring-time I may be on the look-out for some new Rural Retreat, where the absence of Mister Drainage is not a drawback. Any more difficulties with Gardeners would turn my hair grey. For the present my name is London. Perhaps, one of these fine days—I mean on any day when a ray may induce us to believe once more in the Solar System.—I may find the Paradise which shall be all my fancy painted.

Till then, Farewell.

# **THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.**

**BY**

**MASTER IZAAK WALTON, JUN<sup>R</sup>.**

## PREFATORY TESTIMONIAL

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To the Author of "HAPPY THOUGHTS," who, having kindly undertaken the Editing of this most interesting Work, has executed his task with rare skill and ability, we beg, as Descendants of our illustrious Ancestor, to tender our most hearty compliments, and most sincere thanks, and subscribe ourselves

His most obliged servants,

WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE,

WALTON-ON-THE-THAMES.

# THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

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## CHAPTER I.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN AN ANGLER, A HUNTER, AND  
A HAWKER.—WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE FIRST DAY.

PISCATOR. VENATOR. AUCEPS.



*PISCATOR.* You are well overtaken, Gentlemen !  
A good morning to you both ! I hope your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine May morning.

*Auceps.* My ware is the occasion of my business. I am a Hawker. You may know that from my pack.

*Venator.* And I, Sir, am a simple Hunter, though you could not come at that knowledge, seeing me without my pack.

*Piscator.* I am right glad to hear your answers. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle.

*Auceps.* Marry, I had a Sister in a Circle. She is now a Columbine.

*Piscator.* Nay, you mistake my meaning. I am an honest fisherman, and I purpose taking my morning cup at the "Welsh Harp."

*Venator.* Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company, for, in sooth, I do begin to mistrust the coming of a fox in my way, this May morning ; and, indeed, my horse and I having parted at the last privet hedge, he preferring to remain on one side while I came over on to the other, I doubt whether I shall come up with the hounds, which, if I am rightly informed, are appointed to meet some miles hence.

*Piscator.* Here is the "Bald-faced Stag." Let us turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a rest.

*Auceps.* Most gladly, Sir. This is very excellent ale.

*Piscator.* I exchange courtesies with you both. A small glass of Geneva thrown into it, thus, leavens the whole, like a spice of Calvinism in the Thirty-Nine Articles.

*Auceps.* Ay, and assists to settle it : like an arbitration.

*Venator.* Sirs, your discourse charms me to an attention.

*Piscator.* Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to propose to you that one should be at charges for the other.

*Venator.* Nay, Sir——

*Piscator.* I accept your courtesy. Hostess, take my young friend Master Venator's proffered coin.

*Auceps.* Prithce stay your hand an instant. I will try chances with you, good Sir, to discover which of us two shall discharge the score of the three.

*Venator.* Nay, Sir, I cry you mercy——

*Auceps.* Marry, you should have cried "Heads," for 'tis "Tails," and you have lost.

*Piscator.* I am glad we are on the road once more. We shall soon come to where the river will stop our morning's walk.

*Venator.* O me ! I have lost my cigar-case.

*Auceps.* Nay, Sir, never look so downcast at this ill-stroke. I have in my pack two bundles of cigars from the Havannahs, all excellent good, which I am minded to let you have a rare bargain. See how brown and glossy is their appearance; tied about, too, with a yellow fillet. Marry there be those of high degree who should not deal with me at one shilling a-piece. But, since your presence and fair conversation like me, you shall have them for sixpence each, and I protest this is, as it were, to bestow them with an open hand. Do *you* smoke, Mr. Piscator?

*Piscator.* I do, Sir, in good truth. Indeed I have a sufficiency of the herb, in my pouch, for my own wants. Were I not thus furnished, I would—while our very young friend Venator is counting his money, apart and out of hearing—I would, I say, take a liberty to inquire three things of you. *Firstly*, Of what colour is the grass? *Secondly*, Do you notice a reflection of that colour in either of my eyes? And, *thirdly*, Are you, as a sportsman, sufficiently skilled in the art of approaching a weasel with so great caution that he shall not be disturbed by your footsteps, and therewith proceeding so skilfully to shave off his eyebrows, that the creature shall not discover your trick until he be awake?

*Auceps.* Marry, Sir, I think I do perceive your meaning. Silence is silvern?

*Piscator.* Ay, now, Sir, you talk like an artist. Nay, I am not to be put off with less than seven, and those, mark you, good.

*Auceps.* Give me your hand. There, Sir.

*Venator.* Honest Auceps, here are two pounds ten for one bundle.

*Auceps.* It is a match, Sir. Marry here is one that strikes only on its own box. And now, Gentlemen, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry. But, I assure you, Mr. Piscator, that, however fishy I may have hitherto considered your general conduct, yet I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. Heaven keep you both.

*Piscator.* Well, now honest Auceps is gone, Mr. Venator, I will tell you all I know about angling.

*Venator.* Sir, my patience and diligence shall not be wanting. But I would first ask you if you can teach me how to jerk a coin in the air so it fall this or that side uppermost, as you shall list.

*Piscator.* O, Sir, doubt not, 'tis an art, whereof honest Auceps is a master. Favour me with half-a-crown, and I will show you how the feat may be suitably accomplished. Nay, this is an indifferent piece.

*Venator.* Marry, Sir, it was one given me in change by honest Auceps. But here is another.

*Piscator.* You shall put my skill to the trial when we have breakfasted.

*Venator.* I would I had breakfasted ere I had attempted that cup of ale and these cigars.

*Piscator.* Nay, Sir, you look pale. Here is the "Welsh Harp." Hostess, how do you? I will myself see this poor young gentleman safely bestowed in bed. Now, Hostess, a cup of your best, and breakfast at once.

*Hostess.* I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

## CHAPTER II.

HOW THEY SETTLED TERMS AND WENT TO CATCH  
A CHUB.

### THE SECOND DAY.



*ENATOR.* My friend, you have kept time with my thoughts.

*Piscator.* I am right glad to see you so fairly risen. I heard our hostess herself bringing the soda-water to the chamber where you lay. You do not eat of this lovely trout.

*Venator.* I cannot. But I will beg a courtesy of you, that you will give me another cup of your hottest.

*Piscator.* 'Tis said by Travellers that the boughs of the trees in China are all laden with Tea-leaves, overhanging the hot water streams into which they fall, while the cows and the cocoa-nuts afford a sufficient quantity of milk, and the stones of the sugar-plums serve for lump.

*Venator.* I could listen to your discourse for hours together. But, Sir, let us be stirring. You shall bear my charges for this past night, and I will bear yours to-morrow.

*Piscator.* Nay, we will settle the score between us, first, for last night's diversion. This paper is in your hand, is it not?

*Venator.* Marry, Sir, I must acknowledge my own subscription.

*Piscator.* Why, then, Sir, you stand indebted to me in three pounds and six shillings, that you lost to me at our Angler's Game of Blind Hookey, which I learnt from an ingenious gentleman in Cardiganshire.

*Venator.* A Welshman, Sir?

*Piscator.* A Welsher. I thank you ; that is the amount exact to a penny piece. Now, do you discharge our hostess, and let us forth. I long to be doing.

*Venator.* O, me ! It is fortunate I brought my cheque-book with me. But, before we proceed farther, let me beg a courtesy of you : but it must not be denied me.

*Piscator.* What is it, I pray, Sir ? You are so modest, so accomplished, so gentle, and so simple, that I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

*Venator.* Ay, Sir, but after ?

*Piscator.* Well, Sir, by that time I shall be able to judge of the request itself, when perhaps my licence might be revoked on the merits. But what is it ?

*Venator.* Why, Sir, it is that, henceforth, you would allow me to call you Master, and that I may be your Scholar.

*Piscator.* Give me your hand. I will be the Master, because I have the rod.

*Venator.* And shall I have it too ?

*Piscator.* You shall. I will teach you as much of this art

as I am able. Nay, more ; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for. I am sure I both can, and will, tell you more than any common Angler, being, as you will find me, a good fellow-traveller, full of witty conceits, tuneful songs, and honest mirth ; such a companion, indeed, as must have his charges borne by his friend and scholar. But come, let us go and catch a Chub.

*Venator.* Master, where will you commence to fish ?

*Piscator.* In the river. Now I will give you some rules how to catch a Chub.

*Venator.* Is not a Chub to be caught——

*Piscator.* In a lock ! I thought you would say that. It is an old conceit, as are all the known jokes about soles, plaice, John Dory, Jack, Pike, and minnow others—I mean many others—with which, I doubt not, you are well acquainted. To repeat any of these should be punishable by the rod.

*Venator.* Master, I will not offend again.

*Piscator.* Let there be a seasonable time for our jests, when, after the labour of the day, we meet at Tittlebait Tower, where I hope to bring you in the evening. As to the Chub which we are now to catch, note that, as you catch a Chub to dress him afterwards, so you must first dress yourself to catch a Chub. You must, then, be attired in a sad-coloured suit, with a hat, shoes, and veil of the same hue, for a Chub is the fearfulest of fishes.

*Venator.* O Master, I begin to be afraid he will bite.

*Piscator.* Marry, I hope he will. But take heart, for he

will bite the grasshopper that you shall presently put on your hook, and so be taken.

*Venator.* O Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I am to be daunted by no Chub that swims, nor grasshopper neither, for that matter.

*Piscator.* Go your way, and put a grasshopper on your hook.

*Venator.* O Master ! O ! O ! O ! The grasshopper has stung me, and the hook has pierced my forefinger.

*Piscator.* Marry, and I am glad of it : I am like to have a towardly Scholar of you. I now see, that, with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it ; and I'll warrant you.

*Venator.* But, Master, if I cannot rid my finger of the hook ?

*Piscator.* Then, I may tell you, that my pocket-knife will soon rid the hook of your finger. Take heed lest you bend, blunt, or damage the hook, which I could not replace for twenty pounds.

*Venator.* Nay, Master, I am free now, but the grasshopper has escaped me.

*Piscator.* Then take a beetle, or a bob——

*Venator.* I have one in my purse with a hole in it.

*Piscator.* Rest you merry, Scholar ; a " bob " is a youthful beetle. Take him, and make in him certain cunning slits, through which you may, with ease, pass the hook, whereon he will wriggle and twist in lively and right merry sort.

*Venator.* See, Master, 'tis as you say. But doth this not cause the beetle some pain ?

*Piscator.* Nay, Scholar, few pleasures are so perfect as to be entirely free of inconvenience, yet these contortions are probably the honest creature's best mode of expressing his extreme gratification and supreme enjoyment of the dignity thus thrust upon him above his fellows, as having been selected to share with Man the gentle science of Angling.

*Venator.* I thank you, good Master, for this observation. And though I be so far furnished for the sport, yet do I lack that dressing without which 'twere vain to attempt the capture of a Chub, and whereof you spake a while ago.

*Piscator.* You shall lack nothing. Take my rod ; put another grasshopper or beetle on your hook : and for your disguise, I will provide you, from my own bag, with a long grey robe, green spectacles, with a fine false nose and moustache all in one, and such a wig as shall insure you against detection, even by the most wary and experienced Chub in this river. My charge for these is but a crown for the first hour, and three shillings for the second.

*Venator.* Trust me, Master——

*Piscator.* Nay, that I will not, Master Scholar. So—these are two good half-crowns.

*Venator.* See, Master, I have got on my Chub-dressing.

*Piscator.* Then go your way. Perch yourself, secretly, on a bough, above the same hole in which I caught my Chub.

*Venator.* I'll go, my loving Master, and observe your directions. . . . O me ! O ! O ! O ! the branch is snapping asunder, and I am just over the hole ? . . . O, Master ! I am in the ho . . . O ! O !

### CHAPTER III.

HOW THE MASTER, WITHOUT ANY CRUELTY, INVENTED A  
NEW KIND OF BAIT.

THE SAME DAY.



*ISCATOR.* So, Scholar, you are out of the water once more, and on the dry bank. You must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler.

*Venator.* O Master, I am wet to the skin !

*Piscator.* No further than that ? Go your way pleasantly, and sit in the sunny meadow, and, while you dry what is moist, I will moisten what is dry.

*Venator.* On my word, Master, that is a gallant flask.

*Piscator.* It is ; and contains choice entertainment. And you are to note that it would be to your advantage were you to provide yourself with one more capacious than you see me carry. And you are to note also that there are several kinds of flasks, of which certain hold sufficient for the refreshment of two, or three, anglers. Furnish yourself with such a flask as I have described, for this carries cheer but for one alone.

*Venator.* Truly, my loving Master, I will observe your

directions. If I could take some comfort from your flask now, I think it would save me a chill.

*Piscator.* Nay, Master Scholar; do you disport yourself over the meadow, and when you are tired I will use my rod so dexterously, that you shall run no risk from the want of a quick circulation.

*Venator.* O, Master! O! Marry, I am warm throughout.

*Piscator.* I warrant you. But look how it begins to rain. We will leave our lines in the river, our rods on the bank, and sit close under this sycamore tree, where I design to eat the chicken sandwiches I have brought in my basket. Does not it do your heart good to see me enjoying this meat? And are not the place and time well chosen to eat it?

*Venator.* All excellent good, and my appetite excellent good too. So, Master, let me fall to. You do not deny me?

*Piscator.* Nay, indeed, I do not deny you, but it is a Christian principle that you should deny yourself. And note, that it is my own forethought and prudence that have armed me with this sandwich, for no angler should come out unprovided.

*Venator.* That will I not again. But now——

*Piscator.* It is a beautiful sandwich, made from what epicures term the oysters of the plumpest fowls. You will find it mentioned in the reckoning which you discharged with mine Hostess ere we left this morning. So, it is finished. Now, while I smoke my pipe of tobacco, I will proceed to my promised directions as to baiting and angling. First, then, as to baiting a hook——

*Venator.* Master, is that another thing from baiting a bull?

*Piscator.* It is as different from it as would be baiting

with a worm, and, what a Hibernian gentleman would term, bating with a stout oaken cudgel—as you shall soon perceive.

*Venator.* Nay, good Master, bear with me, and I will undertake your charges at the next Inn we come to; and, indeed, I would that this rain were finished so that we might be there now.

*Piscator.* Stay a little, and I will tell you somewhat about angling. And, first, as to the Perch. The length of the Perch is five and a half yards, as you may see by your tables. The best time for fishing for Perch is by moonlight. Ere I proceed further, I must tell you that for my discourse on Perch fishing my charge is ten shillings, whether it last ten minutes, or as many hours.

*Venator.* I fear me I lost my purse in the water.

*Piscator.* No; I have it here in my pocket, where I bestowed it for safety, when you were disguising yourself in order to catch the Chub. I will take, therefore, the sum due on each discourse as I proceed. Now for the manner of dealing with live bait. Catch me that choice beetle.

*Venator.* That black one with large claws, red feelers like those of a shrimp, and a sharp-pointed tail in which there is, I am told, a sting! O, Master, I am afraid. O, he is biting me! O!

*Piscator.* You probably imagine a pain which, I confess, I myself do not feel. Now nip his head partly off, and pull off one of his legs: now take your sharp knife, and betwixt the neck, and the first joint of his tail, make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the wire of your hook into it.

*Venator.* O, Master, the knife has entered my finger! O! O!

*Piscator.* There are few pleasures without some alloy. But you cannot possibly feel any hurt, as the learned Sir Thomas de Bedlam has shown that the sensation produced by running a knife into a finger, cannot cause any pain to the person who so uses the knife.

*Venator.* But, good Master, it is my own finger.

*Piscator.* That is a detail which the learned Bethlehemite has not thought it worth his while to consider. Now draw the wire through the insect's body, and bring it up again through the third joint of his tail.

*Venator.* He is stinging my hand with his tail! See—O—Master—see how my wrist is swollen.

*Piscator.* This beetle has no sting in his tail. Now pass this fine needle and silk through the upper part of his hind leg, and sew it to the arming wire of the hook; and in so doing use him as though you loved him—that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer, and afford you the more sport.

*Venator.* O, Master, I have sewn the beetle to my finger, and I cannot rid me of him.

*Piscator.* I can do so with my sharp knife. Yet as I would not perform such an operation hastily, and as an honest angler, however experienced, should be always ready to learn something new, do you go down to the river, and hold your hand, thus baited, in the water. Then we shall see if one of the more voracious sort bite at the morsel. Should he fulfil my expectation, you will at once be able to secure him without rod, line, or landing-net. Come, we will make the experiment. To the river.

## CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SCHOLAR CAUGHT A PIKE.

THE SAME DAY.



*ISCATOR.* So we are once more at the river. Now thrust your hand in, baited as it is with the hook and the red beetle, which you have so cunningly sewn to your finger ; lie close, keep yourself out of sight, and, surely, one of us will have sport.

*Venator.* O ! O ! Master, O ! I have disturbed a red ant-hill ! O !

*Piscator.* Nay, no wonder, my loving Scholar, since your crying is enough to disturb whole villages. I fear me you have not yet a spirit suitable to anglers. How sung the pious Sir Thomas de Bedlam ?

Though wasps may sting me through my hose,  
Though ants and beetles bite my toes,  
Though swarming bees hang from my nose,  
Yet would I  
Quiet lie  
A Fishing.

Though snakes should bite, and leeches suck,  
Though stags should jump at me and buck,  
Though me in air fierce bulls should chuck,  
Yet would I  
Quiet lie  
A Fishing,

*Venator.* I thank you, kind Master, for the sweet verses of the good Sir Thomas, and I do perceive that he did not introduce the "quiet lie" into his song without intention.

*Piscator.* True. But I pray you use this occasion, while you are silently awaiting a fish, to remember some catch, for to-night I will take you to the Fishers' Folly, where my Hostess expects my brother Peter, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, who will bring a friend with him. There we'll rejoice, tell tales, or sing ballads, and pass away a little time without offence.

*Venator.* A match, good Master ; let's be going, for I am very hungry, my clothes are still wet, the red ants are wandering about me, and I would fain move the bait and hook from my finger.

*Piscator.* Nay, stay a little, good Scholar, for I would make you an artist. We shall have a bite presently. So do you lie, prone, with your hand in the river, as I bid you, while I consult my book of conceits and ballads, so that I may be even with brother Peter and his companion to-night.

*Venator.* O, Sir, I see you have finished your study. I have lain here the while—these two hours—and not seen a fish stir. Oh me ! O ! O ! Master ! A fish ! A fish ! O ! He has caught *me* ! O ! He is biting my hand ! O !

*Piscator.* Ay, marry, Sir, you may well be proud of being taken by the hand by such a monarch of fishes as he is. He is an overgrown Pike, the biggest that ever I saw.

*Venator.* O, Master! O! Will he pull me in the water? O!

*Piscator.* If he have firm hold of you, and prove the stronger, 'tis more than probable he will. And I would have you to know that this fish is the mighty Luce or Pike, and is commonly called the Tyrant of the fresh water. So, do you keep a firm hold of the tree, and with dexterous jerk you may land this fresh-water wolf, as he is called by some writers.

*Venator.* O, Master, he is biting my arm! O! I feel as though he were becoming heavier every minute! O!

*Piscator.* He is only assisting at his own capture, as the more of your arm he contrives to lay hold of with his teeth, the firmer grasp will you have of him when the moment for drawing him forth from his native element arrives, and the surer will be his taking. Nay, Scholar, you cannot be in pain, for the beetle, as I have told you, suffers not in the least, either when he conceitedly writhes on the hook, or when he is taken by the fish.

*Venator.* But O, Master, if he remain as he now is, will not this Pike that hath hold of me die? O!

*Piscator.* I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live: and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and so it will gently wear away. And now, while he hath hold of you thus, I will sit down at ease, and tell you something more about the Pike. The learned Gosling observes, that a maid in Tartary was swallowed whole by a

Pike, and was never heard of again. The poet Trombonius hath sung of him—

O'er dale and dyke,  
O'er splint and spike,  
Away ! away !  
To catch the pike !

The pike, the pike,  
The fish I like,  
Is worth a dozen cheven.  
In sooth, I mean,  
He's worth thirteen,  
But that would be uneven.

If upon a bank he lies  
Sixty minutes, then he dies.  
Mourn the birds, and weeps the shrike,  
All the fishes go on strike  
At the death of Old King Pike.

Also my friend, Mr. Wagstaff, affirms that the gaiters of two Polonian gentlemen, who disappeared about the same time and place, were found near a pond on a high road, where formerly there used to be a well-known pike, which had been known to stop horses, cattle, carts, and everything that came in its way. The venerable Bishop Stortford relates how he used to catch these voracious monsters, after dark, by fastening himself to bladders and floating down the stream with a reading-lamp fixed to his girdle, and a spelling-book\* in his hand. Sometimes he carried bottles of hay,

\* The venerable ecclesiastic here mentioned would have taken a Spelling Bee in hand had he lived in 1876. Many queer fish are caught by a Bee of this description.

and the flags of the various countries, through which he floated. There are no pikes in Spain, and the roads are in a very bad state.

*Venator.* Would I were in Spain! Master! O!

*Piscator.* So! Take him in his leap!—You have him. I tell you, Scholar, fishing and catching are two separate arts.

*Venator.* O me! I am content. Shall we eat him, Master?

*Piscator.* Nay, that we will not. Honest brother Peter and his companion will bring a fine salmon trout with them, so we shall not want for fish. But see! there in the meadow are two simple milkmaids tending the sheep: We will speak them so fairly, that they shall be glad to give us a leg of young lamb in exchange for our Pike. So do you carry the fish, cans, nets, and tackle, while I hold the rod, and will presently address these maidens.

*Venator.* O, Master, the more buxom of the pair would be a fit helpmate for an angler!

*Piscator.* Why so?

*Venator.* She is so Chubby. O, Master! I will never again make so sorry a jest! O! O! O!

## CHAPTER V.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR WALK ACROSS THE MEADOWS  
TOWARDS THEIR INN, AND FALL IN WITH TWO  
MILK-MAIDENS.

THE SAME AFTERNOON.



*VENATOR.* O, Master, tell me, as we walk along the meadows, is it true that, while one is fishing, the angler should never speak, and scarcely even breathe?

*Piscator.* Marry, Scholar, he should indeed be silent, and breathe lightly. For, you must know, that a proficient can catch as good a fish as swims, with a fine line from one of the poets, if he be but careful to let it fall with 'bated breath.

*Venator.* What books should a fisherman read?

*Piscator.* I would recommend for your study *Bleak House*, *Dr. Newman's Lectures on Angle-can Difficulties*, *The History of the Rod*, *Hook's Remains*, *Hook's Archbishops of Fishing-Can-terbury*, *The Gentle Life*, *Line upon Line*, and many others of a like nature.

*Venator.* Truly, my loving Master, I could listen to your

learned discourse for ever. But resolve me this, which I have heard proposed as a difficulty to fishermen. When does a Trout exhibit fatigue?

*Piscator.* Well, Scholar, I should reply when he sleeps.

*Venator.* Nay, Master, were you to make such an answer you would err, for the right solution of my question is to this effect, that a Trout shows his fatigue *when he stops to take a fly.* \* \* O, Master, O! it hurts!

*Piscator.* Such is my intention, and this use of the rod is to impress, on your memory, the remark of the venerable Alderman Guttler, that "he who would play a fish must not play the fool."

*Venator.* I thank you, Master. These words are worthy to keep a room in every brain where, as the Lawyers say, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But I think it is now milking time, and yonder they be at it.

*Piscator.* On my word, a handsome milk-maid that hath not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to know the distinction between a pike and the leg of a harmless lamb.

*Venator.* Ah, my kind Master, how beneficent is Nature who has made the lamb 'armless and not legless. \* \* \* O, Master, O! \* \* I will never offend again.

*Piscator.* Exchange is no theft: so, as we have no use for this pike, we will persuade her to give flesh for the fish. She is indeed a blooming rose.

*Venator.* This rose is near an elder, Master; for, look, she is in company of an old maid.

*Piscator.* An old milk-maid, but, as I think, her grandmother. Yet, for all her age, I warrant her as open to fair

speaking, as is her comely daughter, or grand-daughter. And for a little confirmation of what I have said, I shall repeat the lines of De Barnacles:—

*" Flattery's sweet to the youthful and youthless ;  
Flattery's toothsome to even the toothless."*

Good morrow to you, Ladies. I have been a fishing, and am going to my supper at The Fisher's Folly. We have caught more fish than we need, and I will bestow this pike on you and your sister, for I use to sell none, if you will do me a courtesy.

*Milk-woman.* Marry ! we, that is me and my grand-daughter, Sir, and no sister, will eat it cheerfully. We both love anglers ; they be such honest, civil, quiet men. And in the meantime, as we be a bit thirsty-like, what will your Honour give us to drink ?

*Piscator.* What you will, if your grand-daughter will sing us a song.

*Milk-woman.* Come, Maudlin, sing to the gentlemen with a merry heart.

*Maud.* Nay, grandmother, never call me " Maudlin " before these gentlemen.

*Milk-woman.* Marry ! young Coridon, the Shepherd, calls you so.

*Maud.* Nay. Your " Maudlin " has nothing to do with a Corri,\* or a Donne. You shall not call me " Maudlin."

\* *Corri*, a well-known singer. *Donne*, probably an allusion to the accomplished scholar, Mr. W. Bodham Donne, at one time Licensor of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

*Milk-woman.* Well, if you will not be so called by Coridon, you harkened to your Colin's voice, when he played on his pipe, and called you "Maudlin."

*Maud.* You are wrong, grandmother. Colin's called me *Magdalen*, not *Maudlin*, and brought me out at the Olympic.\* But for his playing on his pipe, I never yet saw him with a pipe.

*Piscator.* Save when he was puffing his Cavendish. But sing ! my honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin, sing !

#### THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

The milk-maid ne'er is in the dumps  
While there is water in the pumps,  
While she the briny breezes sniffs  
Seeing the chalk of England's cliffs.

Merrily ho !  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below !

The milk-maid has a smiling face,  
She walks the town with matchless grace,  
She carries cans, and those who pass,  
If Scotchmen, cry "The canny Lass !"

Merrily ho !  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below !

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\* This is, it may be fairly conjectured, an allusion to the play of the *New Magdalen*, by Mr. Wilkie Collins. These antiquarian researches render the editing of this work highly interesting.—[ED.]

Of her pet-cow she sings in praise  
A song. "The light of Udder days,"  
The milking-maids know, far and wide,  
The tune whereof the old Cow died.

Merrily ho !  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below !

She loves the sky and all that's blue,  
And to her Colin she'll be true.  
O, if you'd lead a happy life,  
Go take a milk-maid for your wife.

Merrily ho !  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below !

*Venator.* Well sung, sweet Maudlin.

*Maud.* Nay, Sir, you must pay me for my entertainment.  
And see, grandmother, while you were sleeping, and I was  
singing, the other honest civil angler has run off with a  
lamb.

*Venator.* I will run after him.

*Maud.* Nay, that you shall not, while I and my grand-  
mother are here, I give you warning.

*Venator.* I intend to call upon you again.

*Maud.* Marry, that you shall, with all my heart; and  
though you pay me a five-pound note now, I will still be  
your debtor with a hay-fork when you come this way.

*Venator.* Good night, good night, Maudlin. . . . O,  
Master ! let's lose no time—let's move towards our lodging.  
Oh, I am sore all over.

*Piscator.* That's my good Scholar. You will be a sure angler for a fish before long, for you are always catching it. But yonder comes mine Hostess to bid us to supper. How now, Hostess; has my brother Peter come?

*Hostess.* Yes, and a friend with him. They long to see you and to be at supper, for I would give them nothing till you came, and they be very hungry.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT THE INN. PISCATOR, VENATOR, PETER, CORIDON, AND  
HOSTESS.

THE EVENING.



*PISCATOR.* Well met, brother Peter. I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend hath been an angler but this day, and hath caught a Chub nineteen feet eleven inches and a half long.

*Peter.* Nay, honest Piscator, why not give him the other half inch? Make him twenty feet, and there an end.

*Piscator.* Trust me, brother Peter, I would not depart from the truth for so small a matter as one half inch. But come, Hostess, give us some of your best, for we have met to be pleasant, and my honest Scholar will pay you in good coin.

*Venator.* But, my loving Master——

*Peter.* Nay, we will all bear our share.

*Coridon.* And the one that hath the best song shall pay the reckoning.

*Venator.* A match ! a match ! for I know but one verse of a song, and that I cannot sing. This is the best liquor that ever I tasted.

*Coridon.* This is a choice dinner, and rare wine.

*Piscator.* Trust me, brother Peter. I find my Scholar so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry.

*Venator.* Ay, my Mas'r—to be silivly merry. This is most excellent liquor.

*Piscator.* Now we have supped let's turn to the fire. Hostess, 'the cups and the pipes. So. Come on, my masters. Who begins ? Let's avoid contention.

*Coridon.* I will. I'll shing a shong. Hate contem—  
Hate contenshum.

#### CORIDON'S SONG.

Ho ! the sweets  
And the treats  
Of a fisher's life.  
Hey, trollie, lollie,  
Let us all be jolly,  
All around the holly,  
Trollie, lollie, lo !

Chorus, please.

Trollie, lollie, lollie,  
Let us all be jolly,  
All round the holly,  
Trollie, lollie, lo !

Second verse :—

Whitebait, Greenwich,  
Ducks and spinach,

Little fishes  
 In their dishes,  
 Pickled salmon,  
 Then the lamb on  
 Table, waiter !  
 Bring a tater !  
 Ho ! the sweets and the treats,  
 Swells and ladies, take your seats.  
 Trollie, lollie,  
 Let's be jolly.

And chor's p'ease—

We won't go home till morning,  
 Till daylight doth appear.

*All.* Hip, hip, hip, Hooray !

*Piscator.* Brother Peter, your friend Coridon hath well sung, and I commend so great modesty in one so young, in that he hath not waited to receive our compliments, but hath withdrawn himself underneath the table,

*Venator.* I'll shing shong.

#### VENATOR'S SONG,

Tallyho ! Tallyho !  
 Yoicks ! to "Ringleader" ! yoicks away !  
 Whoop away !  
 I know Old Tom, and he knows me,  
 And I know him wherever he be,  
 In the early morn,  
 By the sound of his horn,  
 By the sound of his horn, the wind blowing nor'ard.  
 Hey ! Tallyho ! yoicks ! and Hi ! For'ard !

I don't know more. Go bed.

*Piscator.* Brother Peter, we anglers are much beholden to these two excellent singers. Come, Hostess, another bowl, and let's drink to them. Then to bed; for I will have nothing hinder me in the morning. My purpose is to be away by sunrise.

*Hostess.* Then, my honest, merry Gentlemen, first pay your reckoning overnight.

*Peter.* 'Twas a match that the best singer should be at charges for the company. But your scholar is as good a singer as my friend; therefore, divide the score between them. For safety I have Coridon's purse here, and will discharge his share.

*Piscator.* And here is my scholar's portion. Hostess, let them both be carried to bed. Good-night to everybody.

*Peter.* And so say I.

*Hostess.* And so say I.

*Coridon and Venator.* An'-sho-sh'-all-of-ush.\*

#### THE NEXT DAY.

*Piscator.* Good-morrow, good hostess. My Brother Peter and his friend are still in bed. Give me my breakfast, and my scholar a bottle of soda water and a lemon.

*Venator.* O me! O Master! O my head!

*Piscator.* An excellent breakfast. Good hostess, prithee go upstairs, and knock at Brother Peter's door, and give him this note, and bring me the answer down-stairs. So

\* The party retire all more or less the worse for liquor. Of what beverage they had principally partaken, is not absolutely clear.—[ED.]

she is gone. Now, Scholar, we will not wait her return, but be going.

*Venator.* But, my Master, you have not paid for your breakfast.

*Piscator.* It is Brother Peter's birthday, and the reckoning will be a little surprise for him when he comes down. The learned Doctor M. Bezzler has translated Martial's epigram, "*Piscator, fuge!*" thus: "O Angler! hook it!" So now we are well on our way——

*Venator.* Alas! I am not well on our way! . . . O, Master! O! O! I will not offend again.

*Piscator.* You are better now, my loving Scholar?

*Venator.* I am, my kind Master. And now, as we go towards the river, will you tell me how to make such a bait as shall catch a dace, or a roach?

*Piscator.* Take a handful of sour milk like as frumissy is boiled.

*Venator.* Good Master, what is frumissy?

*Piscator.* Frumissy, Scholar, the learned Bottler explains, is ingeniously derived from the Latin *Fruor*, I enjoy, and *misi*, I have sent; and it is to be understood that the scent is to be enjoyed.

*Venator.* I thank you, good Master. This truly is what I have heard called in the same learned language a *fun-nimentum*. . . O, Master, O!

*Piscator.* Trust me, I will not fail you on such occasion, for where the rod hath been spared, child and fish have been alike spoiled. Boil this sour milk till it be hard; then fry it leisurely with gentles, sawdust, bluebottles of not

more than three years of age, a handful of nettles, which, as you must learn for yourself, shall not have been before deprived of their sting, and half a pound of Cayenne pepper. Make this into a paste, paint it with three coatings of blue colour, and you will find it a tempting bait for a cock-roach, which the pious Dutchman, Van Dunderbootzen, affirms to be the choicest fish that swims.

*Venator.* I thank you, my Master, and shall be yet more beholden to you if you will tell me what more you remember that is necessary to the taking of the cock-roach.

*Piscator.* Well, Scholar, I will stop here unless you satisfy my charges up to this time, whereof I will now give you the score.

*Venator.* Nay, Master, I have but three sovereigns left ; but if you will not again use the rod—

*Piscator.* That is what no true angler can promise. So. They are good ones. I will now tell you what remains to be done when you have provided yourself with such a bait as I have already taught you to make.

*Venator.* Proceed, good Master, to your promised direction. I will not fail with my bait ; and see, here are the nettles at hand !

*Piscator.* Pluck them gently, but fearlessly, for they belong to no owner, and are bounty of Providence. The erudite Phacetus has said that they do not sting this month.

*Venator.* Do they not ? Why then . . . O, Master, O !

*Piscator.* You have indeed a noble handful. And note, with gratitude, that your suffering is the cause of my happiness. For every misery that I miss, is a new mercy,

and, therefore, as you should rejoice with your friend, let us both be thankful. So. Put them in your pocket, and listen to what I have to say as to your line of conduct in fishing, and the use of hair, for my instructions draw to a close.

*Venator.* And, O Master, my money is well nigh gone.

*Piscator.* True happiness is not in riches. But for this line I was speaking of. You must dye your hair with a pint of strong ale, a pound of soot, a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, boiled in a pipkin. Lay it on smoothly with your brush, and drive it in thin. It will turn your hair to a kind of greenish yellow. Once doing will serve if you lay it on well, for doubtless such coloured hair is most choice, and the most useful for an angler; but let it not be too green. Now we are at the river, go to that hollow tree and throw your line.

*Venator.* It is a beautiful seat in the hollow tree, and I have so craftily disposed my legs in a cleft of the trunk that I cannot be pulled out by the strongest pike. O, Master! . . . here is a wasp! . . . O!

*Piscator.* Wasps build their nests in hollow trees on the banks of a stream.\* I will go on quickly to the next meadow.

*Venator.* O, Master! . . . it is a swarm! . . . O! I cannot get out of the tree! O! . . . O! . . . O! . . . I am free! . . . they are pursuing me! . . . O! O! Master! where are you?

\* This is a valuable testimony to unchanged habits of the wasp. The instruction contained in these pages will be found most useful to the naturalist.—[ED.]

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

PISCATOR. VENATOR.



*ISCATOR.* And now, my loving Scholar, as your purse hath come to an end, so must also my discourse. But before we part, I will remind you of the four ways of fishing which the learned Jakkars hath pronounced to be all most excellent ; namely, to catch your fish by dabbling, dibbling, dopping, or daping. For the first two, the rule of silence must be strictly observed, for the same erudite writer hath said,—

When you dabble  
Do not gabble.

And, also,—

When you dape  
Never gape.

So that to dabble should be an evening's occupation, while the latter should be undertaken in the morning. As to the great virtue of dibbling, his contemporary, Muleius, has left us this sage advice,—

Fish will nibble  
When you dibble,  
If you angle in the Ribble.  
After dining on a chop  
'Tis the time to go and dop,  
Dabble, dibble, dop, and dape.  
Using these  
As you please,  
Never will a fish escape.

*Venator.* O, Master, I could listen to your discourse for hours, were I not still suffering from the stings of the wasps, the biting of the jack, my fall into the river, the evening's potations, which have induced me to be somewhat feverish, and the hurt that I received from that red cow in Maudlin's field, whither I strayed to tell her of my affection for her and her mother.

*Piscator.* Nay, Scholar, you will soon be quit of these disorders, and regard the time, so pleasantly spent in my company, with a grateful and a thankful heart. And, to this end, I will repeat you a copy of verses which Dr. Doobraivorus, a worthy Bishop in Belgravia, hath composed on the happiness and contentment of an Angler's life. He has styled it, as also shall I, seeing no reason for differing from so good a man,—

#### THE ANGLER'S DREAM.

Listen to the Angler's dream !—  
He dreams that he is by a stream,  
Talking to a lovely Bream ;  
By his side reclines a Carp,  
Playing tunes upon a harp ;

While a Dace,  
Dressed in lace  
Sings the very deepest bass.

Through the trees he sees a Perch  
Kneeling in the village church,  
Where the Reverend Mister Barbel,  
In a pulpit made of marble,  
Shows he can quotations garble.

Now, across the Mead, the Minnow,  
Smiling sweetly, fresh and inno-  
-cent a maiden as you'd see  
In the waters of the sea,  
Comes a-tripping,  
Comes a-skipping,  
With the sly old Trout and Grayling  
Watch her, looking through the paling.

Then the Minnow meets a Skegger,  
A repulsive-looking beggar,  
And he says, " My little lass,  
Pay me, or you cannot pass."  
" Let me go ! " she cries, in dudgeon,  
When appears Policeman Gudgeon,  
Felling Skegger with a bludgeon.

Now Brave Gudgeon calls a coach.  
Driven by four strong-backed Loach,  
Takes the Skegger,  
*Boân méya,*  
Up before Chief Justice Roach.  
Grubs and gentles  
Leave their lentils,  
Caterpillars  
Quit their villas,

And the grubs  
Come out of tubs,  
All to see the cheat and legger  
Who had only lived to poach,  
Sentenced as a guilty Skegger  
By the Lord Chief Justice Roach.

Sticklebacks are on the Jury,  
Counsel Pike is in a fury ;  
For the Judge, who wants to dine,  
Cries, " Bring hither rod and line !  
And that Angler by the stream,  
Who is flirting with a Bream.  
With the Skegger, by our laws,  
He must suffer ! Through his jaws  
Pass the hook ! Suspend him now  
With the Skegger. Teach him how——  
Teach him as he should be taught—  
Teach the buffer  
How *we* suffer  
By what *he* considers sport."

Pass the hook !—a shooting pain—  
And—he is awake again.  
He has slept upon a bank  
Where are weeds and mosses dank,  
And his face is very swollen :  
Rod and can and bait all stolen !

" O ! " he cries, " what joys are these !  
I've rheumatics in the knees !  
I've neuralgia in my cheeks ! "  
And—he is laid up for weeks.

*Venator.* My Master, your song was sung with mettle.  
And, my Master, the metal of which I have observed those

to be most possessed who have the least voice is brass. O, Master, O ! I vow I will not offend again. O, my loving Master, I am so stiff and sore I can scarcely move.

*Piscator.* Farewell, Scholar. We shall meet again when you have come into that fortune which your grandfather will leave you when he himself shall have no further use for it. But do not hanker after money, whether it be a shilling, a sovereign, or a crown.

*Venator.* I will not, my kind Master ; and, though I should keep an hostelrie, yet will I have the sign painted as the "Hanker and the Crown," so that, even there, there shall not be a "Hanker" *after* a crown. . . . O, Master ! O ! O ! Do not give me any more. I am content.

*Piscator.* And so am I. For the great philosopher, Harry Stottle, has said,—

When more than enough you've got,  
Be contented with your lot.

And I am of his mind.

*Venator.* Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions, for I may truly say that I have only begun to have a knowledge of life, since I enjoyed your company and conversation. And, indeed, I think I shall now be able to become Master to some Scholar less wise than myself, on whom I can practise such arts as you yourself have taught me.

*Piscator.* Once more farewell, Scholar. Be virtuous, and angle. Note this, that there be as fine fish in the rivers as have ever yet been drawn therefrom. But now we are near

Shepherd's Bush, and I see a Shepherd coming, in company with pretty Maudlin and her grandmother, to whom I will leave you to make my excuses, and explain that the lambkin was honestly come by. Ay, you cannot move so easily as I, farewell.\*

*Maudlin.* Here, at last, I have one of these honest, merry, civil anglers, who runs not so nimbly as his friend.

*Maudlin's Grandmother.* My honest Maudlin hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing can be too bad for him, since they be such rascally men.

*Venator.* Pretty Maudlin, I will promise you before this honest Shepherd of the bush——

*Shepherd.* Nay, that am I not, but an ingenious constable in plain clothes. Come away with me.

*Venator.* O, Sir, I am right glad to meet you.

*Shepherd.* Let us compliment no longer, but be gone and make haste.

*Venator.* I pray, honest Constable, let me ask you a pleasant question. What will you take? Let's to a cheerful alehouse, and all of us rejoice together. Come, Maudlin! Come, Grandmother! I'll bear your charges to-night.

*Maudlin.* Marry, Sir, and bear ours to-morrow before his Worship.

*Venator.* Nay then, my pretty Maudlin, I will beg a courtesy of you, and it must not be denied me.

*Maudlin.* What is it, I pray, Sir?

*Venator.* Give me your hand. So. I am myself caught

\* Here it is evidently implied that, as the Latin has it, "*Piscator hooxit*:" like Marlbrook, "*il ne reviendra pas*."

at last in the marriage-lines. You can begone, honest Constable, for a wife is not evidence against her husband on a criminal charge ; or, if you will, take Maudlin's Grandmother, and we will all go to a cheerful alehouse and rejoice together.

#### THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me and be my spouse,  
We'll keep a cottage, pigs, and cows ;  
And I will dress in lace and silk,  
While you shall pig, and dig, and milk.

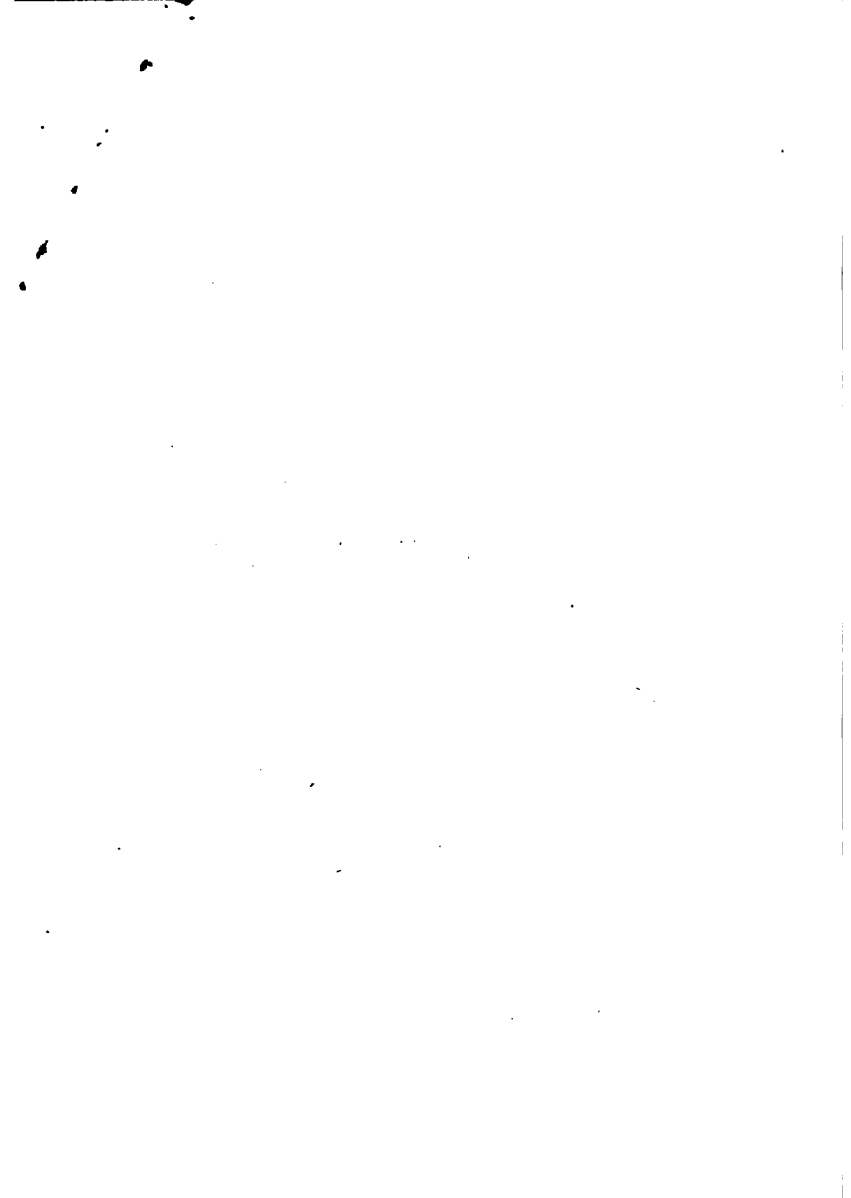
There you will work and hoe all day,  
While I enjoy myself, away.  
If this you'll do, we'll have no rows,  
Come live with me and be my spouse !

*Venator.* 'Tis a match.

*Maudlin's Grandmother.* It is. Come one, come all.  
Bless ye, my children !

#### COMPLETION OF THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

# OUR REPRESENTATIVE.



# OUR REPRESENTATIVE.

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## CHAPTER I.

AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM—IMPORTANT TO VISITORS  
FROM THE COUNTRY.



H me ! “Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself has said” I *must* go to the British Museum? I said this to *myself*, and, finding that this public institution was closed on all the days most convenient for my visit, I nobly sacrificed myself on the altar of Necessity for the benefit of the Great Unenlightened.

*How to get there.*—The shortest *and* the cheapest route is by walking, if you know the way from wherever you may be. Consult a map and your own convenience.

*The building itself and environs.*—The mental nose of the classically-minded will, on entering in at the iron gates, sniff, as it were, a faint odour of paganism in the grounds. I allude to my own mental nose. There stood before me

the Fane of some Heathen Deity approached by a majestic flight of steps. I felt that I had come to worship Something or Somebody, and there were the pigeons wandering about consequentially awaiting their purchase by enthusiastic devotees, and picking up such crumbs as were thrown to them by the students returning from mild luncheons at a neighbouring pastrycook's.

On such classic ground did I feel myself, that, had I seen elderly gentleman in *togas* ascending and descending those steps, I do not think I should have been in the least surprised: on the contrary, I was astonished at their absence.

At the Inns of Court the Members dining in hall are obliged to don a sort of academic gown, just to give a learned Tone to the festivity. This custom, in *togas*, ought to be adopted by the authorities of the British Museum; a notice could be easily stuck up over the Porter's Lodge, informing the public that "*Togas*, gratis, must be obtained within, without which no one will be allowed to enter the Museum."

The unclassically-minded could watch the proceedings from outside, poking their noses through the railings, and evincing the same kind of interest as is shown daily by the crowd who watch the sports of the Bluecoat Boys, who, many old ladies believe, are the sons of the prisoners in Newgate, condemned to wear yellow stockings and cloth petticoats, and confined behind these bars, within view of the passers-by, for no fault of their own.

I noticed that the houses in the streets leading towards this centre of attraction seemed to have caught something of its style and character, being more and more classical the

nearer they approach the Museum, and increasing, proportionately, in the primness of their respectability.

The walks and grass in front of the Museum look as though they had been lathered and shaved every morning regularly, so clean and smug is their appearance. There are a number of vacant pedestals, suggestive of there having been a considerable row among the officials as to "who should have a statue." I do not know how these things are managed, but I suppose the names of various eminent statues are proposed and seconded for a Committee's election. These meetings must be, consequently, scenes of great excitement, requiring, to insure the success of a candidate, much preparatory diplomacy. I can imagine a proposer, very anxious about his statue getting in, and even going so far as to say to a probable oppositionist, "I won't pill your statue if you won't pill mine!"

It would be interesting on such occasions, too, to hear the objections made to the character of many of the proposed candidates. However, this is loitering. Let us enter.

"Scenes of my childhood!" I exclaimed to myself, "once more I behold you!" After many roving years, how sweet it is to come to a place of public entertainment where you can go in and see everything without paying anything!

Here, first of all, is the usual prisoner in the dock to receive your stick or umbrella. In return you receive a medal, or an antique coin, numbered. There is no temptation to even the most dishonest to leave his umbrella or stick, and walk off with the coin.

The next curiosity, after this mark of respect and esteem

presented to you by the prisoner in the dock, is a board announcing "The Christy Collection." As I had been often emphatically assured, by those who ought to have known, that the Christy Collection never, never, *never*, will (like the Britons in "*Rule Britannia*") perform out of St. James's Hall, I was obliged to look upon this announcement as a specimen of a curious joke made by the Committee. I fancied, as I looked warily around, that the policemen, the catalogue sellers, the two officials in a corner, and another vague person in a chocolate livery, were all in the sell, and were only watching my movements, pretending, of course, to be thoroughly uninteresting, in order that they might not lose the chance of hearing me ask one of their party for further information about this board, when, on my uttering the word "Christy," they would, I've no doubt, have broken into a tremendous guffaw, and exclaimed, "O, you April fool!"

My reticence sold *them*. I ascended the staircase chuckling and pluming myself, as an old bird well may, on not having been caught with this remarkably inappropriate chaff.

*The First Landing.*—This is not an incidental allusion to William the Conqueror, nor does it mean that you go about the British Museum, as about Venice, in a boat. It simply means the head of the staircase, whence you obtain a view in perspective, like what you see in Van der Hoog's pictures, of a few rooms full of inanimate curiosities, the farther one presenting the terrific effect of gigantic blackbeetles pausing in a vain attempt to swarm up a kitchen wall.

My object, to which I have not hitherto alluded, was to

see the fossil ante-diluvian monsters, whose address is—British Museum, North Gallery, Upper Floor.

For, I have a Theory, worthy of the Laughing Philosopher. It is this : Geologists have omitted one period. The Oolitic, the Mesozoic, &c., are all very well in their way, but they are inexpressive terms, I hold, compared with what I am now about to propose for the benefit of Science generally, and this Museum in particular. I would include two or three "periods" in one term, viz., The Pantomime Period. Why these gigantic creatures are the very models for Drury Lane property-room at Christmas time ; and when some of the learned have opined that no man could have been their contemporary, have they forgotten the men with Large Heads and Goggle Eyes, who only appear in the Pantomime Period, the remnant of some oral tradition of the Past. Then came the Transformation Scene ; then followed more gradually, in due course, civilisation, just as the realms of Fairy Land are closed in by the brilliantly-coloured shop-fronts of John Dough, Baker, Pike, Fishmonger, and Swipes, Publican. Oblige me by considering this as we sit in

*Room the First*, which I here name The Alderman's Room, it being apparently full of Turtle—Real and Mock. Let us digest this first of all. The voice of the Turtle is heard in the Grove. After such a getting up-stairs, let us sit awhile and lovingly regard a Tremendous Turtle, of the evidently Pantomime Period, big enough to have dined, or to have dined on, six Aldermen. Alas ! an extinct species.

## CHAPTER II.

### A FURTHER REPORT ON THE BRITISH MUSEUM, FROM BIRDS TO BEETLES.



*Enter the Zoological Department.*—After regretfully quitting the Real and Mock Turtle Room, filled with specimens of the Great Aldermanic Period, when these monsters crawled about over the face of the earth labelled “This Day at 1 o'clock,” and when even the very mud on the banks was mainly composed of green fat, I strolled into the Zoological Department, with a view to making the acquaintance of The American Oriole, The Esculent Swallow, and the crafty bird of the same species, which makes a sham entrance on the side of its nest in order to deceive its creditors. The name of this last is the San Geronimo Swallow: in English the Jeremy Diddler Swallow. The Tailor-bird is also exhibited, with, of course, his little bill. I have no doubt he is occasionally much bothered by the San Geronimo’s devices.

The Rooms are dangerous to such as walk unevenly, or with a rolling gait, on account of the glass cases built up against the walls, and the islands of more glass cases, in the midst of channels requiring careful navigation.

The guardian of this department has, I noticed, a martial bearing, and marches up and down, shouldering what appeared to me to be a billiard cue, as though he were playing at soldiers. “Perhaps,” I said to myself, “he *is* playing at

soldiers. And why not? It is a harmless recreation, and he must otherwise find life here a trifle monotonous among the Reptiles, the Batrachia, and the Radiated Animals."

I came upon him five times during the morning, and he was still marching about with the billiard cue. A happy and placid existence, all among the stuffed exotics, with plenty of food for the imagination out of meal-times, and full liberty to fancy himself whatever he pleases as long as he doesn't break any of the glass cases with that billiard cue. I thought once that I would ask him a question suggested by the collections; it was this, "Why is a Tortoise like a Bee?" I was prepared with the answer; something about both making combs. On consideration, I was afraid this would ruffle his perfect serenity, induce melancholy, and cause him to be discontented with his lot; so I kept it to myself, and smiling upon him benignly (when his back was turned), murmured, "Play on at soldiers, I would not disturb thee for the world. Right about face! March! Farewell, brave soldier!" and then I betook myself to the Toads, the Frogs, the Efts, and the Horned Toads of Brazil.

What would the unlearned in such matters make of the "Siren of Carolina?" It sounds like the name of a black Soprano. The name *is* an attraction. I mean, were your Representative informed, by an excited person, that by going *at once* to the British Museum, he could, for nothing, see "The Siren of Carolina," he would jump at the offer, and run all the way there to catch her before she left. But, stay! Impetuous Reader, pause! Friends at a distance will please accept the following intimation, and save themselves some anxiety and trouble:—

*The Siren of Carolina is a sort of eel with front legs.* That's all. Like a Soprano, however, it is gifted with lungs, and, like a nigger in the "Christy Collection," it has "gills."

The humour of the nomenclature is really immense, and the compilers of the Guide to the British Museum must have had many a mirthful hour, after dinner, when making up their book in anticipation of the series of glorious sells which they were concocting for the public.

The Siren, above-mentioned, is not a bad one in its way. It is, perhaps, outdone by the *Salamander of Japan*. Now, Sirs, I constitute myself a Committee of Inquiry, and I call into court before me, four skilled witnesses, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has written the Drury Lane Pantomimes for any number of years past ; Mr. Dykwykyn, who makes the masks ; Mr. Beverley, who paints the scenes ; and Mr. Chatterton, who is a specially Benificent Providence to the Renters, and a recognised caterer for Christmas, and I ask them, *singulatin*, "What, Sir, would be *your* idea of a Salamander of Japan ?"

What would they individually and collectively answer ? *Why*, that he was the very fellow for the opening of a Pantomime ; that he might be trusted with some good lines to say ; that he would be dressed in red, with tinsel on his eyelids and spangles all over him ; that he would be attended by the Sprites Flame, Firefly, Snap-dragon, attired in costumes stitched with gun-cotton, and accompanied by Guards armed with Lucifer Matches warranted to strike on every one's box but their own ; that his Palace would be in the Glowing Caverns of the Fiery Phlegethon ; and that

throughout the first scenes this Salamander of Japan would be the patron of the savage old Tycoon who wished to part the pair of Japanese Lovers whom his hereditary antagonist, The Fairy of the Flowing Fountain, would of course protect. And the public, one and all, would, hearing this description, cry aloud, "Hear! Hear!! Hear!!! Yes. *That's* the Salamander of Japan!"

And what is it at the British Museum? Why, *an amphibious animal*, to whom the sight of a fire would be instantaneous death. Were any respectable Manager to attempt to palm this creature off on the public as a Salamander in a Christmas Pantomime, my four witnesses, above-mentioned, agree with me that such an imposition would end in the benches being torn up, the Manager called for and pelted, and, in fact, and literally, it would be an effect that would "bring down the House."

*Room 2.*—On tables 7 and 8 are laid out the *Sea Pancakes*. Whence this division might be termed the Shrove Tuesday Room. The Guide-Book says of these Pancakes that they are "so depressed"—I should think so, being dried up, and stuck in a glass-case. Why, to look at them, without even a fossil lemon and sugar, and to think of a fossilised indigestion, and how well ordered was everything for the "Capacious Mouth" in the Aldermanic Period of the world's existence, is enough to make one melancholy. The Catalogue (it is just to finish the quotation) continues—"So depressed that there scarcely appears to be any room for their internal organs." And on this I must remark, that it is a pity to see British Museum Cataloguists become, by their

occupation, so narrow-minded as to reduce everything in creation to their own notion of arrangement. Because the Museum is divided into rooms, is that any reason for a wretched Sea Pancake to be so divided? Why should a Sea Pancake have a room for an organ inside it? Or rooms for organs? Could they prove the poor depressed creature to have been a Musical Sea Pancake, there would have been some excuse for their remark. I cannot quit this department without drawing attention to the varieties of beetles from South America, some of them being nearly as big as lobsters, and as vicious-looking as a villain of the deepest dye in a melo-drama. The kitchen of a South American house must be a pleasant sight at twelve o'clock at night for the master of the house, who, returning home late with a latch-key, and not liking to arouse the servants, descends to the basement to see what there may be cold for supper, and to tap the beer. The Domestic Black Beetle "in his thousands" is quite an agreeable companion compared with "Gigantic Goliath," and the horned genera of this species. Goliath I see, however, is a native of Africa, where I trust some woolly-headed David may soon stamp him out. Seeing these beetles, I am very grateful for being an Englishman. Beadledom is preferable to Beetledom. Brazil, I observe, is a great place for beetles, or, I should say, a place for great beetles.

*Happy Thought.*—Don't go to Brazil.

The Museum is not done in a day, nor is an account of it polished off in one number. The British public must wait, for the Complete Guide to the Museum yet remains to be done by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

### CHAPTER III.

HE ADDRESSES THE EDITOR, AFTER VISITING BURLINGTON HOUSE, AND REACHING GALLERY NO. I. OF THE OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION.



HEN I told my friend Wagg that I was going to represent You, Sir, among the "Old Masters," you will probably guess what was Wagg's jocose rejoinder.

It was a jest of some antiquity, and bore testimony to your Representative's reputation as a sort of King-Gallant-man. *Entendez-vous?* Because, if you don't "ontondy," I am not going to explain.

The day arrived when I saw before me a divided duty. Either to represent You, Sir, at the Hair-dresser's—

*Voici le Barber!*

The Barber for your hair!

—which you can sing to the air of "*Voici le Sabre*"\*—or to appear for you among the aforementioned Old Masters. I decided for the latter, and without breathing a word on the subject to anyone, except Wagg, I wrapped myself in impenetrable mystery, that is a waterproof over-cloak, turned up my trousers in order to turn up a dirty bye-street or two, tributaries of the Great Piccadilly River (which really sounds

\* In Offenbach's opera *La Grande Duchesse*, almost his earliest and certainly his best work in *opéra bouffe*.

uncommonly like something grand of the sort in America), and finally appeared as myself ("afterwards" *You*), at the entrance of the Royal Academy.

I was a trifle musical that morning, and being thereto inspired it occurred to me to hum the tune which *Myles na Coppalceen* used to sing in the *Colleen Bawn*,\* adapting my words to the occasion:—

O Burlington House is a pleasant place  
In the glorious month of July :  
With its tabbley-aux  
In paint and chalks,  
And its light all from the sky.  
Och ! divil a doubt  
We'd be nothing without  
The Ryal A-cad-e-my !

Thus humming, like the busy bee that I am when in my favourite Representative character, I walked into the long passage of the Academy as boldly as Porson would have walked into the longest passage of the *Academia*. Let-us at least be classical as we enter within these portals.

Read the Dantesque inscription—

*All Sticks abandon, ye who enter here.*

"Sticks" include umbrellas ; for you can't, as Wagg says, leave your umbrella without the stick. At this Passage of the Styx I saw the first signs of the Old Masters. I said this to Wagg, who immediately replied that "the Old Masters didn't paint signs." I had, however, alluded to the

\* The first and the best of Mr. Dion Boucicault's Irish dramas. It was founded upon the novel of the "Collegians."

two Old Masters before us, who, standing in two docks on each side of the hall, might have been taken for either two respectable prisoners awaiting a verdict, or for two Old Masters in Chancery, without any prospect of escape, except by vaulting over the barrier and running away. One of these Old Masters was the Guardian of the Umbrellas, and the other sold Catalogues, and both had the air of having undertaken their respective offices from a real love of work itself, without hope of wage from employers, or of gratuities from visitors. I think that the elderly gentleman who relieved me of my umbrella had in him the Brigand instincts of younger days, when perhaps he had delighted in the wild stories of Dick Turpin and the gallants of the road. There was a twinkle in his old eye when he made me "stand and deliver" my umbrella, that caused me almost to wink at him in return, as much as to say, "Hallo! old Slyboots, I'm up to you!" But I remembered whom I was representing and forbore. On my quitting the Exhibition I fancy a tear trickled down his furrowed cheek when, on presenting his ticket, he was forced to return my umbrella. It seemed to me that, even up to the last moment, he had entertained a desperate hope either of my having lost the ticket, or, perhaps, of my being so occupied with the impressions of the sight within as to pass out without remembering my umbrella. Sir, in Your cause personally, I do not only remember my umbrella, but I remembered my honest old friend, who, thanked me with a bow that would have done honour to as old a Master as Claude; I mean, in this instance, Claude Du Val.

But, Sir, I have come out before I have gone in. Let me not keep you longer in the draught, for you are placed in much the same position in this Academician passage as is a pea in a tin pea-shooter, but watch me ascend the staircase with all the determination of a resolute spirit, who, seeing his progress barred by gates and warders, prepares himself to encounter opposition and to overcome it. So formidable did this array at the head of the staircase appear to me, that I began to admire the crafty forethought which had deprived me of my trusty *Excalibur*—meaning my umbrella. It was like taking the sword and spear from *Sir Launcelot* before he entered the Valley of Danger, it was sending David out against Goliath, and depriving him of his sling and stone (giving him a ticket for it) at the camp gate. What man dare I dare ; and, as Your Representative, I dare do all that may become a man, and, permit me to add, he who dares more is not Your Representative.

Four janitors were at the wicket. I tendered a sovereign to the wicket-keeper in the middle. He would none of it ; but motioned me towards a young man, absorbed in a volume of light literature, and, seated on my right, behind a semicircular sort of split rostrum, which seems to have been made, economically, out of an old washing-tub cut in half. On a red baize shelf before him were placed several little wooden bowls such as are used indiscriminately for milk, kitchen soap, or dressmakers' pins, but which were filled on this occasion with various coins of the realm in gold, silver, and copper. To him I offered my sovereign. He regarded me in an abstracted manner, as if annoyed at my

interrupting him in the middle of his novel, and then, awaking to a sense of my requirements, which were simple, modest, and intelligible, he took my sovereign carelessly, as though I'd asked him to do a conjuring trick with it of which he was a trifle tired, and, having dropped it into the bowl (I really hoped he wouldn't take up his interesting book at this point, and forget all about me), and deliberately selected a half-sovereign from another, still as with an eye to a bit of sleight-of-hand, he took the requisite number of shillings from a third bowl, and handing the sum to me, said not a word, but dived into his book again, wiping Your Representative, as it were, clean off his slate. What I thought to myself, I shall not record here. But, O young man, if ever in after-life . . . no matter. Let me in.

To be let in at Burlington House is a difficulty. Not but that the best judges of painting are taken in here occasionally, when they mistake Smith's picture of *The Pavilion, Brighton, by Moonlight*, for an undoubted Canaletti. But the difficulty Your Representative alludes to is to be found at the turnstile itself, which is as stiff as a Vandyck portrait, and when with some muscular exertion pushed, gives forth a sound resembling the harsh cry of some strange bird—probably called "The Roopy" in the Zoological Gardens. In fact, Sir, as representing you, I said to Wagg, "You won't go into the Academy without a good deal of pressing." Now this pressure can be exerted with comparative facility by some, not (for anatomical reasons into which this is not the place to enter) by others. *Slender* steps in where *Falstaff* fears to tread.

I represented You up to Sixpence more in the purchase of a catalogue, but refused the proffered pencil at another twopence. Twopence more and I should have been broke. So, Sir, with a light heart, catalogue in hand, and twopence, for an emergency, in my pocket, I represented you gaily in Gallery Number One, which was tolerably full.

I will do this thoroughly, I said to myself, as Your Representative, because I have yet to finish the South Kensington and the National Portrait Gallery, where I believe they have for weeks been expecting me, with practical jokes behind doors and in dark passages. When they are least prepared I shall be there. Now, I'm with the Old Masters.

I notice, as something most remarkable, what a number of short-sighted people there are in the world. At all events, what a number of intelligent *myopes* come to see these pictures. Not only to *see*, but to examine closely, to sift the method down to the very canvas, and I further observed they all went at the Old Masters' pictures with their noses, as though they could detect genuineness by the smell. They got on the trail, and exclaimed, "This is a Vandyck," "this is a Turner," "this is a Reynolds," as one hound might whisper exultingly to his companion, "This is a Fox. Come along, we've got him!" And then I also observed that when these amateur short-sighted critics had hunted their Old Master down, they kept up their sporting character by pulling the painter to pieces, so that there'd have been scarcely so much as his brush left as a keepsake for his followers. These spectacled, *pince-nez'd*, and one-glassed amateurs talked to be overheard, and so, while like Pa:

Jennings, in *Rejected Addresses*, I "in the Gallery sat," my ears were tickled by the rustling wings of Folly as she fluttered round the room.

Sir, what marvellously wise things are uttered in a picture gallery. Everybody is a judge of pictures, of course, as Everybody is a born theologian.

I seated myself, calmly surveying the languidly busy scene; for, going suddenly into a crowded room has upon Your Representative the effect of, as it were, coming up from a first plunge in the sea, when the eyes are unsteady and there are cavernous murmurs in the ears, and when, if anybody speaks to you, you feel annoyed at his inopportune remark, whatever it was, and say, "Eh—what?" rather sharply. Much the same as this sensation, only without any of its freshness and invigoration, is what is usually felt on entering any thronged room by yours truly, who sits for the present on the first chair in the first Gallery—for "the force of lounging can no further go"—and signs himself now as ever, Your

REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

P.S. Pictures next week. Let the Old Masters look out. By the way I asked Wagg to write me a few notes on the collection, and this is what he has sent to me. "Dear friend and pitcher-in, I smiled when I saw a Smirke, but was sorry to find a Morland between two Constables. It annoys me that what I had been informed was a Bigg picture should prove a little one. As to Opie I have my own Opie-nion of his merits. There are such a lot of Sir Joshuas here that the Gallery ought to be called a new

Edition of *Reynolds' Miscellany*. When I was tired of *him*, I looked at Shee. I like the landscapes by Both. There are two Boths, and they are both Both. I found Chambers in a good situation. I couldn't discover where the Egg had been laid. I was sure it hadn't been poached. In looking about for the Egg I hit upon Cox, which hended the visit of yours, W." I shan't ask him to do this for me again.

## CHAPTER IV.

{STILL AMONG "THE OLD MASTERS." HE GETS AS FAR AS NUMBER SIXTY-EIGHT, AND THEN ADDRESSES THE EDITOR AS USUAL.)



YOU left me, Sir, seated in Gallery No I. I do not, as Your Representative at a theatre, sit in the Gallery, but at Burlington House, you will understand, this is unavoidable. *You* will not be thought the worse of because *I* was in this Gallery. There are, of course, some Galleries where I would not be seen, and some where, whether as Your Representative or not, I would. As instances of the latter, let me name the Gallery of both Houses of Parliament, the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, and the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. At theatres, to be among the Olympian deities, with Jupiter in his shirt-sleeves, Juno sucking oranges, Venus (long before her bath), her gaudy bonnet tied on to the rail in front, indulging in light and elegant badinage with a shining, well-

larded, and carefully-waxed Mars, while Ganymede hands round the pewter filled from the can supplied by a neighbouring Bacchus Hop-timus, whose house, by order of Lycurgus, must be closed at midnight—to sit in such a Gallery of Gods is neither to my taste nor to yours ; and anyone catching sight of me so placed, has, I admit, a right to adapt the French question to my English understanding by asking me, “What the deuce are you doing in that Gallery?”

“From such dreams of thee I arose,” as the poet would, perhaps, have said, had he not written it differently, putting the verb in the present tense first, and omitting the adjective ; but there’s no saying what a poet might, or might not, do. At all events, in brief, I arose from my seat, and having, out of compliment to the artistic *Genius Loci*, drawn myself up to my full length—I mean height—I paused for one moment to see if I was “the observed of all observers.” Sir, I was not. This was enough for me, and I at once proceeded with my task. I had determined to make my visit rather of the butterfly touch-and-go kind than to drain the butter-cup to the dregs. If you don’t like my poetic similes, you can pass them on. Your neighbour’s taste may not be yours. I own that, as Your Representative, I *do* go about dropping pearls and diamonds from my lips like the enchanted maiden ; and the enchanted maidens are down on them at once, as though I were Storr and Mortimer gone lunatic, and giving jewels away ; but, with these exceptions, I know not before whose snout they fall. I address myself to You, Sir, as a model of all that is—— But no matter ; models are not pictures, and so, as I said before, to my task.

I was first stopped by *Mrs. Drummond Smith*, No. 14, painted by George Romney, and lent by the Marquis of Northampton. It represents a lady with a hat like a paper fire-balloon collapsed in its descent upon her head. The sudden shock has made her hair turn grey.

"And when Udolpho saw her locks thus grey,  
He wond'ring gazed, nor had one word to say"—

—which would have been my case to a camel's hair had not my eye caught Dobson's Portrait Group just above—evidently placed there by some one with a keen appreciation of the humorous in the fitness of things. The Three Gentlemen here portrayed are discussing the balloon accident below, and explaining how it happened. The argument appears to have been a warm one, as they are in their shirt-sleeves, made, however, of silk.

No. 17. *Portrait of the Hon. Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland*.—He seems to be weary of his own arguments in favour of Scotland, and the Court (myself) is not with him, as I am an advocate for England as a residence.

No. 21. *Portrait of Mrs. Frederick Hemming*.—"Hemming! She's not even *sewing*!" said my friend Wagg, who has drawn my attention to this picture on purpose to let off this joke. I said, "Tush!" and brushed the dust off my coat-sleeve at him. Fortunately he observed an acquaintance in a far corner, and was off immediately to bring him to see No. 21, and hear his new conceit. Conceit! Ha! I should think so.

No. 35.—O, Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, how

lovely you are! O, Thomas Gainsborough, Thomas Gainsborough, O! And if Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., ever wishes to offer a testimonial to one who knows nothing whatever about him, and for no particular object, let him send the picture, carriage-paid, to the residence of Your Representative, who, as his petitioner, will never cease to pray, at convenient times, &c., &c. Not much less could I say of

No. 49. *Mrs. C. Smith, of Aithernie*.—She is *Carmichael Smyth* in the Catalogue. But Smyth will ever be Smith to me, and a Rose as Rosse will smell as sweet; just as a Thistle, if called a Geranium, would still be a Thistle to any donkey, Scotch-wise or otherwise.

No. 56. *Portrait of Madame Baccelli, Dancer*, who, with a whole box of rouge on her cheeks, and painted eyes and forehead, might be, in age, the number of her picture; and this number would possibly suggest to the apocryphal—no, I mean the Apocalyptic—Dr. Cumming, one with which he has proved himself very familiar.

No. 57. *A Hunting Scene, by Geo. Morland*.—Like a sustained *piano* note on a wind instrument, it is long and low.

Entering Gallery the Second, I found the picture of a Japanese lady in Kensington Gardens during a London fog. She is disfiguring the trees, in the absence of the officials. This is labelled No. 59. *Tolle, lege. Ite Capellæ*—which was translated by an aspiring classic, “Go to Chapel,” which he intended as a correction on the original mistaken reading, “Go it, ye Cripples!”

Hush! not a word. See me, Sir, representing You, stealing on tip-toe up to No. 63, by Smirke, R.A. (delicious

Thackerayan name for a painter !), and watch me as I stand amazed before that eminent artist's picture of "Ghosts Disturbed at Play," but which is cunningly catalogued (so as not to frighten the timid) as *The Nut-Gatherers*.

While in this almost reverential mood, I came upon No. 63, by Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, which I hold to be a good mouthful, and altogether better than Bob Smirke, R.A. No doubt Bartolomé Esteban Murillo knew what a good dinner was as well as any one, and the specimen in this Gallery (arranged evidently by the same person or persons whose humorous sense of fitness I noticed in No. I.) would go far to prove it.

I should say also that he often took his dinner at a Restaurant, whither he was compelled in consequence of the trouble caused him by his own domestics. Now, while dining at this Restaurant one day, it occurred to B. E. Murillo, whose servants had, as usual, grumbled at having to feed occasionally on cold meat, "like," they impudently said, "cats," to give them a lesson with his brush. These were, be it remembered, not only old Times, but *good* old Times ; and so the Old Master, who had left the Old Missus at home to have it out with the Cook, at once hit upon a subject from Sacred History as parabolically fitted for conveying the moral he had in view. The idea developed into *Abraham Entertaining the Angels* (No. 68). He worked the notion out thoroughly with a cold leg of mutton and a large mince-pie, both probably from models in his own larder. Over the patriarch's arm he placed the likeness of the waiter's napkin, and thus intimated that the Master of the feast was himself obliged to

dine at the Restaurant's. Such I take to be the moral of No. 68. It evidently reformed the household, as in No. 65 Bartolomé Esteban Murillo paid his servants a compliment which they must have highly appreciated after the rebuke conveyed in the former picture. No. 68 is, as I have said, *Abraham Entertaining the Angels*, and No. 65 is *La Cuisine des Anges*. So farewell for the present, Don Bartolomé Esteban Murillo. "Farewell, brave Spaniard, and when next"—or, rather, what next? No need to hurry. *Festina lente* is my motto. Halt! The next is No. 80, before which picture I shall be found, then as now,

Most truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I've just seen an advertisement wherein the Alhambra management announces that there is now "Increased comfort and warmth. Draughts entirely stopped." Glad to hear the subject has been so soon ventilated. Your Representative wrote to you, Sir, in Christmas-week on that current-of-air topic in those Alhambra Stalls. "Nobody knows," perhaps, as Miss Katherine Santley knows,\* but everyone feels as I feel—about draughts. Let our ears be stopped by Clay (nothing more pleasant) but not by wool, in dread of, or in consequence of, rheumatic neuralgic aches and pains. I'll catch a tune with anyone any day of the week, but not a cold.

\* A quotation from a highly popular song composed by Mr. Frederick Clay, and sung by the above-mentioned artiste.

## CHAPTER V.

FINISHES THE OLD MASTERS, LUNCHES WITH HIS FRIEND  
WAGG, AND ADDRESSES THE EDITOR AS USUAL.



O. 69. *The Lock and the Mill*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Any visitor expecting to see the portraits of two philosophers will be disappointed. Those who expect only *a Lock and a Mill* will look at the picture with such misty feelings as befit a Turneresque taste, and will choose for themselves which is the Lock and which is the Mill,—whichever you like, my little dears, and so pass on to

No. 71. *Portrait of a Gentleman, Unknown, in a Black Dress, Wearing a Ruff*. Sir Ant. Vandyck.—The ruff looks as though it were wearing *him*, and the Gentleman Unknown seems to be bearing it patiently. The portrait of this *Homo Incognitus* might be termed “Aristocrat worried by a Ruff.” The labelling Committee have settled him as a Gentleman, Unknown. It looks like a reward offered for his discovery. Let this be a warning to all who have their portraits taken to write their names legibly on the back and in the corner. If the likeness is not flattering, that is, in *your* opinion not truthful, write somebody else’s name (an enemy’s) on it, or indorse your opinion of the Artist’s incapability on the back of the canvas, thus, “*This was intended by Smyle, R.A. for me, Tomkins. I paid him five hundred pounds for it, and it isn’t in the least like. I wish Posterity to understand that I was a precious sight better*

*looking than this. I remain Posterity's devoted admirer, Tomkins, St. Luke's, Chelsea, Vestryman."*

I stop here to make a remark concerning the Policemen on duty. They are, I suppose, specially selected for this sort of work. I know immediately what my friend Wagg would say; he'd point them out as "specimens of Constable," and chuckle over this for five minutes. I did not notice one of this intelligent force wasting his time in admiring a picture. To them the only study of Mankind is Man. They lounge about (they can't do otherwise), with a defiantly permissive air, which seems to say, "Yes, you can walk in and see it; O, yes, certainly; it amuses you, and it doesn't hurt me. Walk in. Only don't ask *us* anything about it, that's all."

They are, for all their *insouciance*, on the alert, and I felt sure that any attempt on my part to walk off with, for example, *The Boar Hunt*, by Snyders (39 inches by 53 inches), would be detected before I should be able to reach the front door. I think I could manage to escape the notice of the Turnstile Men; or, if questioned, I should say that I was the noble lender, the Earl of Denbigh, and had come to take it home. However, on my honour, and as Your Representative, I shall *not* make the trial.

No. 80. *Snyder's Boar Hunt*.—What nice dogs to have about the house. Snarleyows every one of them. Observe especially the hound that has brought the boar to book at last. The poor animal, of what Wagg calls the Tuscan race, is nailed by a wretched dirty white dog with spots on it, which is neither of pure Dalmatian nor of Danish breed, but is only to be described as a Currant Dumpling Dog. Now,

my Reader, who are taking This Representative as your guide, just walk on rapidly to No. 124 in the Third Gallery. It is a *Portrait of a Young Man in dark Robes trimmed with Fur*, painted by Jacopo Robusti, *alias* Tintoretto (J. Robusti knew what a name was worth well enough), and probably presented to the Young Man as discount by his tailor. "Be that as it may," as William the Conqueror used to say, what I wish you to observe is, the fur. This Young Man (whose name, perhaps, is Norval on the Grampian Hills) has evidently killed that Currant Dumpling Dog, and trimmed his robes with it. Between these two pictures, No. 80 and No. 124, there is this mysterious link.

No. 80.

This is the Dog  
That worries the Hog  
As shown in the picture by Snyders.

And No. 124.

This is the Youth in robes fur trimmed  
Whom Jacopo Tintoretto limned;  
Who killed the Dog  
That worried the Hog,  
As shown in the picture by Snyders.

And now, if you please, placed in the corner for being such a bad picture, remark

No. 125. *Portrait of Mariana of Austria, Second Wife of Philip the Fourth, by Diego Velasquez.*

I should imagine that Philip the Fourth had had a considerable row with Mariana, and had determined to have her portrait painted by a great Master as a present insult and an immortal revenge. The great Master had perhaps received private instructions on the subject. Quite a little tale of King,

Queen, and Knave. As representing You, Sir, and as pretending to no more knowledge of painting than of side-dishes—whereof I can confidently say when they please me and when they do not, adding, diffidently, a hint as to what might, probably, be done to render them exactly to my taste—premissing this, I ask what and where is the beauty of this picture?

“My dear Sir,” somebody will reply, “it is a Velasquez.” Quite so, Somebody. Now, Somebody, come with me to

No. 149. *Portrait of Don Andrian Pulido Pareja, Knight of Santiago, Admiral of the Fleet of New Spain*, by the same Diego Velasquez.

Do you recognise the same touch? Do you at all recognise the same Master? If you do, tell me, Gentle Shepherd, and I will listen. But do *not* tell me, for to this I will *not* listen, that No. 125 is a good specimen of Velasquez, or to be presented to the public as anything but a specimen of what the artist could do when he didn't like the subject, or when acting under the orders of an Imperial patron who happened also to be a spiteful and cynical husband. *Juan de Pareja* (No. 141), and *Andrian Pulido Pareja* (No. 149), are two Velasquez, for which the owners may thank Heaven, and make no boast.

No. 130. Vandyck's *Madame Kirk*.—Very attractive to Presbyterian Ministers. Scotch Episcopalians claim it as a portrait of Mother Church. Doctors disagree.

No. 137, the picture of a dear old lady, by Rembrandt, the advertiser of the Lacemakers of his time, evidently saying “Boys will be Boys;” pass on to

No. 138. Vandyck's charming *Countess of Devonshire*, quite the Devonshire *crème de la crème*; and on to

No. 139, where return the roguish glance of the *espigle* Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William, Earl of Albe-marle, by Sir Joshua.

Ah ! Sir Joshua, it must have been very nearly a miracle to have succeeded in making that daughter stand still even for five minutes in your studio ! Why the sun at Ajalon was nothing to it.

Now, Sir, as Your Representative, I have no time to lose, so must hurry on to

No. 199, *Captain the Honourable Augustus Keppel, R.N.* Another Sir Joshua. There's the Honourable Augustus, in full uniform, standing on the sea-shore of some favourite watering-place, and evidently saying to himself, on seeing the lowering clouds, "There, I thought it was going to rain, and I've come out with my sword, instead of my umbrella ! Just like me !" And I have no doubt that the portrait was "just like him."

No. 204. *Portrait in Armour of the Earl of Warwick*, by Vandyck. The Earl looks as silly as might be expected in the circumstances. The Artist has exactly caught his expression at the moment of his mentally soliloquising, "What an ass I'm making of myself !" This is painful. Let us on.

Nos. 224 and 226. *Head of a Rabbi* (Shee) and *Boy with a Rabbit* (Raeburn).

No. 400. *Portrait of Lady Rumbold and her Children*, by Sir Joshua, *in tempera*.

"*Tempera mutantur*," says Wagg, and insists upon my lunching with him at his Club. As representing You, Sir, I yielded. But this, in return for his hospitality, was what I had to listen to. *A propos* of the Exhibition of Old

Masters, I was saying, "Now, who should you say, seriously, comes first?" Wagg replies, "I don't know who *comes* first, but, by the Catalogue, I see Van der *Goes* first." I smole. Presently, says he, "What artists' pictures ought Pickford & Co. to buy?" I thought; but he answered himself, "Why, the Dutch artists, because they are nearly all *Vans*." With the fish he recommenced: "Which of these Vans would be the heaviest to remove?" I gave it up. "Van Leyden," says he. I let the joke pass, and stopped the bottle. Wagg was full of it. I have reason to think he was rehearsing on me the witticisms which he was going to try that evening at a dinner-party. "It's odd," said Wagg, "that there should be only one single picture by Dubbels. There are works by Lippi under your very nose. Glover seems a handy fellow. I observe, from the Royal Academy's list, that the Bishop of Winchester is Chaplain. Didn't Sant, R.A., paint his portrait? Yes, I think I remember his picture by Samuel. In bed, too. Pretty subject. The last name," continued Wagg, at cheese time, "in the book is what all R.A.'s, and Associates, too, all, in fact, who do the best pictures, must look forward to for immortalisation. It is Graves. It is R. Graves who engraves." Fortunately, at this point I was called out, not by an antagonist, but by a friend, and left Wagg meditating many more jokes in the Academy Catalogue.

So ends my visit to the Old Masters.

The Representative Men—some of them the Mis-Representative Men—have met at Westminster, and I hear of the Opera commencing early (not before eight or half-past, though), where, and elsewhere, I shall always be happy to appear as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON THIS OCCASION HE ADDRESSES THE RESPECTED  
EDITOR, AFTER A VISIT TO THE DORÉ GALLERY.



WAS told that I ought to go and see Doré's great—or if not great, at all events big, picture, now being exhibited at his Gallery in Bond Street. There were other pictures there, it was added as an inducement to me to lay out my shilling, which I also ought to see. You may recollect, Sir, how, on one occasion, when I suggested to you that I should go to the Opera officially—I took care to emphasise “officially,” meaning thereby that I intended to occupy a Stall as agent for your office, as, in point of fact, Your Representative—I say you may recollect how heartily you slapped me on the back, and exclaimed, “By all means, my dear boy, go, and tell us how you like it.” It was a delicate point. I couldn't broadly say, “Well, the expenses of this official visit will be so much,”—firstly, from native modesty, which would rather have prompted me to send you in the items *afterwards*; secondly, because I felt that your answer would be jocose, and not—from my point of view—to the purpose. Therefore, Sir, I wrote that article about the Opera, which was highly praised for its extreme Impartiality. I admit now that I did *not* go to the Opera on the occasion in question. But as Your Representative I *have* been to see the Gustave Doré Gallery, and with admission and catalogue I represented you up to eighteenpence.

I represented you at the entrance of the Gallery, and paid a shilling. I further represented up-stairs that, as *you*, I was entitled to a Catalogue gratis. The boy smiled and said, "Sixpence." Sir, I kept up your dignity, and paid him the money. I know how you comport yourself when you visit exhibitions : and while representing you about that Gallery, I improved on you to a great extent. Sir, you would scarcely have known yourself again. Well, Sir, I assumed a thoughtful attitude, and among the crowd I stood regarding that Great Picture. I was becoming contemplative, and I was giving myself up to silent and rapt meditation, when a serious-looking, respectable Gentleman said to me, in a low tone, "A very fine picture, Sir."

As Your Representative, and as having paid one shilling and sixpence, I knew my business too well to go into ecstasies hastily. I replied, dubiously, "Hum—well——" and frowned. (*You*, Sir, all over ; only better and more artistically done. In fact you must take lessons from *me*.)

The seriously civil Gentleman seemed a little surprised at my reply, and continued, in a low, gentle, murmuring-stream-kind of tone, as if he were speaking in church, and under the eye of the beadle, "You're not in the best position to see it." I knew this, of course, and said so. "Of course," he continued in return, and echoing my words ; "and the more you study it, Sir, the more you'll appreciate it." A pause. Then he went on in my ear, as if this were a secret which not a soul must know except ourselves. "*We're going to have it engraved.*" I felt that, as myself, I ought to have been staggered, that I ought to have slapped my hand on my

forehead, and exclaimed, "Good heavens ! No !! " But as *you*, Sir, I merely raised my eyebrows (with much more significance than you manage what you call *your* eyebrows), and said, quietly, " Indeed ! "

" Yes," he continued, in the same whispering, seductive tone, like an eminently respectable Ophidian on two legs tempting a person—(myself representing you, Sir, *and* her)—" our cleverest engraver is going to do it. The picture will be this size." Here he led me (that is, in politeness, as you, I was bound to follow him the while, like King Charles, he walked and talked) to a sort of desk at the side, on which was a large book, and over which was a blank piece of paper framed. To this last he pointed as he resumed, " It will be this size." And now he raised his voice very slightly, just for the benefit of an old Clergyman who was standing at my elbow, but who did not, however, appear interested. " The figures," my tempter went on, " the figures will be to this scale"—(indicating an engraving on the wall), " and we can" (this most confidentially in my ear, and on no account to be repeated by me to a living soul) " we can procure you one of the first impressions——" (I thought, Sir, that he knew I was representing You, and I smiled benignly) " one of the first impressions—artist's proof" (certainly I would accept it with some diffidence (on *your* account), and was preparing to say so when he added, insinuatingly, " if you'll just write your name down in the *Subscribers' Book*." As myself, and on *your* account, to think how You had been trapped, artfully trapped, into this conversation, I was indignant, but remembering myself—I mean yourself—I simply thanked the show-

man (he was, after all, only one of the showmen), and said, as I always reply to my hairdresser's young man when he inquires as to my needs in the matter of pomatum, &c., &c., that "I didn't want anything to-day ; but perhaps when I had seen the picture several times, I might be inclined," and so forth.

Long before I had got to the end of my well-chosen sentence, the man had evidently lost all interest in me, and was selecting, with a keen eye to business, his next victim. I should have liked (in *your* interest) to have asked him various questions about the other pictures, but he had already quitted my side, and was insidiously approaching a very young-looking gentleman, who seemed to be frightened on being addressed by a stranger, and who, if caught at that moment, might, before he knew what he was about, have been beautifully landed—name and address and all in full—in the Subscribers' Book.

"No," said I to myself, as yourself, "I will now be contemplative. Let me see where I shall begin. Say the background. Now . . . " and I was falling into a critical reverie in an attitude which is a vast improvement, though conscientiously founded upon yours, when an elderly Gentleman, of a retired Indian military appearance, addressed me genially with, "I suppose you've seen this before?" In an instant I, too, was genial ; that is, You were genial. "No," I said, "I had not. It is a work," I added, "that demands close attention." The genial Indian Colonel admitted this, and approved the sentiment. He then commenced pointing out with his spectacles what appeared to him to be the special beauties of the picture. "Doré was five years over this," he informed me ; "five years. The war interfered with the

work : but after the war he completed it. The central figure is quite an inspiration—quite an inspiration. It's a picture that grows upon you—that really grows upon you. It's a picture one likes to think of and to remember." He was becoming enthusiastic, and I allowed you, Sir, to go with him to a certain extent. Finding me so far in accord with him, the Indian Colonel sank his voice a little, and said, "*Have you heard that this is going to be engraved?*" In one second I saw it all. He, the disturber of my reverie was Tout Number Two. As this flashed across me, he motioned me towards the right wall, and following the direction of his hand, I then saw in a corner a similar desk, a similar blank sheet framed, a similar engraving, and a similar Subscribers' Book to that at the other end of the apartment.

Thenceforth I became suspicious of my fellow man. I debated within myself whether I should not invent a name and address for this book. Suppose (I said to myself) I write down *Count Jelliviski, Enton House, Macclegrave Square*, how pleased the Indian Colonel would be, how delighted the exhibitors would be, and even M. Doré himself might like it. Then imagine the day when the Proofs had to be sent out. Imagine all the address books, Court Guides, City and Suburban Directories, that would have to be ransacked. Sir, I reasoned with you whom I was representing, and showed you that a practical joke was unworthy of you, and you gave in; that is, I didn't do it. But my interest in the pictures was gone, and was now centered in that Retired Colonel. He was down on everybody, one after the other, never insidiously or stealthily, but genially to men, and most courteously to women.

He picked out the old Clergyman who had been by my side before. With a certain reverence in his manner, but still genial, he expended three minutes in directing the good old parson's attention towards the scriptural bearing of the characters in the picture. "How," said the Colonel, piously, in conclusion, "it brings the sacred narrative before us ! By the way, *we're going to have it engraved, and here——*"

At this point the old Clergyman, who had appeared scarcely conscious that he was being addressed, turned quietly to the Colonel, on seeing him move, and said, politely, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid you've been speaking to me ; *but I'm quite deaf.*" The Colonel bowed and retired. Neither holloaing nor pantomime was in his line.

A very upright, squirely-looking Gentleman, with two sons, was looking at the picture. The Colonel was at him, assuming a frank Old-English-gentleman-kind of heartiness, that must have been quite a relief to him after his subdued religious tone with the Clergyman. It was, to put it profanely, coming from Texts to Turnips. "Fine picture," he said. "Well," returned the Squire, abruptly, "I don't like the central figure." The Colonel is aghast : he is sure that there is some mistake : he is certain, that, if the visitor studies it longer, he will be charmed with the central figure. "No," says the Squire, bluntly, and his sons are evidently listening in admiration, "I don't like the central figure," and he looks sternly at the Colonel, as if he expected him to reply, "Well, I'm really very sorry you don't like it. I'll go and rub it out at once." The Colonel, however, is quite ready for all comers with all objections. He is at him with quotations to show that the artist has taken the correct view of the central figure. The

Squire becomes more positive, but admits that there is something in what the Colonel says. The Colonel sees his way to *his* object at once. He says, as if he had conceived a very high opinion of the Squire's judgment "Ah, you must see the Engraving." The Squire asks, simply "Is there an engraving of it?"

The Colonel motions him towards the right wall, whither he is followed by the Squire and his sons. I notice the change on their faces when the Subscribers' Book is mentioned. I notice how people edge away from these corners after they've once been caught, and how part of the visitor's time is engaged in dodging the genial Colonel and his talented assistant. If safety is sought in flight, there is a third assistant at the door, sedentary and not itinerant, who fixes you as you go out. I represented you, and was not to be fixed. Now, Sir, speaking for you, I ask, couldn't this be done in an office at the side, without these Talkative Gentlemen (excellent persons, no doubt) in the exhibition room itself, where the spectator should be left in such peace and quiet as he can find in the studious throng. An advertisement could tell the public about the intended Engraving, and "This way to the Office," &c., could be placarded in the passage.

Now, Sir, I have done my duty, as You, at the Doré Gallery. The next time I visit that exhibition I shall go as—myself, and not as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.





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